

How to befriend a ghost

by DragonLovingGirl6

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Summary: Danny travels into a natural portal and ends up with a bunch of vikings who train dragons. He discovered that an unknown dragon is terrorizing the local tribes, but when he captures the young creature it turns out that he is not the real problem.

1. It had to be me again, didn

****Hi guys, you probably already guessed this, but I love dragons and Danny Phantom. But, when I wanted to read a HTTYD and DP X-over, I couldn't find any D8!****

****In the DP world this is after PP and in HTTYD it's after How to be a Pirate. I know this isn't a movie yet but I am going to base it on the movie version and a few little facts from the second book which could easily happen in the second movie.****

****I do not own either "How to train your dragon" or "Danny Phantom" ... though I would like to.****

****PS: May contain spelling and grammar errors, sorry about that but I am dies..., dikles..., dyslec..., (OK forget about it, let's just I can't spell), from Belgium and constantly throwing British and American English together.****

****Why am I still talking? Let's get started!****

****Chapter 1: It had to be me again, didn't it?****

****Danny p.o.v.****

The sunlight woke me up. One of the first things I noticed when I awoke was the fact that the air was cold â€"very cold. Yet it didn't bother me because of my ice core; I could feel it but it didn't feel uncomfortable. Another thing that I noticed was the fact that I lay on leaves â€"probably on a slightly frozen forest floor.

Slowly, I sat up and covered my eyes, opening them to look at my surroundings. I was indeed in a forest. As I looked around, I started to remember what had happened to me: My dad wanted to know more about the possibilities of natural portals, exploring the ghost zone, entering the umpteenth portal, and then... nothing.

Wait a second!... The portal!

I got to my feet quickly and started looking around. I automatically checked my core for any sign of spectral energy, but I found none. I started panicking. Where was I? What year was it? Would I ever get back to my time? Would I ever see my friends and family again? 'Okay Fenton,' I told myself 'Stop acting like a headless chicken, and think' I started taking deep breaths to calm myself and noticed the air was very clean. So I must pretty far back in the past, I thought, taking another sniff of crisp and clean oxygen. I studied my surroundings once again.

I looked for something that might hint at where I was. From the number of pine trees I could tell it wasn't just early winter; I was up north. But which continent was I on? My eye fell on a single vast tree; I picked up one of the leaves and studied it for a moment. It looked like an oak, but the leaves were smaller and rounded instead of pointed. European white oak I remembered, and for a second I wondered how on earth I remembered that. So I was in North-Europe somewhere, most likely in the past. But my biggest question was, how far in the past?

I dropped the leaf and picked up one of the thicker branches; maybe I would need it. Old Europeans forests were full of wild wolves. Slowly, started walking; hoping to find other humans.

A friendly beam of sunlight broke through the leaves. Yellow-green spots appeared on the forest floor, making some small spots of lingering frost sparkle slightly in the light. Moss covered rocks and trees were all around. Birds were singing and some mushrooms peered out from a fallen tree. A normal human would probably think it was freezing (especially in my kind of clothing), but I thought everything was perfect. I stopped for a second, lingering at the side of a lake, and looked at the mirror image of my black-haired and blue-eyed face. The situation reminded me if the camping trip with my family that we had taken, shortly after they found out my secret.

To bond a little with me and my ghost half, (and to dodge the media for a while) my parents had taken my two closest friends (Sam and Tucker) and me camping. The air hadn't been as fresh as it was here, but it looked just as beautiful. Sam had loved the trip. Tucker, not so much; He had constantly been whining because his cellphone wouldn't work. And, Jazz insisted on bringing real tents; my dad had been tangled up in one of them for almost half an hour. I chuckled at the memory of myself trying to phase my father out of the mess.

Suddenly I went silent, hearing a twig snap behind me. I swirled around, gripping the branch with both hands, just in time to block a sword from cleaving me in half. It dug deeply into the wood, but not enough to break it. I swung the stick quickly, sending the sword away from its owner, who looked at me with astonishment; not only had I heard him coming, but I had also blocked his attack, without

collapsing under the blow.

I jumped back to get some space between us and looked around as more men came from between the trees and bushes. I studied the seven enormous, muscular men. They had bristly beards and were wearing thick furry vests and horned helmets. Awesome, just what I needed: Vikings! I considered going ghost, but then I remembered tales of the vikings' behavior towards the supernatural â€"ghosts in particular. And besides, in the last few months, my ghost half had made also my human half faster and stronger. And let's not forget my already improved senses.

One of the vikings yelled something (which I couldn't understand; but he sounded demanding). I didn't respond because I didn't know what he said, and of course I didn't know what to say anyway. He repeated his question, now more urgent and hostile. I gripped my stick and got ready, expecting an attack. I didn't have to wait long.

The person who had talked to me yelled something else at his comrades. Two of them lunged at me from behind, and I spun the stick, hitting one of them in the head. The other made a move, and I flipped the stick to bat away a punch to my face. They stumbled for a second, but before I could use that to my advantage, the third one charged with a hammer. I dodged by stepping to the side and jumping over his back, causing the heavy weapon to hit the ground. I lunged and hit him in the ribs with the stick, using it like a spear.

As he gasped and dropped his hammer to grasp his lower torso, I said, "I used to use force too, when I first started fighting. Believe me, skill and martial arts work a lot better!"

Very soon, another one of them lunged forward.

The fight went in to a sort of rhythm; every now and then another viking would join in. Very soon I was fighting six of them at once. The seventh one was off to the side, his mouth wide open in disbelief and unable to move. Meanwhile I was blocking swords, dodging axes, and throwing a punch or two myself sometimes. My stick had broken after the forth viking's hammer smashed it, and now I had to use my hands. These vikings were even worse than some of the ghosts I usually had to fight, no matter how many times I punched them, they just got up and started fighting again. I dodged, jumped, and blocked as fast as I could, but my human body tired a lot faster than my ghost part. My brain was overwhelmed from the information overload. Then, the fight took a turn for the worst.

I made a slip- literally! I was trying to land, after yet another jump, and slipped on a frosty puddle. I landed on my belly, and three of the vikings landed in top of me! I was pinned to the ground. I groaned under the weight of the three vikings. I tried to struggle a little more, but soon found it useless and lay still, hoping they would get off of me soon. I was yanked up again, and the three vikings who had pushed me down, tied my hands up and grabbed various spots on my arms. I considered phasing through their grip, but decided not to.

Since they now had me captive, it meant they didn't want to kill me â€"yet. I could always use my powers as a last resort, but for now I decided to keep them as they once were: a secret. If I stayed calm they might prefer keeping me alive to learn about my origin and

fighting skills. I might get some food and shelter. But if something were to go wrong, I had to get out of there before one of their 'silly' tricks actually worked. The last time I underestimated superstition, Tucker had to save me from the pain of having my cells blowing up one by one just because of some flowers! So I stood still, showing I was giving in â€"for now.

As the vikings realized this, and saw me wobbling a little, (in exhaustion) they started cheering and patting each other's shoulders, or in the case of the immobile viking, hitting the back of their heads** (pun intended to everyone who knows the Mobile Vikings)**. After their short celebration, they turned to the more important matter at hand. Namely, me. They started talking and debating over what to do with me. Eventually the one who had spoken to me before, (who I assumed was the leader of this team) stepped forward and demanded something again.

I responded with, "Sorry dude, but I can't understand a word you are saying."

Hearing the weird language I spoke and seeing the confused look on my face he frowned. The leader seemed to make his decision, said something to his companions, and led me away from the small battle field. I stayed silent and didn't struggle as we walked through the woods. They gave me wary glances, probably still impressed by my ferocity earlier, and confused about why I was so calm right now. When I noticed the petrified viking staring at me, I gave him an evil grin â€"causing him to turn a little pale and look away. Eventually we got out of the woods and walked into a small village.

Small wooden houses stood to the sides of a sandy path. People who were doing something outside or looking outside, watched curiously as we walked by. It must have been a ridiculous sight, four adult males, holding the arms and shoulders of a skinny teenager. A small girl walked a little closer and looked up at me. Seeing the childish, innocent curiosity, I smiled at her, causing her to giggle and run back to her mother. Seeing the friendly gesture the older vikings exchange glances.

We must have been heading to the large building that had just come into view; It was probably the gathering hall. The leader of the team opened the doors and walked in getting everyone's attention. Two men stood in the middle with two younger boys by their sides. One of the older men had a black beard, an eye-patch and lots of battle scars, while the other one had a beard like a red firework explosion and hardly any visible scars at all. Next to the black haired man stood a buff, mean looking boy, who as he had studied me, went back to glaring at the boy next to the orange haired man. And that boy was unlike anyone in the room. He was small and skinny with bright, orange-brown hair, with a slight scattering of freckles. As I looked him from head to toe, I noticed, with a shock, that instead of a lower left leg, he had a metal and wooden construction below his knee. What in Clockwork's name did this boy do to lose his leg? I looked back up again and I saw he was the only one who gave me a genuinely interested and friendly look. I looked into his eyes, sky blue meeting forest green.

**Yes, I did it; I finally started my story, and I am not planning on giving up now. I got half the story (and the end) in my head, so just feed me comments. I will need them to keep the mood on track. If

you can see any mayor mistakes, please tell me. If you have funny ideas, just tell me (I might be able to use them).**

PS: Yes I am a nature lover, a biology geek, interested in martial arts and the way the nerve system works (more about that in the next chapter). 'Suika kir algriam gir meina io kir naliÃ«l gir duansu' as the imentigo always says!

2. I think I like him, can I keep him?

Hi, I'm back! I wanted to write a little faster but I couldn't. My brother broke his recharger, took mine and broke that one too! At least I think he did it because he took it and gave it back broken. And thanks to all of you who put this story on alert, posted a comment or put it in their favorites. I didn't saw that one coming this fast so thanks.

And I hope I'm in time for your Bday Pichichal23. But pleas don't make me ever do that again, I hate deadlines.

I don't own HTTYD or DP.

Chapter 2: "I Think I Like Him, Can I Keep Him?"

Hiccup's p.o.v.

Finally something interesting! My dad, some others from our tribe, (including Astrid and Gobber)and me, had travelled to the Tribe of the Meathead. We were here to discuss a few problems. Some of those problems were; the threat of the Outcasts and the Romans (who were busy conquering the rest of the world). Eventually my dad and Mogadon, the leader of the Meatheads, had a rather loud, but boring, discussion about our friendship with the dragons. And Thuggory (who totally agreed with his father) had been looking at me like he would rather be finding out how fast I could run.

My tribe might like me, but most of the other viking tribes thought our pact with the dragons was a sign of betrayal towards them- and I started all of that. It had only gotten worse when an unknown dragon suddenly started appearing and caused immense damage and chaos. It had attacked us too once and it hadn't been pretty. With the Red Death gone, I had no idea why a dragon would do such a thing.

My mind had drifted, trying to find another explanation for this, when suddenly, the doors were thrown open. Everyone went silent as seven watchmen entered- four of which were preventing a small, skinny teenager from escaping. He didn't look like he was trying very hard, (which confused me a little) but he looked nervous and was taking in every detail. He studied everyone else for a second, until his eyes rested on me.

He studied me for a second, and when he saw my missing leg, his eyes widened. While he was gaping at the strange contraption below my knee, I took some time to study him.

He wore strange clothes, which seemed to be made of a very light material, with surprisingly bright colors. He was as tall and nearly as skinny as me. His hair was black and was sticking out in every direction. It hung in front of his eyes, which were now peering at

mine. When our eyes met I could see they were a kind, sky blue. I gave him a reassuring smile; I think I was beginning to like this guy.

Finally Mogadon spoke, getting everyones attention again.

"Einar, what is the meaning of this? Why are you just now arriving, and why do you need four of your men to restrain a single boy?" He growled, gesturing at the black haired teen, who just looked confused at his words.

"Believe me" the man, Einar, answered, "You wouldn't believe me if I told you. If only you had seen it."

"Or felt it!" the guy next to him said, adding in his two cents, while rubbing a red line on his face.

"How did that happen?" a random Meathead asked.

The guy who had spoken before straightened his back, folded his arms across his chest, and said: "He had a stick."

Seeing as he had a heavy battle axe, I had to make a lot of effort to keep myself from laughing. The only sound I made was an inaudible squeak in the back of my throat. I thought no one had heard it, until I saw the black-haired stranger looking at me curiously. I looked around to see if anyone else had heard it, but even my dad, who was next to me, didn't look down. I looked back at the boy and wondered if his hearing was really that good.

"Okay then," Mogadon said, slightly confused. "Tell me what happened."

The whispers that had started grew silent as everyone was curious about this strange boy.

"Well," Einar began. "The patrol started out normally, until we found him at the edge of a lake. At first we thought he was an Outcast, so I attacked him. But he must have heard me when I had jumped, because he turned around so quickly. He had disarmed me before I knew what had happened! Gods, this boy is fast! However, he seems to have some battle experience because he jumped back before I could do something else. We surrounded him and I demanded him where he came from, and if he was a spy. He just kept silent and got ready for battle."

"So I gave Andor and Borg here, (he pointed at the guy with the red line on his face) the command to seize him, but the boy just defended himself. One by one we all joined in the battle. I still can't believe it; he knows an unusual way of fighting. He could bring someone down easily, but barely use any force! Occasionally he did use force, but most of all he used speed and agility. Six of us were fighting while Audun just stood there watching."

He looked angrily at the pale viking, who was trying to get as much space between him and the boy as possible "without looking like a coward.

Audun looked up at his name being mentioned, and then flinched when he saw 50 disapproving eyes looking at him.

He started stammering, "I don't think I can ever sleep after what I saw him do."

"Oh, come on, we all saw him fight. Where he came from is something that we can worry about later," Einar snapped back.

"I don't mean his fighting skills," Audun shouted. "I mean his eyes!"

There were a few seconds of silence before Borg asked, "What about them?"

"They started glowing green! It was only for a second, but I have never seen a color like it in my entire life! I am not going to get that out of my head!"

He looked like he was about to have a panic attack. I looked at the mysterious boy, who was looking at Audun, with a mixture of confusion and worry.

"Are you serious? You think his eyes turned green? It might have been a trick of the eyes!" another viking said, before laughing about his own joke.

"Well, back to the main topic of discussion. You were fighting him, but what happened next?" Mogadon asked.

"Well," Einar continued. "Eventually he started to become a little dazed. Having to concentrate on all of us at the same time for so long was tiring, and we were eventually able to capture him. When we had him restrained, I told him that if he didn't tell me what he was doing here we would kill him, but he just started babbling something in a strange language, so we decided to bring him here."

There was a short silent after Einars' story, and then hell broke loose. People started talking all at once, wondering where the boy came from, if he was a Roman, if there were more who could fight like him, if they would be a threat. The boy himself became a little nervous because of the sudden outburst, and seemed to be trying to cover his ears with his shoulders. Suddenly, someone started laughing very loudly; it was Snotlout.

"Haha, really? You really think that wimp is that strong? You Meatheads are just weak!" he chortled.

'Oh please no, don't make the situation worse than it already is,' I thought.

But Snotlout stepped forward and announced loudly, "I would like to see how good this boy really is!"

Mogadon and most of the Meatheads looked furious because of the sudden outburst, but Einar just smiled and said, "Be my guest, maybe one of the noble Hairy Hooligans can beat him!"

I immediately could see there was a snag, but Snotlout didn't see it. A bunch of soldiers blocked the exit while others made a ring around Snotlout and the boy, to prevent the unknown teen from escaping. One of the guards who were holding the boy cut the ropes around his hands and quickly stepped back, just in case the boy decided to turn

around and attack. But he just stood there, rubbing his wrists and eying Snotlout, who had stepped forward.

"Hey wimp," he said, starting to circle him. "They said you were a good fighter and I wonder what you can do. Tickle someone to submission, or are you just so pathetic people let you win?"

The boy followed his every movement, sensing that Snotlout was challenging him, and waiting for Snotlout to make the first move.

"What, are you afraid to hit me, or do you want me to go first?" He asked, grinning widely.

The boy didn't answer in any way but I could swear he slowly was moving his feet into position, ready for whatever was coming.

"Okay then!" He yelled, lunging forward and aiming his fist at the boy's face.

The boy reacted so fast I had to blink a few times, just to process what had just happened! He swiftly stepped aside, grabbed Snotlout's arm, and placed one of his legs on front of Snotlout's. Pushed forward by his momentum and weight, Snotlout tripped over the leg and landed on the ground; only to have his arm twisted behind his back.

There were several gasps, as Hooligans stormed forward to help their tribesman. All of the sudden, the Meatheads lunged forward too. Seeing all those people coming towards him, the strange boy jumped back and crouched low taking a defensive stance. As soon as he did this, I had a bit of deja-vu. Then it hit me: Toothless had done the same thing!

When I met him for the first time and he discovered I still had my dagger, he had taken a similar defensive stance. I knew better than most people what could happen if you startled a nervous dragon. And considering what I just saw, this kid could be very dangerous when provoked.

Quickly I stepped forward, yelling they all needed to calm down. Everyone turned at my sudden outburst. When the boy looked me straight in the eyes, I felt chills started running down my spine. The innocent sky-blue eyes had turned into the eyes of a warrior. They had witnessed fierce fights and terrifying enemies. They seemed to belong to someone who could be beaten down a hundred times but would always get up again and would look death straight in the eyes and say: 'Go on, do your worst!'

Slightly shocked by the look, I held my hand up in a calming gesture and softly started talking to him.

"It's okay, just calm down. I'm sorry we overreacted like that, but you startled us too."

"Don't waste your time trying to talk to it," Einar said. "He can't understand you."

"He might not," Gobber said, "but a calming voice works with dragons that haven't figured out Norse too."

Some of the Meatheads glared at him for mentioning the dragons again.

But I was focused on the mysterious boy in front of me. He had been ignoring their little conversation too, and gave me a piercing look that felt like he was examining my soul.

"I don't want to hurt you," I promised, ignoring the chills and looking straight back.

Eventually he decided that I wasn't an enemy, and his eyes softened a little. I felt as if a heavy thundercloud that had been hanging over my head disappeared and I relaxed too.

Two vikings stepped forward, causing the boy to turn around. Judging by the terrified looks of the two men, he had put up the 'terror eyes' again. I decided to step in again.

"Put those weapons down, he'll be a lot calmer that way," I instructed.

They hesitated, but did what they were told. The boy relaxed a little and let the two seize him again.

"Well, what do you think, Mogadon?" Einar asked.

The viking chief looked at the boy for a moment before speaking.

"He is too dangerous. And if he is a spy, we might all be in grave danger."

He paused looking at the teen. Then he made a very well-known gesture, sliding his finger across the front of his throat.

"Kill him."

The boy didn't need to speak Norse to understand, he paled in shock and looked at me. I just looked back fearing for his life too. A pleading look crossed his face when he saw my expression. What did he expect I could do? Nobody had to answer that for me. I was one of them and I could speak their language. And I probably was the only one in the room who would object to the judgment. But how could I help? The solution to this question was in something I usually hate; the viking law.

"Well Stoik, if that was all you wanted to talk about..." Mogadon said.

Before my dad could reply I spoke.

"There is something I would like to discuss, but I have to speak to my father first."

Several people cast confused looks my way, and Astrid whispered, "What are you doing?"

"I can't just let this kid die and not without a fight."

My dad came closer to hear what I had to say.

"Did you see what he could do," I asked.

He nodded in reply.

"Now take a good look. What do he and I have in common?"

He looked at the boy for a second before saying, "You are both small, skinny, clumsy looking, and more than what meets the eye?" He guessed.

"Yes, exactly and..." I trailed off.

He just gave me a pointless look. I decided to help him out a little.

"What if we could convince him to teach me how to fight like he did? I think with some practice could become as good as he is."

"'But he can't speak any Norse. And, you already are a very good sword fighter," Stoik objected.

I sighed. This was going to be difficult

I had discovered sword fighting was in my blood. A few weeks ago we had gone on a treasure hunt for the treasure of my great-great grand father Grimbeard the Ghastly, the greatest pirate who ever lived. The man who was now my archenemy, an Outcast named Alvin the Treacherous, had tricked me to find Grimbeard's treasure for him and tried to kill me. However, I dislocated my right shoulder so I had to use my left hand to handle the sword. That day I discovered I was left handed and had a gift for sword fighting. ***(For more information read 'How to be a pirate' or listen to the story on youtube.)****

"Yes, I know," I said becoming a little nervous. "But, what if I ever lost my sword? I need to learn a little about hand to hand combat, and I am not really the kind of person who could use brute strength."

A few snickers were heard from the vikings who were listening in on our conversation. I ignored them. "He fought against axes, swords and fists all at the same time and didn't get a scratch," I said, gesturing toward the boy who had given up trying to make out what we saying and had started glaring at everyone who glared at him. "He seems smart enough to learn another language and if he can teach me how to fight, the other viking tribes might start to respect us Hooligans again!"

This got everyone's attention again, bingo! Stoik patted my shoulder.

"You're being a genius once again, but he is still in the hands of the Meatheads. So, what do you have in mind?"

I grinned back, "An old fashioned duel."

I stepped forward to speak to Mogadon.

"The viking law says that I can challenge one of you, for the rights of a prisoner. I would like battle over him!" I announced loudly,

while pointing at the black haired boy, whose was now focusing on our conversation.

Mogadon grinned at my words and replied, "You do know the consequences if you lose, right? If you do we will have two prisoners."

"I know!" I said, trying to look brave, but I couldn't keep my fear completely from my face.

The grin on Mogadons face grew wider as he said, "Very well thenâ€¦ I accept your challenge!"

"So, what kind of combat do you prefer? Fists, axes, swords...?"

Now it was my turn to smile. They didn't know about my talent yet.

"A sword fight, your best man against me."

Mogadon laughed (assuming that he had already won) and called, "Brandr!"

A huge, hairy man, with a lot of scars stepped forward, a sword already in his hand. I felt a little uncomfortable looking at him but I shrugged it off; anything was better than the stranger's, 'terror eyes'.

I pulled out my own sword and got ready. The Boy looked at me with surprise, probably wondering if I would really risk my life to save him. As Brandr got ready, I couldn't help but grin. Unfortunately Mogadon saw this. "On second thought, I would like to make this a little more interesting," he said suddenly. "Maybe we should try out the kid's sword skills." I felt the blood drain from my face once again as I looked at him. "Both you and Brandr will fight him; one by one. The one who can defeat him wins."

He nodded at his guards to let the boy go and another one gave him an old sword. At first he looked confused but when Brandr took his position in front of him he understood, getting ready himself. My heart sank into my boots as I could see from the way he held his sword and feet he might have handled a sword once; but only against someone who was as bad as him.

(I'm sorry, I'm very bad at describing battle scenes but I'll try.) Suddenly Brandr lunged forward with a loud roar. The Boy blocked the blow, but left too much space open. Brandr saw this and tried to strike again using the opening to do so. But what The Boy lacked in skill he made up in strength and speed, causing a rain of sparks to fly and the loud sound of metal on metal to echo through the hall. Brandr, and everyone in the room, gasped in surprise. But Brandr quickly recovered and threw another blow, which the boy caught again. It went on like that and I took my time to study the boy's style. He flipped and used his speed to make a few close escapes. Every time he blocked he didn't know how to redirect the power of the blow and caught all of it with his muscles. I was surprised his arms hadn't collapsed under the stress yet. He also left too many openings for his enemies to strike. He was a lot better in hand to hand combat. He blocked, dodged, lunged forward, only to be blocked.

Blocking another blow, Brandr saw his opportunity. He followed the blade of the boy's sword and struck forward, managing to cut the boy's hand. The kid let out a cry of pain and loosened his grip on the handle. Brandr flicked it out of his hands and pulled his sword back, ready to strike. As he lunged forward The Boy ignored the pain in his hand for a second, ducked, and lunged forward to give a quick strike to Brandr's chest. To everyone's surprise, Brandr stiffened out, convulsed for a second and dropped limply to the floor.

As the boy breathed hard and looked up, everyone looked silently at Brandr's unmoving body before the shouts started and weapons were drawn. The Boy was driven away from the body as some vikings rushed towards it. One of them checked his pulse in his throat and gasped.

"He is still alive, but something is very wrong. His breathing is hitching, but calm. But, his heart is pounding like a woodpecker's beak."

I stepped forward to get everyone's attention again.

"We had a deal now it's my turn," I yelled.

"I want to know what he did to Brandr!" One of the Meatheads yelled and many others joined his protest.

I was very happy when my dad decided to step in.

"He is right, a deal is a deal! My son gets a chance to fight too!"

For a few seconds it was silent before Gobber stepped forward and said, "Mogadon, you accepted this challenge too. So, now you have to keep your side of the bargain and follow the laws."

Mogadon didn't like it, that much was clear; He might just have lost his best sword fighter. But, he knew Gobber was right, he had to follow their laws.

"Very well turn! "

I walked forward, noticing the smirk forming on Mogadon's face. He probably hoped the boy would do the same thing to me as he did to Brandr. The thought actually made me pretty nervous too. What if he thought I was his enemy just because we crossed blades?

The boy was still examining his bleeding hand.

"Does anyone have something to wrap that?" I asked.

One of the female Hooligans, I think her name was Helga, gave me some bandages. I stepped forward and held out my hand, offering to help him wrap his hand up. But he just held out his good, slightly bloody hand. I gave him the bandage and looked how he skillfully wrapped it around his hand and wrist. Then he made a knot, only using one hand. He probably took care of his own wounds very often.

I pulled out my sword, and waited for my opponent to go and get his. He looked surprised at first so I tried to give him an encouraging

smile. He seemed to understand, picked his sword up and flinched a little; his wounded hand was his sword hand. This might be an advantage to defeat him. We stood across from each other and this time The Boy threw the first blow. It wasn't very powerful or accurate so I guessed he just did it to start off the fight.

After the first three blows, I was very happy that I was very good at redirecting the power of blows. Otherwise my skull would be rattling right now. And because I was a little lighter than other vikings, I was faster than most. He seemed a lot calmer and less aggressive fighting me; I wasn't quite sure if it was because I was smaller than the other vikings or because I had been a lot friendlier than the others. Maybe it was both.

My instincts started taking over, and when he lifted to block my sword, I quickly changed direction and sent his sword flying upwards, where it got stuck in the ceiling. He looked up with a funny looking expression on his face. I held the tip of my sword against his throat. Tensely, I waited for him to do one of those weird paralyze punch things, but instead he just smiled and held his hands up.

The Hooligans burst out in cheers and I lowered my sword with a sigh.

"Unfair!" Mogadon suddenly yelled. "He took Brandr down, even though he had no sword, but he just gave up when he was disarmed by you!"

Astrid jumped in this time and supplied, "That was the kid's choice; Hiccup won this battle fair and square!"

But my mind went to something else: Brandr. I walked towards the place they had set aside for him. I checked his pulse, it was indeed, far from normal. What was this? Would he stay like this forever? Would he die eventually? He might be a Meathead, but he was also still a human. I heard someone squat down next to me and looked up to see The Boy next to me with a thoughtful look on his face. He looked at me and back at Brandr. He placed three of his fingers in specific places on Brandr's chest, pulled back, and gave a quick strike.

Suddenly, the boy yanked me aside, as a fist lunged toward the place where, half a second ago, my face had been. Brandr scrambled up and stepped back away from us. The other Meatheads looked up at the sound and started gathering around the surprised viking, asking if he was alright.

Mogadon looked at us as we walked back to the rest of my tribe, and announced, "You no longer have a reason to be here, so leave."

He was now a lot calmer, but still angry.

Stoik patted my shoulder and said, "Come on son, let's go."

I gestured towards our new guest to follow and surprisingly he did without trying to escape. Even with this new development, many of my tribesmen kept a close eye on him. As we walked outside I turned towards him to introduce myself.

"Hi, my name is Hiccup. What is your name?"

The Boy blinked a few times and said something that sounded like, "Gesunthait?"

I had almost forgot he didn't speak a word Norse.

'Uh oh,' I thought, 'this might be a little bit of a problem.'

****If some chapter or pieces in my story are a little better or longer, it is because I am very bad at beginning something. Or because I gave it a lot of thought. Most of my stories are a basic story line with some more detailed scenes. That's why I said it might take a while to update, because I have to fill in some holes. And even though my brother broke my charger, he can be nice. He had to borrow my computer to practice something for school, and I had a program with which he could do that. When he gave it back, he had opened Pages (something similar to Word) and had typed "Brother was here and says sorry." on it.****

3. Funny names and strange reactions

****Hi there! I noticed some people (cough*jeanette9a*cough) liked to know what people were saying. So I'm going to put everything Danny or Hiccup don't actually understand between these two thins {} whatever they are called in English. (B/N: brackets)****

****I don't own "Danny Phantom" or "How to train your dragon," but I will own my own story and characters one day.****

****Chapter 3: Funny Names and Strange Reactions.****

****Danny's p.o.v.****

Okay Huston, we might have a little problem.

I don't know why, but I think I was starting to like this viking kid. I had to fight my way out of that gathering and managed to get out with only a cut. They had somehow arranged a way that I could fight for my life. And if you are wondering how I disabled that viking I fought earlier, well that all has to do with the nervous system.

Mom had taught me how to manipulate a person's body, by hitting specific nerves. I didn't use those kinds of tricks very often, because we still weren't entirely sure if this would work with ghosts. In fact, the reason why my parents once thought ghosts couldn't feel anything, was because the green formless ghosts, that didn't have a clearly noticeable nervous system.

By the way, I could have gotten out on my own, but I still didn't want to show anyone what I was. And just the fact that this boy attempted to help me said a lot. I wasn't sure if I could trust him yet, but for now he was my best chance to 'not get killed'. But now we had another problem: I didn't speak a word in Old Norse (at least I thought they were speaking Old Norse).

When we had just left the gathering hall, the viking boy began speaking to me in his native tongue. I thought I had heard maybe one familiar word, but all together it just sounded like some strange babbling.

"Uhm, gesundheit?" I said, reacting to the strange sounding language.

The boys' face fell and he got a look on his face that said 'OK, give me a second; I have to think about this.' So I just let him think. Meanwhile my eyes fell on his leg again.

I still wondered what this kid could have done to lose his leg. I had been fighting ghosts for a year and a half. I had gotten bruises, broken bones, and scars from some close scraps, but this was just something I never really thought would happen. Or was he just born like this?

Our thoughts were soon interrupted. The blond girl from earlier walked up to the young Viking and asked him something.

{Hey Hiccup, is something wrong?**}** The boy looked up and said something to her, probably answering.

{No, it's just that we are having some communication problems. I was trying to ask his name, but he said something â€œprobably his languages way of saying, 'I don't understand.**}**

I just blinked at the stream of strange words. The boy turned back to me and made another attempt at communicating.

"Hiccup," he said while pointing at himself. Then he pointed at me and gestured to fill in the blank. Hiccup! That's the word I understood earlier. But what did he mean? I wasn't having hiccups. And he didn't seem have them either. Oh, duhâ€¦ he didn't speak English, so it might mean something else in Norse. OK, now I was really confused!

The girl saw my confusion and got a little impatient, so she stepped in and pointed at herself while saying, "Astrid"

The boy picked from there up again. He pointed at the girl saying, "Astrid," pointed at himself again and said, "Hiccup," and pointed at me making the 'fill in' gesture again. OK, I know what Astrid was; it's a name but...

I could almost hit myself in the head. Of course, they wanted to know my name. Even a moron could have figured that out! The first thing a decent person would want to know would be your name. Well a normal moron anyway...

"Danny" I quickly said pointing at myself.

Astrid gave a sigh, rolling her eyes as if wanting to say 'finally'. I couldn't really blame her.

The boy who had introduced himself as Hiccup however, smiled and said, "Hei Danny," extending his hand to shake mine. 'Hei,' probably meant something like 'hello'.

"Hei...Hiccup?" I asked it just to be sure I heard it right. Hiccup's smile broadened and he nodded. I couldn't help it, I snorted.

It wasn't because of what his name meant. I had met ghosts with

stranger names. Skulker for instance, or Undergrowth, or The Box Ghost (that was probably the worst). It was just the fact that his name sounded similar to English word that made this funny.

Astrid gave me an angry look. Hiccup just looked plain confused. I just shrugged and made a 'never mind' gesture. Hiccup looked at Astrid and said something, which made her quit glaring.

{Maybe he just isn't used to viking names. After all, 'Danny' isn't a name you hear a lot around here either.**}**

We walked for a while and were heading upward, getting closer to the cliffs. I had seen ships in the harborâ€¦ But if they weren't going to use those, how would we get in their village?

Suddenly, something black shot out of the woods and jumped on Hiccup's chest, knocking him to the ground. But to my surprise, the other vikings started laughing and kept walking.

"Tannlos!" Hiccup gasped, and the large creature started licking him with his forked tongue. Wait a secondâ€¦ forked tongue, big bat-like wings, scaled body, long tail, and four legs. Dragon?

If I hadn't met Dora, and didn't fight ghosts in all shapes and forms, I might have freaked out.

Hiccup started pushing against the large nose and talked to it. He seemed to say something to calm it down.

{Toothless, I'm OK! I was just gone for one and a half hour, what could have possibly went wrong in one and a half hour?**}** Then , he frowned and said something else.**{**You're right, a lot could go wrong in one and a half hour. But, I really am okay.**}** The dragon made a cough-like noise, which sounded surprisingly similar to snickering, and nuzzled him before helping him up.

Hiccup's dragon's scales wer black, but when the sun hit them, they seemed to turn a deep, dark blue for a second. He had a rather short neck, a newt-like head, filled with triangular teeth, heavy paws, funny ear-like things on his head, and very large wings (compared to those of Dora and Aragon). At the end of his long tail, he had a pair of some kind of flaps; one was normal, while the other was made out of leather. I looked between Hiccup's leg and the dragons flap. Those two really found each other well.

I looked to where the other vikings had gone, and my jaw dropped. Dragons. Lots and lots of dragons. With many appearances and colors.

There were robust, brown-greenish dragons, which were the size of large beetles (the car of course). They had round tails (which had a large club at the end) and tiny wings. They had to flap them as fast as a hummingbird to fly; I was a little surprised they could fly at all.

There were also two headed greenish yellow ones, with black smudges and zipper-like appendages on their back. They had a flatter body than most of the dragons and stood taller, their long necks reaching above the other dragons.

Another of the dragons had a beak like mouth with crenated teeth and a crown of spikes on the back of its head. They were brightly colored, most of them bleu with yellow but there were also green and orange variants. They didn't have any front legs and when one of the vikings patted it on its head the large thorn like scales on its tail turned out to be spikes.

The last species looked the most like Dora's and Aragon's dragon forms. They didn't have front legs and walked on their clawed wings instead. They were about the size of Aragon, and varied in all sorts of reds and oranges, but one of them was dark grey. They had crocodile-like, horned heads with curved teeth jutting out of their lower jaws.

I felt someone tapping my shoulder and saw Hiccup, who was about to follow his dragon to the edge of the cliffs, where all the other vikings and dragons were gathering. When I walked up to him he suddenly seemed to remember something, gave his dragon a pat on the shoulder to get his attention. Both turned to face me.

He gestured toward his dragon and introduced him. " Danny, Tannlos." Then he turned to the dragon, Tannlos, again and gestured to me. "Tannlos, Danny."

The dragon looked away from his human and his curious gaze fell on me. Then something happened, which I kind of expected: His eyes widened and every muscle in his body tensed. He sat there absolutely still for a few seconds and then he took a protective stance in front of Hiccup, hissing loudly. This got all the other dragons' attention, and the ones closest to me did something similar to Tannlos' actions.

I saw Hiccup giving me a confused look. I just shrugged. This happened to me before, but never in such circumstances. I just hoped this didn't make me look like a bad guy.

****Hiccup's p.o.v.****

I was puzzled by the dragons' reactions. They sometimes acted aggressive towards people from other tribes, or someone they thought was a threat to their riders. Toothless had been like this all the time when he met Alvin The Treacherous. As soon as Alvin had come to close to me, he had gotten protective. But from the way he held himself, I could see that this wasn't just caution or aggression; this was fear!

There was something about Danny that frightened all of the dragons. And though Toothless was afraid too, (which was very strange considering his bravery; we had taken on the red death and a monstrous strangulator together) he still wanted to protect me. Did this mean we couldn't trust Danny after all?

There was a shriek coming from Danny's left foot. We looked down and were surprised to see a terrible terror, sitting on his foot. He was looking up curiously, no fear or hostility in his features at all. That surprised me a little, since the dragon was Salty.

Salty was a blue-green terror, who loved storms and sea water. He got his name because of the dried up salt that was always on his scales. He wasn't really anyone's dragon; he didn't really like anyone and

snapped at anyone who tried to pick him up. Instead, he was the villages messenger dragon, since bad weather didn't bother him.

He looked up at Danny and gave another shriek. Then out of the blue, he started rubbing his head against Danny's legs and curled around them. Danny smiled at this and squatted down to scratch the little creature behind his horns. Salty allowed this, purring loudly.

Salty was never this open to anyone. Even I hadn't been able to pat him yet. He wouldn't have allowed this unless he really had a feeling he could trust Danny. And the other dragons weren't dropping their fear yet, but they had relaxed a little when they saw that Danny didn't hurt Salty. Toothless however, didn't lose any of his tension like the others, still afraid that Danny might hurt me. I assured Toothless that everything was going to be okay, and then I walked around him, patting his neck, and stood next to Danny. Toothless whimpered a little, looking between me and Danny.

"It's okay, Danny isn't going to hurt anyone. I don't know why all of you guys are so afraid, but if Salty trusts him, he can't be that bad." I, of course, had no idea what the little dragon was saying, but Salty added his two cents, giving short squeaks and shrieks, while still sitting curled around one of Danny's legs.

Toothless gave Danny another inquiring glance before carefully moving closer. I grabbed Danny's hand and held it up, encouraging him to touch Toothless' nose. He turned his palm towards Toothless, a little nervous, but not really scared at all. Slowly Toothless came closer (his heart probably racing in his chest) and sniffed the hand.

When his nose brushed against Danny's palm, he suddenly shivered and pulled back. He breathed heavily and sat absolutely still. Every other dragon looked at what was happening, the tension almost tangible. Toothless plucked up his courage and fully pressed his nose against Danny's hand. He shivered again, but stayed put this time.

Danny gave a relieved sigh and used two of his fingers to stroke the sides of the short frills on Toothless' forehead. I was surprised when Toothless suddenly relaxed, but still gave him a half glare. I wonder if this was like when he paralyzed Brandr with that a punch, but allowed him to move again with that three-finger-thing.

****Danny's p.o.v.****

Ghost powers had some ups and downs when it came to animals. A lot of animals were afraid of me. I didn't know what it was, but for some reason they would rather stay away from me, and I couldn't do anything about it. A trip to the zoo was now involved visiting some exhibits, and avoiding others.

Most animals stayed neutral, like they did with most humans.

And there were also those who had loved me. They had started seeking me out since I got my powers. A few of those were cats, bats, ravens, snakes, wolves, tarantulas and all sorts of lizards. Cats liking you comes in handy, especially when you're trying to get them out of trees.

Sadly, dragons didn't go under the category of lizards and turned out to be in the, 'fear me!' group. But, those funny little mini dragons were in team, 'got to love ghosts!'.

Luckily, I had also found that the trick I used to calm Dora (just in case she became so angry she went out of control. She was a friend and ally now, after all!) also worked on these dragons too.

I looked up at Hiccup to see what he was thinking. He had a confused frown on his face but when he saw I was looking at him, he gave me a smile and a pat on the shoulder. The physical contact surprised me a little.

Then he walked up to Tannlos and hoisted himself into the saddle. He patted on the spot behind him, inviting me to ride with him. This would be the first time that I would fly without a plane or ghost powersâ€¦ this might get interesting. I walked up to Tannlos' side. He watched me closely as I grabbed Hiccup's offered hand and sat down behind him. Tannlos shivered again, but this time he ignored whatever he felt when he touched me. He kept giving me a sideways glances until Hiccup patted him again, saying something. Slowly he unfolded his wings as every muscle in his body tensed, getting ready for takeoff.

I really hope this ended well.

****In my opinion names should be the same, whatever language you speak. Another language can always give its personal touch to it of course. Viking names just sound a lot like English words. That's part of the joke (not funny, but still). But, I am going to translate the dragons' names into Norse in 'Danny's p.o.v.' because they are named after their characteristics. But as soon as Danny learns to speak a bit more Norse, the names will go back to normal, (so also when he is thinking) unless he is speaking English.****

****I am literally checking my mail every hour to see if you guys left a comment or sent me a message. I love it when you do that so, please? (*Giving my best puppy face, but suddenly realizing I freak people out when I try to do that. But still giving a hopeful smile.*)****

4. This is Berk, welcome!

****I'm an idiot sometimes. I was typing my chapter and was done, when my mother called me for diner. So I closed my file and, when I got to the stairs, I realized that I hadn't saved it! My family thought I had gone crazy for a second. I have been sulking for two days but I pulled myself together and started all over again. And it took a little longer because mom took my computer.*Loooong sigh*****

****BTW: I finally found out where I can see how many people read and liked my story. After that I couldn't find my tongue anymore. OH MY GOD! HOLY CO- uhm, DRAGON! I absolutely didn't expect that, but maybe that's because there are very few DP and HTTYD fans in Belgium.****

****My story has 1,821 hits, 35 favorites and 40 alerts!****

****I don't know what to say, other than thanks to all of my wonderful**

readers! I love you guys!**

We will get started right after this: I don't own HTTYD or DPâ€|Dang it!

Chapter 4: "This is Berk, Welcome!"

Hiccup's p.o.v.

As Toothless slowly spread his wings, I began hoping that he wasn't going to try anything funny, like when Astrid flew with us for the first time.

Toothless launched himself into the air. For a second I thought the speed might scare Danny, but then I heard a joyful 'whoop' behind me. Toothless didn't speed up or tried any dangerous maneuvers â€"thank the gods. As soon as Toothless was high enough and leveled out, I turned around to see what Danny's face looked like. He seemed to be very content in the air. His eyes were filled with joy; he looked as if he belonged in the sky as much as a dragon did.

He was looking at the view underneath us. I had to admit, Berk had a pretty charming view of the sunset, but this sunset was one that made you stop and look for a second.

A bright, clear ocean with dots of gray, green and orange-brown, spread out underneath us. The water glowed with an orange and red coloring in the west, where the sun set. A dark blue gleamed in the east. Most of the sky was still brightly blue, and the setting sun colored the clouds brilliant variations of yellow and orange. The vague silhouette of the moon was already visible, as the day neared its end and the night started wrapping her coat around the earth. The wind was soft and only slightly chilly.

Wow, Danny seemed to have chosen the perfect day to appear.

Toothless made a slow dive towards the water and soared on the wind blowing over the ocean's surface. He turned slightly to the left, causing the tip of his wing to break through the surface, and the water to gush a little.

I heard a soft rustling and an exhausted shriek. Both Danny and I looked around and were amused to see Salty trying to keep up with us. Danny laughed and stretched his arm out for Salty to grab hold. He gratefully took the invitation and settled himself onto Danny's shoulder, panting a little. He might be a good flyer in stormy weather, but he wasn't made for speed.

"Salty." I said, gesturing to the little creature. Danny looked up and back at the dragon.

"Salty..." he slowly repeated. Said dragon squeaked in delight from hearing his name, and once again started purring as Danny tickled him under his chin.

Toothless looked at their interaction thoughtfully. I wondered why Salty didn't have a problem liking Danny, and why the other dragons were so afraid of him. And I also wondered what was going to happen then we arrived at Berk.

****Danny's p.o.v.****

I got to admit, dragonback riding is different from flying as a ghost, but it was pretty cool. Just feeling the dragon's wings and muscles fighting against gravity and wind was magnificent.

Quite like when I rode in a plane, I could feel gravity pulling me down, rooting me to the saddle; but just like when I'm in my ghost form, I could feel the wind on my face. But unlike when in my ghost form, I could feel a tickling in my tummy when we descended to fast. I couldn't feel that as a ghost, probably because feeling ticklish would distract me in a fight.

The view was something else. Normally I am not that much of a nature lover, (though, because of Sam, that had changed a little) but seeing nature this pure and clear gave me a whole new respect for it.

Here, everything was a lot bigger and wilder, making everything seem more amazing. The forests weren't interrupted by cities, power plants, or gas stations and such. The air and ocean were clearer, without the future's pollution. When we swooped low over the water, I could have sworn I saw a school of fish swimming by, before they disappeared again. I bet you could see a lot more stars out here. Damn, where is a telescope when you really need it?

I was so taken by the view that I started when I heard a shriek behind me. I looked around to see the bluish-green little dragon from earlier, trying to keep up. I laughed a little at the frantically flapping creature, and offered it my arm so it could rest for a while. He grabbed hold and climbed onto my shoulder, wheezing a little as he gasped for air.

"Salt." Hiccup suddenly said. I looked up in surprise and looked back as I realized that he had just told me the dragons name.

"Salt..." I repeated. The dragon seemed to be delighted to hear his name, so I absently tickled it under his chin, much like people do with cats or dogs.

Saltâ€¦ That word sounded a lot like English. But, English came originally from Europe and some of the European languages were derived from Old Norse.

Maybe I didn't have to start from zero.

Click!

I had been ignoring that sound for a while, but now I was getting a little curious. I looked around and only saw the leather tail 'flap', which was now spread wide open. Now I could also see a rope going from the 'flap,' to something Hiccup had put his prosthetic foot into. On the other side of the saddle, he had his remaining foot in something similar to a stirrup.

"Click!" Hiccup shifted his foot a little and I heard another click behind me. I turned around to see the 'flap' had shifted a little. So that's how he steered his dragon. The dragon turned towards an island, with a gigantic mountain in the middle. In the water, there were seemingly impossible rock formations. A small village was built

onto the lower hillside of the mountain.

Hiccup softly nudged him with his elbow and gestured towards the village.

"Dette er Berk!" He announced proudly.

I guessed this was home, for now.

Nice.

****Hiccup's p.o.v.****

Danny looked curiously at the village, while I looked for a place to land. Toothless landed softly on the patch of ground I had found. I had barely gotten off of his back when the other teens and villagers started arriving to welcome us back.

"Hey, Hiccup. How did it go?" Fishlegs asked politely.

"Ah, pretty much the same as usual. Lots of yelling. Though I think I might have stirred the rivalry a little."

"Wow, what happened?" Ruffnut asked, sounding amused as he always was, when thinking about a good fight.

He received a punch from Tuffnut, for asking the question faster than her, and she added, "And who the heck is the Terror magnet?" with a hint of laughter in her voice.

We all turned to look at Danny. I had to hold back a fit of laughter. Danny had trouble standing up straight because, what seemed to be almost half the village's Terror population, were trying to dog pile on Danny. Salty sat on top of his head, shrieking angrily at the Terrors who were trying to steal his spot. Danny looked okay; he was smiling, but also seemed a little nervous at the same time. That is, until one more Terror came running, bumped into Danny's chest, making him fall over. Yep, Terrors liked Danny a lot.

Toothless seemed to have relaxed a little, and even had an amused look on his face. The other big dragons, even the ones that had just arrived, were still glaring.

"Same answer to both questions," Astrid said gesturing to the Terror covered Danny. "Danny."

With a wide smile, I walked up to Danny and helped him shoo the dragons off of him. Toothless, helpful as always, let out a loud roar, making all of the small creatures flee in panic.

Snorting, Tuffnut walked forward and said, "Hi, my name is Tuffnut, nice to meet you!" Danny blinked.

Snotlout walked by, sneering and said spitefully, "Don't bother, he doesn't talk."

"He does talk!" I exclaimed, "He just doesn't know any Norse!" Snotlout rolled his eyes and headed into the dining hall.

"What's his problem?" Tuffnut asked.

"Oh, he is just angry because Danny defeated him in hand to hand combat." There was silence for a second.

"Awesome!" Fishlegs yelled, and tried to give Danny a fist bump on the shoulder. But Danny showed off his speed again, and caught it just in time. The teen's eyes widened, (it was very impressive to see someone that skinny stop a punch from someone that big) and Danny seemed to realize it wasn't an attack. He quickly let go of the hand.

"Double awesome!" Ruffnut said, grinning. "Remind me to help you teach him some Norse, so we can find out where he came from. If everyone there is that good at fighting, we should become better friends."

"Yeah, but for now we should go and get something to eat," Fishlegs said, putting a hand on his rumbling stomach.

So, we all headed for the dining hall and I gestured to Danny to follow us. As we sat down, each of us putting down a plate with some food on it, Ruffnut asked:

"So, tell us what happened at the Meathead village."

I gave them a quick report about what we discussed with them (absolutely no interest there), then about Danny being brought in, how the meeting eventually was about him, and the sword fighting competition. When I was ready the rest decided to have their own discussion about what they could do. So I turned to Danny to see if I could try to communicate with him in some way.

He hadn't eaten anything yet. He was pushing food around on his plate using his fork. He seemed to be mulling about something.

"Hey, Danny!" The boy looked up curiously. Tuffnut pointed at himself "Tuffnut."

Danny got an amused smile on his face, but nodded politely, repeating, "Tuffnut."

But, Tuffnut went one step further and said, "I am Tuffnut." Danny looked confused at first, but eventually a look of comprehension made its way onto his face.

To test if his guess was right, he asked "I am Danny?"

"Yep," Tuffnut said, nodding.

Danny gave a relieved sigh and smiled. One by one, the teens started introducing themselves. Everyone but Snotlout. Everyone looked at Snotlout expectantly. He puffed up his chest and turned to Danny.

"Snotlout," he simply replied before turning his attention back to his food. But, when he heard a snort, he looked up again. Danny looked as if he found Snotlout's name more amusing than all the others.

Angrily, Snotlout stood up to his full height, which was a lot bigger

than both Danny and me. Not to be intimidated, Danny rose too, showing he wasn't going to play helpless. Feeling a brawl coming, I stood too and moved between them, looking at Snotlout.

"Please don't start another fight. He is not used to viking names. When he heard my name he almost laughed too."

"Doesn't matter. He is technically still a prisoner and should behave like one. And you shouldn't..." He tried to jab me in the chest, to stress whatever he was going to say, but was cut off when Danny suddenly stood next to me and grabbed his wrist. Danny glared at him with his 'terror eyes.' Snotlout looked really unnerved by them.

Tuffnut leaned towards me and whispered "Wow, that's even cooler than you described."

Eventually, Snotlout pulled his arm out of Danny's grip and sat down, eating and ignoring everyone. Danny sat down too, and cringed when he noticed how many eyes were on him. After a while, the looks and whispers had stopped, and everyone was back to being their loud selves, except for Danny, who was still playing with his food.

"Psst, Danny." Danny looked to see Ruff and Tuff giving him thumbs up. He smiled and finally took a bite of his food. He seemed to realize how hungry he really was, and started eating.

The rest of dinner was rather peaceful (until a grown up, or five, got drunk and started singing off-key loudly) and eventually we all decided to go home. When we met Toothless outside, he hissed at Snotlout and walked a little closer to me "and surprisingly, also a little closer to Danny. He had probably been looking through a crack in the door. I thought about what Snotlout said earlier. Was Danny really a prisoner ?

"So," I asked my dad "Where is Danny going to stay? Because I would rather not put him in prison."

"Why would he stay in prison?" my dad asked, looking slightly confused.

"Snotlout said he was a prisoner. Because we still don't know where he came from."

"Well" in a way he is a prisoner, but he seems to behave -and he likes you- so I am gonna let him go free. As for housing arrangements, he could stay at our house. But, you have to promise me that you'll keep Toothless and your sword close to you. Just in case." I heaved a relieved sigh.

When we arrived, I gathered some pillows, blankets, and hay. I tried to make an as-soft-as-possible-on-the-floor bed for him, yawned and climbed into my own bed. Before I extinguished my candle light, I looked at Danny. He didn't look like he was going to sleep yet.

He sat up and looked in front of him, mulling again. I just sighed and blew out the light. I curled up into a ball and fell asleep, exhausted from all the excitement today.

****Danny's p.o.v.****

Even though the light was out, I could see the room still clearly. Thank you, ghostly night vision. I thought over today's events: The teens seemed to like me, except for the Snotlout guy. I almost laughed about the name again, just thinking about the dignity with which he held himself when saying his name made it hilarious. I didn't mean to provoke him, but he reminded me of Dash. I wasn't going to let anyone bully me again. And when his anger turned to Hiccup, I got a little angry myself.

My hero complex made me want to help everyone who needed it. And Hiccup tried to help me. Plus, I think he wants be my friend. That made it even more personal. Hiccup's father, Stoik I think they called him, would support me as long as I supported his son. I could see that from to approving look he gave me when I stopped Snotlout from yelling at Hiccup.

The rest of the grown-ups were rather wary, but they seemed to like my attitude.

I was gonna have a lot of trouble with the larger dragons. Tannlos looked like he was going to try to ignore his fear and handle me just as Hiccup's friend.

The mini dragons, on the other hand, wouldn't be any trouble. The last time a species liked me that much, was when I helped a group of humans get over their fear of bats.

But, I was new here so everyone was going to pay lots of attention to me. I was going to have to be careful not to make myself seem suspicious. The scene at dinner proved that.

'I need some fresh air,' I thought, getting up and quietly walking outside "without waking Hiccup. I closed the door and looked at the star filled sky. 'Perfect.'

I reached for the familiar cold energy in my body and pushed it outward, forming a ring of bright moon colored light around my waist. It split in two, one ring going up, and the other going down, changing me into Amity Park's famous ghost hunting hero; Danny Phantom.

I was about to take off, but I stopped when I heard a loud whimper coming from the top of Hiccups house. I looked up and saw two bright green eyes looking down at me. I had to blink again to make out the rest of Tannlos' form. Wow he was camouflaged so well against the night sky, that even my sharp ghost eyes had trouble seeing him.

Terrified, he gave a yelp and pulled back. Slowly I flew up near the roof and came eye to eye with a terrified black dragon.

****Toothless' p.o.v.****

I think Scary-Danny was okay. He was small and friendly, like Friend-Hiccup. He liked Friend-Hiccup and protected him when Bully-Snotlout got mean again. From the way he held himself I could tell he was gentle and wanted to help and protect others and he was very brave. If you were a good someone there was a lot of reasons to

like him. But there was one problem: He reeked of demon!

He was a human so I didn't understand why. I really wanted to like him and be friends but every time he came to close I could smell him and I felt a terrifying cold going straight to my heart. You could compare it to the way we hate eels. When there were none, we thought our fear was silly and stupid. But as soon as the smell reached our nostrils, fear crept into our veins like a liquid.

And when he touched me, shivers went down my spine.

I really wanted to handle Scary-Danny like any other human, and the more I started liking him the easier it was to ignore the cold and demon smell. And after Scary-Danny stood up for Friend-Hiccup my respect and liking for him went through the roof.

And the Tinny-Terrors liked him and trusted him. When I was scared the first time I met Scary-Danny, Sealover-Salty had assured me that Scary-Danny 'felt safe'. Normally I would have ignored him, but the very fact that they were the only ones who didn't get frightened made me curious.

I was thinking about this on the roof, looking at the endless sky and wishing I could fly by myself again, when I heard the door open and a strange cold -that wasn't the air itself - made my skin crawl a little. I looked over the edge of the roof and saw Scary-Danny standing there. He looked around as if looking if anyone saw him and suddenly there was a flash of light, two moonlight-rings and the most terrifying thing I ever felt.

Frightened, I let out a small whine, and the creature that was Scary-Danny looked up. Two surprised green eyes peeked at me from underneath fresh-snow-white head fur, looking up. But not the grass green like dragons', or forrest green like Friend-Hiccup, this green was brighter and more pure than everything I had ever seen -and it glowed!

Seeing those eyes made an ancient instinct surface in me. It told me to flee. I almost did. I ran to the other side of the roof and stayed there, my heart pounding like a small bird, trying to escape. I panted, giving short squeaks as I breathed out. The Creature appeared again, looking at me. I just sat there cowering.

The eye colour, the soft glow around him, the slightly transparent tail instead of legs and the even stronger fear and demon smell. Scary-Danny IS a demon! I considered running, but he could fly -and in stories I heard they could go through stuff. And I also couldn't fly myself, not even to escape.

"Hallo Toothless." He said gently, it still was his voice, but it echoed a bit.

'He recognized me, so this meant it was still Scary-Danny, right? This wasn't like those werewolf-creatures in human stories, right?' Thinking this, I tried to relax a bit. It didn't really work.

Slowly, he floated a little closer and offered his hand for me so I could smell it. From where I sat I took a sniff and wrinkled my nose, yuck! He softly started talking to me and as I tried to ignore the

echo. I found it helped a little; the fear was still there, but now I relaxed enough to feel my muscles were hurting because I was so tense.

{It's okay Tannlos, it's just me. I'm not going to hurt you, I'm not going to hurt anyone. I'm half ghost so that's probably what you are afraid of. A lot of people, and even lots of animal species are afraid of ghosts. But I am a friendly ghost. You can trust me.**}**

I couldn't understand a word he was saying, he didn't speak Norse (which I had learned to understand). But, he kept talking in that calming voice coming closer with his hand outstretched towards me. 'Just Scary-Danny, just Scary-Danny.' I kept repeating to myself. Finally, I found some courage to shuffle a little closer, holding my breath so I didn't smell him. But it didn't take away the growing fear feeling.

Eventually it became too much for me and I stepped back shaking my head like I had seen humans do when they wanted to say 'No', hoping he would understand. Scary-Danny dropped his hand with a sigh and backed off a little.

He said something else to me, in a soft voice.

{I am going to leave you alone now. I'm gonna fly for a while to clear my head, but after that I am going to come back.**}** With that he floated up a little, waved at me and shot up into the star filled sky.

Slowly, the fear left my body, and I felt a little stupid. There was no reason to fear Scary-Danny €" it just happened. I looked as he was flying around, a barely visible spot in the sky; moving between all those stars. I felt a bit jealous; Scary-Danny could fly without wings and I was a dragon but couldn't.

I heard three pairs of wings rustling and three small creatures landed on the roof.

"Oh fishbones, missed him."

Three Tiny-Terrors sat on my roof, looking up at the flying spot that was Scary-Danny. One of them was Sealover-Salty. The other two were the moss green Cuddle-Camille (she lived with a young girl who loved to pamper her) and the nameless, copper-colored creature that lived under the floor of Friend-Hiccup and Alfa-Stoik's house.

"How could it be you aren't afraid of him?" I suddenly burst out, making them jump. "He reeks of Demon but you just jump around him as if he is the fisherman!" The three creatures looked at each other.

"Smells like Demon," Sealover-Salty admitted.

"But nice person!" Cuddle-Camille added. I sighed, calming down a little from my frustrated outburst.

This was the perfect moment to ask, "But, don't you guys feel the cold and fear hanging around him."

"You feel?" the copper scaled terror asked. I nodded. "He like dog." he said turning to his two companions.

"What do you mean with that?" I demanded, a little angry. I was a lot smarter than a mere dog.

Sealover-Salty answered, using his hind paw to scratch some salt off his neck while saying, "All creatures afraid of evil demon, but even when demon good, lots of them still afraid. Dogs afraid, deer afraid."

Cuddle-Camille took over and said, "Human and fish don't feel, don't care."

"But to some like cat and us, feels nice." The copper colored one finished.

"Feels nice? I heard Salty say that before, but what does it mean? What does he feel like to you guys?" They looked at each other again.

"Uhm, feels like..." "Like uh..." Cuddle-Camille found something to compare it to. "Like eating tasty fish and sleeping in front of fire, with friendly master petting you!"

I had done that once. During the winter, we had some very bad snow storms and I could sleep inside. Friend-Hiccup and I had fallen asleep in front of the fireplace. I remembered feeling safe and content, knowing we really cared about each other.

"You mean safe and comfortable?" I asked. All three of them nodded.

I was so jealous; I lived with the guy now, and I was the one having demon-phobia. Why couldn't I feel like the Terrors did around Danny? Why were they the only dragon species feeling okay around him? I would have even been happy if I couldn't feel anything â€"like the humans.

"But why is there that difference between us?" They were quite for a few seconds.

"Do not know." Sea-lover said eventually. "What does feel like to you?" He asked.

"Like disobeying the Red Death when he was in a bad mood." The three creatures' eyes widened and they shivered. We had obeyed the Red Death because we felt if we didn't, no matter how far away we were, something more horrible than being eaten would happen to us. With Friend-Hiccup's help, I had finally broken out of his spell and fought against him.

"Oh, got to go home! Master Aachje might get worried!" Cuddly-Camille said before flying off.

"Gonna sleep too, me tired." the copper colored dragon yawned, climbing down to find his nest. Eventually just Sealover-Salty and I were the only two left. I sighed and got ready to sleep myself.

"Don't be afraid of him, he good person, won't hurt you unless when you hurt him or others." I gave him a half glare. "Can feel it." He said before flying away.

I sighed again and looked up at the spot in the sky, which was now making sharp turns and wide loops.

Scary-Danny.

Demon-Danny.

****Danny's p.o.v.****

I felt so sorry for Tannlos. He was so afraid of me; mostly my ghost form. But I wasn't thinking about that now. Flying helped me clear my head. But one thought was still circling through my head; The portal. I had come through a temporary portal.

Was I ever going to get home?

****If you would rather skip author notes: please read anyway!****

****OMG, finally. I did it. But I think without you guys I might have never done so. Because, even though I might be an idiot I learned two very important lessons.****

****1: Things are never fixed as easily as they are done!****

****2: Never give up; people might be counting on you!****

****April 25th was my birthday, I wanted to update back then, but I was very busy with celebrating and homework. So here is a little joke to make up for it.****

****I do not own DP, HTTYD or asdfmovie (4)****

****(! This will not happen in this story!)****

*****Sam and Tucker flying over Berk in the Specter Speeder, looking for Danny*****

****Random viking: **OMGs, alien attack!**

*****Lots of yells*****

****Stoik: **Throw the sheeps!**

*****Lots of pathetic bleats as sheep are thrown into the windshield of the Speeder, to no effect*****

*****Sheep attack stops*****

****Another random viking: **Yea!**

****Danny and Hiccup:*face palm*****

****And if you want to give me a present: Give me a comment or explain how the beta reader thing works. (Please don't give only comments**

about how it works!)**

5. First day with the new Vikings

If it took a while to update, you can blame it on the writer's block.

Hey, if I tried to write my own book, would a mix of influences from Danny Phantom, Blade (never seen that movie, just know he is half vampire), Twilight and demon legends from Christian and Greek/Roman mythology work? Or would you rather see a dragon science fiction first?

I changed it into a K+ because I just realized there will be a personage in my story with a pretty tough past. And I finally got a Beta, thank you VampireFrootloopsRule!

I do not own DP or HTTYD. (Note to self: Come on, pick up your courage and start writing down those ideas for your own books!)

Chapter 5: First day with the new Vikings.

Hiccup P.O.V.

Somewhere in the back of my mind I knew I was dreaming, but it wasn't enough to make me really realize it and wake me up. I was floating in the middle of green nothingness. Around me there were strange doors and small islands floating without anything holding it up. It was rather cold and everything appeared to be darker despite the eerie glow everything seemed to have.

"Dad? Toothless? Anyone?" I called out, my voice echoing through the enormous space, but no answer came. Until I heard a malevolent growl behind me. I quickly swirled around and gave a yell as I came face to face with an unnatural green, glowing creature with huge fangs and pupil-less red eyes.

More creatures came out of nowhere and gathered around me. Some of them shapeless monsters, some reassembled the worst fears from our legends and others animals out of a nightmare. There were also some that looked more humanoid, but you could still see they weren't because of things like strange colored skin, fangs, claws and glowing red or green eyes. They grinned malevolently at me and some were growling. I had nowhere to go.

The creatures came closer, ready to attack. Unable to run because of my fear, I curled into a small ball and tried to call for help, but my voice only came out as a soft squeak. "Help. Someone please. Help me!" One of the creatures lifted its claws, I closed my eyes, bracing myself for the blow, but it never came.

I slowly opened my eyes to see what was going on and saw that every single creature had turned itself toward one direction, listening with fear written across their faces. I pricked up my ears and now I heard it too. It was like thousands or millions of furious souls roaring at the same time, somewhere in the distance.

The sound suddenly reached the place where we were and I pressed my

hands on my ears in an effort to block out the sound, but it was hopeless. Almost every single one of the creatures ran away screaming in pain or fear. Those who tried to stay and stand their ground were blown away by the force. Whatever caused the yell was obviously extremely powerful. I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth in pain when it suddenly stopped.

Once again I opened my eyes. Now I was in complete darkness, but somehow it didn't frighten me. Now I could finally feel solid ground underneath my feet, even though I couldn't see it. I could see myself clearly, too. In the darkness, suddenly two glowing green orbs appeared with black dots in the middle. I gasped as I realized the orbs were actually eyes and some of the creatures who had attacked me had had glowing green eyes like those. Instinctively I took a step back.

A soft, kind voice came from the direction of the eyes, the echoing voice of a boy, but I couldn't understand a word he said. As he spoke, words started forming in the back of my head. "Don't worry; I'm not going to hurt you. I'm a friend." It said. Those simple words calmed me down a little. "Okay." I answered with a shaking voice. The eyes gave me one last friendly look, winked and disappeared. At this point I woke up and looked up at the ceiling.

Toothless always woke me up early in the morning so I get the habit to wake up before anyone else. Wondering how my guest was doing I sat up and looked at the spot next to my bed. My improvised bed was empty.

I sighed. I could have guessed he would try to escape, I only hoped I had judged him right and that he was indeed not a spy or something. "What am I gonna tell Dad and the others?" I wondered to myself, when I heard a sound in between loud breathing and soft snoring. I looked in the direction the sound came from and there, sleeping in an improvised hammock tied to one of the lowest beams in the ceiling, was Danny.

My shoulders plunged as I sighed in relief and soon it mixed with some confusion. He was still here, but why hadn't he run yet?

There was a roar and a loud BOOM as Toothless started jumping up and down to wake me up so we could go flying. The house shook violently and Danny woke up with a jolt, causing him to fall upside down out of his hammock. He didn't waste much time lying on the ground and jumped up into a defensive stance, still trying to blink the sleep out of his eyes.

When his eyes focused on me, he frowned, as if trying to remember what happened. When he recognized me, he stood straight again, sighed, and started rubbing his eyes.

"Good morning." I greeted, smiling. He looked back at me, thinking about what I just said, placed his hands behind his back and stretched, causing his spine to crack loudly. I winced, that couldn't be healthy. "G'dmorning." He tried to copy what I had said while yawning.

There was another impatient roar as Toothless started jumping up and down again. Danny looked up. "Yea, yea, I'm coming, bud!" I yelled putting on my boot. Danny considered the casual tone in my voice and

groaned realizing he would get a wakeup-call like this every morning. Looks like my newest friend wasn't much of a morning person.

I put on my helmet as I walked outside. I looked up and met a grass green gaze. "Good morning, Toothless, I think you just scared Danny out of his sleep." I told him while he climbed off of the roof. As soon as he stood in front of me, he stopped and looked over my shoulder. I turned around to see Danny standing there, leaning against the house. "Oh come on, Toothless." I said, turning around to face said dragon. "I thought you were finally okay with him."

Toothless just walked around me and cautiously approached Danny. As he came a little closer he sniffed the air and gave a sigh in relief. He looked at him, giving him a sheepish look as if he was sorry or ashamed about something he did. Danny just smiled and raised his hand to pet him. At first Toothless took a step back but eventually allowed Danny to rub the sides of the short frills on his forehead again. Just like yesterday he relaxed immediately.

I decided to interrupt. "Hey bud, I thought you wanted to go flying?" Toothless got exited again and hopped off to get his saddle. Danny just looked on as I put it on and climbed on Toothless' back. I looked around and patted the spot behind me, inviting Danny to come along. He just smiled and shook his head.

Strange, after what I had seen yesterday I wouldn't consider him to be someone who would turn down an offer to go flying. I just shrugged and we took off.

Flying was amazing as always. I always enjoyed flying, ever since the day Toothless and I learned how to. We did some playful loops and dives, practiced some old tricks and tried some new. After that we just floated around lazily. I decided to talk to Toothless for a while. He might not be able to talk back but he always listened and his body language and facial expressions could tell me a lot too.

"So," I started, getting his attention. "What do you think about Danny?" Toothless' eyes got a happy shine and he made a purring sound. "So you like him? I think I like him too, though no one can touch on our mental similarities, he looks so much like me physically. I guess that is why I am trying to help him." I leaned forward and tried to look into his eyes. "I know there have been some improvements, but if you like him so much how come you are so afraid of him?" His eyes instantly turned sad and he looked at me as if he wanted to say: 'I don't want to be, but I can't help it.' and tell me something very important. This was one of those moments I was a little irritated by the language barrier.

I patted his neck. "Come on; let's go back before he gets worried. And then you can get breakfast..." Toothless licked his lips and sped up. "...While I go and get yelled at by Gobber if I'm late again."

(I wanted to do a line break, but don't know how to make one of those lines)

After I had a quick breakfast for myself, Toothless and I were running, dragging along a very confused Danny with us. 'I'm late, I'm

late, I'm late.' I kept repeating to myself. Luckily it wasn't a far run to the training ground, it was a lot closer than the place where we used to fight dragons.

I hate the Pirate Training Program. I like the sword fighting, it is useful and I was really good at it (though the rest thought I could use a bit more aggression) and of course building boats is very important. But lessons like 'scaring foreigners' and 'advanced rudery' were just ridiculous.

I ran into the clearing where Gobber and the other teens were gathered and Toothless quickly joined the rest of the dragons who were having breakfast. "Sorry if we're late!" I yelled running towards the others. Gobber looked up in surprise. "Ah Hiccup, don't worry, for once you are on time. We were just about to get started. And how did your new friend settle in?" I looked at Danny who curiously scanned the bunch of Vikings before him.

"I think he settled in pretty good, though he seems to be worried about something."

Gobber just nodded. "Okay than, let's get started" he said clapping his hands two times to get everyone's attention. "Today we are gonna practice on scaring foreigners again. In fact, let's practice a little on a foreigner."

'Oh gods, here comes the learning-on-the-job theory again.' I thought giving Danny an uneasy look. Danny gave me a look back that screamed 'Wait, what is going to happen?' before he was pulled away by his shoulder with a yelp and put in front of Snotlout. "Since you are considered one of the best at yelling, Snotlout, why don't you give it a try?" Immediately Snotlout grinned wide, took in a deep breath and started shouting a stream of insults straight into the smaller boys face.***** At first Danny looked a little shocked, but after three seconds, he just looked confused.

"Hmmm," Gobber said "Impressive, but not enough to scare this one. Try again." Snotlout grunted in frustration, took another breath and started yelling, if possible, even louder and longer. But as soon as Danny's confusion turned into boredom and irritation, I got the impression he was used to someone giving long winded speeches at the top of his lungs. **(hint hint)**

As soon as he was ready, Snotlout started panting and his jaw dropped as Danny let out a theatrical yawn and looked at Gobber as if he wanted to say 'now what?' Gobber considered the options. "Why don't you give it a try?" He eventually said, making the 'go ahead' gesture with his hand so Danny would understand. Said boy's shoulders and jaw dropped as a 'you got to be kidding me' look made its way onto his face.

He turned back to Snotlout with a grin on his face that gave me the impression he was going to enjoy this. If I had been on the receiving end of it I would have crawled under a rock and only get out again when it was completely wiped off his face.

He stood up straight, took a breath and let out a yell that seemed to be a mix of six to one and a half yours of frustration and the sound cabinet of a Thunder Drum. Whatever he said, it was a lot shorter then Snotlout's insults but double as powerful. We all made a small

jump as he did so and Snotlout turned pale from head to toes. The dragons behind us, even the Terrors who liked Danny, had their heads flat on the ground and were covering their ears. No one expected to have that much sound coming out of such a small boy. When he was ready, he folded his arms and smiled smugly.

Danny just scared the foreigners.

Gobber let out a delighted laugh and clapped his hands. "Wonderful, well done, Danny! A Viking on command!" The rest started clapping too (accept for Snotlout who just looked furious) and the twins started fighting just to figure out who was the hardest clapper. I was clapping too. Yep, I really had to convince him to tutor me.

****Toothless p.o.v., a few minutes ago****

I sat down with the rest of the dragons and attacked the giant bowl of fish as Friend-Hiccup dragged Demon-Danny over to Half Limbless-Gobber and the rest. Pompous-Hookfang stopped eating for a second to greet me "Hello Toothless, how are you?"

As much as I disliked her human sometimes, and though she could be a little quick to anger, I absolutely didn't dislike her, not anymore. "I'm good, and a good morning to all of you, too."

There were a few mumbles of 'hi' and 'good morning' before we went back to eating. "Hey Toothless," Friendly-Stormfly suddenly perked up "I heard Scary-Danny is staying at your human's house, are you and Friend-Hiccup okay?"

"Of course we're okay, though I decided to change his nickname to Demon-Danny." Abruptly they stopped eating and Stout-Meatlug dropped the fish she had been eating. "But I don't think we have to worry, the Terrors say he is nice and yesterday I got the honor (and fear) to meet him as a demon."

"It's true." A high, squeaky voice said. We all looked up and saw a few Terrors who had come to grab a bite themselves. Sealoves-Salty was the one speaking. "Summoned rings of moonlight and changed into demon. But good demon or we be scared too."

"Are you sure?" Friendly-Stormfly asked. Normally nobody paid any attention to the small creatures, but now they seemed to know more about the situation, everyone was ready to hang on their words.

"Very sure," They were a little surprised I had been the one to answer. "He is powerful and feels terrifying to most of us, but last night he tried to calm me down when I was scared of him. He is nice and the Terrors told me he will only attack if he is provoked."

At that moment an ear splitting sound ripped through the air. To a human it might have sounded like normal, but loud yelling, but we heard another frequency in it which rattled the skull and struck fear into our hearts. It was impossible to block it out. Luckily it stopped very soon. We all looked up just in time to see Demon-Danny close his mouth and look very satisfied with himself.

A random Terror who had been following the events turned around and

whined: "Hookfang, your human provoked him, again."

Hookfang sighed and raised her eyes to the heavens. "Again? What should I do with that pup?"

*** I'm so bad at making good, creative Viking curses and insults. You know what? Make a good one and send it to me. I'll use the best ones for Camicazi somewhere in the future!***

Oh man, the end went better but this chapter was hell. And the next one is going to be similar, but I'll try to be faster (as soon as I'm ready with my exams).

Hey, I saw this picture on the internet, Google 'happiness can be measured with cats**', it is the perfect representation of the Terrors loving Danny.**

Don't forget to push the green, blue, red, whatever color it got this time, button and comment.

6. Three weeks in a nutshell

Wow, fastest update up to now. Don't expect too much, this is just a filler. But after this we will have some action. Then the real story can begin.

I do not own HTTYD or DP.

Chapter 6: three weeks in a nutshell

Hiccup P.O.V.

I found out quite a lot about Danny the last few weeks. First of all, and to my delight, he wasn't always so Viking-like. As soon as he started calming down a bit, he started acting more like me. When he was in a situation that made him nervous he turned into a tough guy again but as soon as the 'danger' was gone he suddenly became shy and clumsy.

Because Danny could act tough when he wanted to, Gobber allowed him into the Pirate Training Program, teaming him up with me and Astrid. In the forenoon, we took the lessons together and in the afternoon we tried to adapt Danny to our daily life and teach him Norse. It turned out that Danny was very good natured and wouldn't harm a sentient being without a good reason. So even with his speed and amazing accuracy he was a terrible hunter, fishing went better. Also the word 'hunter' itself made him shudder for some reason.

Sometimes the other teens helped out a little. After a while even Snotlout came around and offered his help. Danny was someone who gave people second chances easily.

He also learned pretty quickly if he set his mind to it. After three weeks he already learned enough words and sentences to have a decent (though with minor flaws) conversation. As soon as he understood 'Teach me how to...' he was delighted to teach me his way of fighting if I taught him how to use the sword.

For this, Danny first used my old sword which I used before I found

'Endeavour', but that one was horribly outbalanced in his hands. So Gobber and I worked on a new one. When Danny came by to see it, we found out he gets very moody when exposed to heat. But he also could stand very high temperatures, I think I would almost not be surprised if Danny set himself on fire like a Monstrous Nightmare and not even noticed.

Danny called his sword 'Skyscraper'. When I asked why, he said it was an inside joke and that it reminded him a bit of home. When I asked about his home he just went sad and silent or talked about something else.

Danny roughly translated his fighting style as 'warrior arts'. And when you did it right, it was a bit like art. Danny also said it was especially made to be taught to people who couldn't fight using force. I wasn't as good as Danny yet but I was already good enough to get an unsuspecting Tuffnut on the ground. The others weren't patient or accurate enough to learn it.

Danny was also a thinker if he wanted to. He wasn't very good at math but he did have a few interesting physical theories when he followed what I was doing with my inventions. He told me that it was what he learned where he came from.

Socially there were some improvements, too. The Vikings became less suspicious, especially after Danny turned out to be very helpful to everyone in need. If there was a dangerous job to do, Danny was one of the first to volunteer to help. But that characteristic cost him his shirt. He managed to get it ripped up so badly we had to get him a new one.

That day I also discovered Danny had a small collection of scars that would make the twins jealous.

The tailor let Danny keep his trousers saying it was one of the toughest materials he had ever seen. But for the remainder he got a new outfit. The tailor had cut out the red oval from his old shirt and sewed it onto a new light grey one because it seemed to be so particular to him. He also got a furry vest which came to his waist, a belt to wear over his shirt and brown boots he tucked his trousers in to keep them from getting dirty.

The larger dragons slowly started to trust him a little more. It was as if they told each other that Danny was okay, though none of them dared to let Danny closer than 3 feet. Except for four of them. The first one was Toothless. The second one was an old brown Gronkel, who after a while didn't even seem to be bothered, as if she didn't listen to her fleeing instinct anymore. Another one was Hookfang's rather impulsive pup who often disregarded his own fears and tried to challenge him. Danny, however, just had to prod him on the nose to make him back off and calm down. And the last one was a green and orange Nadder which Danny somehow had been able to save from choking on a bone.

That is until the Boneknappers came.

Ever since Gobber befriended the Boneknapper he once hunted, he, his females and young came back every year to visit his friend. At first Danny had seemed rather wary about their appearance, but once he was sure they didn't form any threat it turned out they liked Danny just

as much as the Terrors did. They allowed Danny to fly around with them and normally a Boneknapper gets very itchy if you touch their actual skin, but Danny could tickle them without a problem for some reason.

Saddle Boneknappers are migratory dragons and Danny didn't quite get a bond with any of them, which was needed for one to become his pet dragon. He said goodbye to them with a heavy heart.

I was pulled out of my thoughts when Toothless started jumping up and down again to get me out of bed. Danny groaned in his hammock and pulled his blanket over his head, almost causing a little brown creature to fall off his back. It just climbed back on and put his wing over his head.

Two days ago, Dad caught a copper colored wild Terror that was stealing food out of the pantry. Danny suggested keeping it, just as a family pet. There wasn't really a bond between them but the dragon kept following Danny around. So for now, it was Danny's temporary dragon until he found the one that wanted to be his real partner. It came along when Danny asked it to, slept next to him and even did what Danny asked him to do. Danny named him Arrow because he was a fast diver and he had the color of a bronze arrow tip.

"So," I asked smiling "Are you coming outside with us or do you want to sleep in some more?"

Danny uncovered his head to look at me and pre-formed the sentence in his head. "I want to sleep some more." He eventually mumbled, patting Arrow's head and closed his eyes again. I quickly got dressed and walked outside.

Strange kid, that Danny.

****Okay, the end of the introductions. Now let's get to the actual story...after my tests are done and I didn't mess up!****

****BTW, look on DeviantArt for a picture called '**Spoiled Hiccup'', so funny.****

7. The Shadow of Chaos

****Dudes, one word: Vacation! My last test ended this morning, (it was biology, woohoo!) and if the results are good, I will try to update on the day I get them. If they are bad it might take a very long time until the next update. I'm very sure my mom will take my computer for a few weeks or even months if they are. I'll let you know how it went.****

****Everything that isn't in Old Norse will be typed in oblique, okay.****

****And to the girl or guy who called him-/herself SUPER CRAZY: Please don't kill me with all your excitement! Here is the next chapter.****

****I do not own anything; except for the story itself and our newcomer. He is mine so hands off!****

****Chapter 7: The Shadow of Chaos****

****Danny's p.o.v.****

BOOM!

"Toothless..." I groaned, starting to cover my head with my blanket, until I noticed it was pitch black outside. 'That's weird; he never wakes Hiccup up this early.' I thought.

I sat up and looked at Hiccup's bed. He was still out like a light.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

Toothless started jumping more urgently than before, and there was a hint of fear in his roars. Hiccup only stirred but kept breathing slowly and calmly. I jumped out of my hammock, receiving an indignant protest from Arrow. I picked him up again and petted his head.

"Sorry boy, but something is wrong outside."

The little creature tilted his head and concentrated for a second, and then he stiffened, his eyes wide open and his wings pulled closely to his body. He seemed to agree.

I hopped outside, still trying to get my other boot on. Arrow was clinging to my shoulder, digging his nails into it, so he wouldn't get thrown off. Toothless stood next to me in a matter of seconds and started jumping around in panic.

"Toothless, what is going on?" He gave a loud panicked yelp and pointed with his nose up into the air and seemed to be following something with his eyes. I looked up and tried to follow his gaze.

I saw it almost immediately. It was mostly a dark color, but the fuzzy white on its belly and the patterns on its wings gave its location away. It was defiantly a dragon, but not one that I had ever seen. From here, I could see it had a rather short neck, (like Toothless) but a much longer, alligator-like head. I could also see it had an irregular row of spines on his back, no front legs and a large claw on each wing.

But a dragon shouldn't be a reason for Toothless to worry; the vikings from this tribe were friends with dragons! But then I noticed this dragon was circling the island, like a giant hawk looking for a prey. Crap! If it wasn't peaceful, I couldn't go up there and fight it. That would get everyone's attention. And if they noticed I was gone, I would be in deep trouble.

"This can't be good. Better wake Hiccup up," I told the still shaking Toothless

I walked back inside and gently started shaking Hiccup by his shoulders and whispering, "Psst, Hiccup wake up, Toothless is worried. A strange dragon is circling around outside."

He just pushed my hand away in his sleep and rolled over. Toothless, who had walked inside to see where his human was, grunted and took a

deep breath to roar him awake. I caught him just in time and clamped his mouth shut, almost freaking him out.

"Don't, if you do that it will certainly get that strange dragon's attention. And then he might attack."

Realizing I was right, he let out his breath and looked at me as if he wanted to say: 'Then what are you gonna do?' I grinned and activated one of my powers (causing Toothless to flinch for a second) and showed him that I had made. He recognized the small object and grinned back.

****Hiccup's p.o.v.****

"AA-hmpf!" I sat up and let out a yell, but a hand muffled it before it could leave my lips. Cold! Icy cold and wet! I hit away the hand and quickly grabbed underneath the back of my shirt to pull out...a tiny cube of ice? What in Thors name...? How did that get there?

"Hiccup!" I looked up and saw Danny and Toothless (who was softly chuckling in his own dragon way) standing next to my bed. Both pairs of eyes seemed paler, because of the moonlight they reflected.

"I think something is wrong." Danny continued in a half whisper. "There is an unknown dragon flying around outside, looking as if he is trying to find out where to attack first."

"What?" I asked, a little sleepy.

Then I realized what Danny just said. I could only think of one dragon who would attack us. 'Chaos' was back.

"Oh no!"

I jumped out of bed and ran outside without even putting on my boot. Toothless was already back outside, looking up tensely. I looked up too, but I couldn't see a thing.

I almost jumped at the sound of Danny's voice next to me.

"You see? It's right...there!" Danny pointed up towards the same place as Toothless was looking.

I squinted to try and see what he was pointing at.

"I can't see it. But you can!"

Danny stiffened out and softly cursed in his own language, as if he had said too much. But that wasn't what I was focusing on right now. If Danny could see it, we might be able to find out what kind of dragon 'Chaos' was.

"What type of dragon is it?" I asked.

Danny sighed, relieved about the topic change, and said, "I have no idea. It's a kind of dragon I have never seen before."

Now it was my turn to sigh in relief; at least it wasn't one of the dragons that lived around Berk. If it was, Danny would have been able

to recognize it.

I ran back inside and grabbed underneath my bed. There I kept my own copy of the Dragon Manual in which I could make notes myself. I ran back to Danny and gave him the book. "Can you find out which dragon it is?" He took the book from me and started flipping the pages. He quickly turned the pages and sometimes stopped to compare the images in the book with the real creature in the air, only to shake his head and start to turn the page again. Eventually he stopped and nodded.

"This is it," he declared.

It was a little too dark for me to see the page clearly, so I asked, "What is it?"

He looked at the top of the page and groaned in frustration. "You really got to teach me how to read your writings. Wake up your dad and warn him, I'm going to wake up as many people as I can." And with that, he ran off.

"Toothless, go with him to help wake everyone up." I told my friend. He nodded, casted one last glance upward and went after Danny.

I ran back inside and lit a candle, so I could see what dragon we were dealing with. I paled when I saw the creature on the page, it was a huge dragon. Long, sharp spikes started in a crown around his head and cheeks, ran down the back of his neck all the way to the tip of its tail. Eyes stood far to the front of its elongated head, near its sharp teeth. And unlike most dragons, it even had two rows of thorns on the sides of its belly and tail.

I practically dropped the book where I was standing and ran to my dad's room and yelled, "Dad, wake up! I never thought I would say this but: Grab your hammer, we're under attack!"

(Oh, look, another linebreak!)

With Endeavour buckled to my waist, and Skyscraper under my arm I ran around, looking for Danny. He had already managed to wake most of the village. Those who were awake were waking up more people or getting their things ready, trying to attract as little attention as possible. Astrid came running next to me.

"Hiccup, what's going on? Danny started waking everyone up saying there is a dragon getting ready to attack, but what does he-?"

"Astrid, Chaos is back! But there is more, Danny identified it as a Skrill!" I interrupted

Astrid paled. Skrills are (except for Night Furys) the only other Strike-class dragons, and are closely related to Night Furys. They both shared great speed and maneuverability, extreme intelligence and lethality.

"Are you sure?" Astrid asked, hoping I wasn't. "Skrills shoot white bursts of fire, not pale blue ones."

"Well, can you think of any dragon with blue fire?" I asked her.

She thought about that for a second and replied, "Night Furys. But they shoot small, explosive fireballs, not flows like this one."

Danny and Toothless came into view. Danny had just finished explaining the situation to a very confused viking and started running to the next house. Arrow was nowhere to be seen, so I guessed Danny sent him to wake up more people.

"Danny!" I called out. He slowed down a little so we could catch up with them. "Here, I brought Skyscraper."

"Thanks." He said, taking the sword and attaching it to his belt.

"So," Astrid stated "You really think Chaos is a Skrill?"

"Who is a what?" He reacted confused.

"Chaos is the nickname we gave to this dragon; he regularly attacks the islands without any obvious reason. A Skrill is the species of dragon you pointed out to me in the book."

"Oh. Yes, I'm sure" He just answered, knocking on the next door.

"What is all this racket about?" A rather cranky viking asked, coming outside with a lit torch.

I panicked; that one small light could alarm the Skrill that we were up and active. Danny realized this too. He made a high, panicked noise in his throat and (to Astrid's astonishment) extinguished the fire with his two bare hands. It was too late however. A loud roar filled the air, followed by a sound like a Night Fury diving, only lower. **(If you imagine the rumbling sound of a small aircraft flying over, you are very close.)**

CRASH! *BOOM! *A burst of blue fire set a house ablaze. Luckily, everyone was outside already.

"IT STARTED!" Danny yelled at the top of his lungs, (which was really loud) and ran off to wherever he could help.

Dad flew over on his Thunderdrum Thornado and instructed, "Warriors, take all the nets and bolas you can find, and come with me! Astrid, go look for the other teens and get Hiccup's Mangler. Try to get a clear shot! Hiccup, you are our best flyer, you are coming with us!"

Astrid ran off to gather the teens, while I got on Toothless's back and took off. We flew up high above the village, to get a better view of what was going on. In the little time that had passed after the first attack, two other houses had been set on fire! The low rumble sounded again and another house lit up in blue flames. I turned just in time to see the Skrill's silhouette fly over it.

"There!" I yelled going after it, keeping an eye on its murky white belly. The others quickly followed. I managed to follow it for a while. I might not be able to throw a net or bola, but I could lead

the others to it. We were easily keeping up with it, until it suddenly disappeared. "What the...?" I cried out.

"Hiccup, where is it?" Dad asked.

"I think I lost it!" I yelled back.

"What do you mean you lost it?"

Before I could answer there was another roar and I saw something bright coming from behind us.

"Look out!" I yelled, diving down in the nick of time. A blast of blue fire just missed us, but hit another dragon on the wing. Luckily, neither dragon nor rider got hurt too badly when they crashed into the ground. Seeing the Skrill again I rushed after it.

The Skrill kept toying with us. He let us follow him for a while, disappeared again and attacked. It was frustrating. I looked down as a high whistle was sounded. Danny was running underneath us and waving his arms around wildly to get our attention. He had something hanging over his shoulders.

I turned and started flying lower above him. He pointed to the edge of the cliff where the other teens were setting up the Mangler. But he wasn't running straight at them. Understanding what he wanted, (wow, this kid had some guts) I sped up. As Danny got closer to the edge, we dived down to the side of the cliff. He jumped and landed, after a short drop, behind me on Toothless's back. Toothless wobbled for a second because of the sudden increase in weight, but quickly regained his balance. Seeing this, the other teens started cheering. Toothless quickly gained height again.

"Why do you want to come?" I asked, looking back.

"I think I can help." Danny answered. "I can see where the dragon goes and I also have a pretty good idea why he is so aggressive, but I need to see him up close to be sure." I nodded.

"So you can tell me where it is when it disappears?"

"It doesn't disappear. It waits until you're close enough, then it turns around quickly, and flies around you in the opposite direction so it can attack you from behind. A very effective trick â€"if you lose sight of it. But, there is also a technique that can be used against it."

"So where is it now?" I asked, looking around.

Danny looked around too and suddenly yelled, "There!" while pointing to the right.

I got a glimpse of a white belly, and once again started the chase. The other had started their own search, while I had been talking to Danny, so this time we were the only ones following it. But as we got closer it disappeared once again. Damn!

"Now, up, quickly!" Danny yelled. Toothless started beating his wings furiously to gain height. We shot up a few meters. "Level out! Stay

as quiet as possible." Toothless spread his wings and started floating around, just underneath the clouds. I looked down and around us. Somewhere underneath and behind us, the Skrill was flying around, its head turning left and right "trying to find us.

"Steady," Danny whispered and put his feet on Toothless' back, standing up. He grabbed one of the ropes that had been dangling around his shoulders, and now I recognized what they were; they were bolas. Looking at his target, Danny started swinging it around faster and faster. Toothless flinched and started whining "probably remembering the sound from the day I had caught him. I gently patted his head "Don't worry, everything will be fine."

Danny threw his bola; it whizzed through the air...and hit its target! The Skrill let out a terrified screech and started falling, one of his wings still flapping around wildly. If this went on like that he might break his wing or rip the membrane. Realizing this too, Danny cursed in his own language, and grabbed the next bola. He threw it and tied up the dragon's other wing. It also turned the Skrill's body a little, so that it fell on his left side. As Danny sat down we dived after it.

He sighed in relief and mumbled, "Luckily he didn't land on his right side."

"Why?" I asked. "You'll see when we get down." Danny looked really tense and serious; it was strange, and almost a little scary to see him like that.

Even before Toothless' paws touched the ground, Danny had jumped off his back, (almost injuring himself, but catching himself by rolling -causing him to lose the last bola- and jumping up again) and ran straight to the crashed dragon. I waited until Toothless slowed down enough, jumped off and ran towards Danny, who was kneeling next to the dragon's head. I was surprised our hair stayed normal; according to the dragon manual coming too close to a Skrill makes your hair stand on end.

He was small for a Skrill, only slightly larger than Toothless, so I guessed he was in his early or middle teens. Also his coloring was a little strange. Skrills normally have slight shades of purple on the light grey scales. The scales on the back of this dragon and also those on the back of his wings were carbon black. His belly and the drawings on the inside of his wings were murky white.

Danny gently lifted the dragon's eyelid. "He's unconscious. The fall knocked him out," He said.

Note to self, write down: A Skrill's electric activity stops if it is unconscious. So that means they have control over the electricity in their body. This new information might lead to a whole new list of possibilities! But that couldn't be right! A dead Skrill could still give off electricity for hours.

Danny ran to the Skrill's shoulder, close to his neck, with his back towards me. "How long has he been attacking villages?" He asked with a quivering voice. I walked closer to see why he was so upset.

"Wha-?" I started but I stopped as he turned towards me, his eyes

almost literally as cold as ice.

"How long has he been flying with that thing in his neck?" He practically yelled, furiously, gesturing to something sticking out of the dragon's trapezius. **(The muscle where the neck proceeded into the shoulders)**

I gasped as I came closer. It was the disconnected point of a spear of some sort sticking into its flesh. The poor dragon had tried to pull it out but only managed to make the wound worse. With every wrong movement it had ripped the healed skin and muscles back open, constantly hurting him.

"Two months." I quickly answered, kneeling down too to see what I could do to help.

Danny gently toughed the loose scales around the wound, some of which some were slightly cutting into the soft flesh they were supposed to protect.

"The wound is badly infected," Danny mumbled, observing the large wound. "This is a tough guy but we need to help him or else he will die." He turned back to me, his eyes still cold. "I need you to get back to the village and get me a cloth and some clean water. I'll try to get this out."

I nodded and ran back to Toothless who was looking on with horror in his wide eyes. "Come on buddy, we got to go back and get Danny some stuff to help." Toothless turned around and took off so fast I almost fell off. He was flapping his wings furiously, trying to go faster. Meanwhile my head was racing too. That's why he attacked us; a wounded animal is a dangerous one. Plus, a spear was a human weapon, so considering the dragon's age, he learned very young to show hatred towards humans.

When I shot Toothless, I had been able to release him quickly, to prove I didn't want to be his enemy and wanted to help. But this dragon had been all alone, wounded and without any help. Maybe it was already too late to make him change his mind about humans.

Danny's p.o.v.

I looked as Toothless and Hiccup took off. 'I hope they hurry,' I thought. I heard a grunt behind me and saw the Skrill's eyes flutter open weakly. I better do this quickly. I grabbed the base of the spear, turned it intangible and pulled it out of the wound. As I got a better look at the point I paled. It wasn't a spear, it was a harpoon!

Almost a year ago, Sam convinced Tucker and me to work with her on a lecture about whaling. As soon as we had all the information we needed, we all felt a little sick. Even Tucker swore he would never sink his teeth into whale meat. To capture the whales, they used specialized harpoons. When they pierced the skin they were smooth, but if you tried to pull them out four large barbs unfolded and cause massive damage. If the poor animal wasn't instantly killed, those would prevent it from escaping. A whale would fight for hours, only to die a slow and painful death.

I looked into the dragon's eyes as I heard a low growl. He was

looking straight back at me. His eyes were a soft teal. He tried to move a little but the ropes easily prevented him to. He gave up quickly and his head dropped, too tired to move from all the fighting. And the wound and impact from the fall were still taking their toll too. So he just fell asleep again.

I sat there for a few minutes, one hand on the wound to keep it from bleeding too much and gently stroking his neck with the other. A few minutes later I heard a frantic flapping as Hiccup and Toothless returned. Toothless landed and ran until he was next to us, Hiccup jumped of and handed me the bucket and cloth. As I put the cloth into the water I noticed it was warm, Hiccup probably snatched it from someone's stove.

"Is he going to be okay?" Hiccup asked as I wrung some of the water out of the cloth.

"I don't know." I admitted "The wound might be worse on the inside than it looks on the outside." Saying that last part I picked up the harpoon point and gave it to Hiccup. As he took it and turned a little grey as I started to clean the wound.

"What is that?" Hiccup asked, his voice hoarse with shock.

"That is what we call a harpoon in my language. Some people use it to hunt for big sea animals." I didn't know what 'whale' was in Norse and since Hiccup didn't know what a harpoon was, I decided he could borrow the English word.

"But vikings don't make these." Hiccup mumbled "None of the vikings in the Archipelago do." "Archipelago?" I wondered. Hiccup quickly drew what looked like a map in the sand and started explaining "The Archipelago is a collection of Islands where the four biggest viking tribes are situated. You've got us, the Hairy Hooligans, in the west. Then there are also the Meatheads in the east, the Bog-Burglars in the south and the Hysterics in the north. And in between there are also smaller groups like the Outcasts and Lava-Louts. Those are pretty mean but they aren't smart enough to make weapons like these."

"Then, if it wasn't the vikings, who would do something like this?"

Hiccup started studying the harpoon again and I went back to cleaning the Skrill's wound.

"Romerne!" Hiccup suddenly gasped.

I looked up and Hiccup showed me a small eagle together with the letters S.P.Q.R engraved into the base of the harpoon. 'Aha, Romerne equals Romans.' I thought.

I frowned; I never really liked the Romans with all their gory wars and coliseums. And of course I had some first-hand experience â€"twice. First, when Vlad threw Sam, Tuck, and me to the lions, and then when I was forced into the chariot races. And besides, if Sam would have to choose between 'civilized Romans, who destroyed nature to build cities, and in their indifference eradicated a few animals' and 'barbaric vikings who (though not vegetarian) lived in harmony with nature,' there would be no competition.

Then I noticed that people had begun to show up and were talking, pointing, and looking in awe. I just concentrated and started removing the loose, but sharp scales that were cutting into the wound.

"Hiccup!" I turned around to see Stoick , who had come running to see if his son was okay. "Hiccup, are you alright?"

"Yes dad, I'm alright. But there are some other things we have to worry about."

Stoick's eyes landed on the Skrill. His eyes widened.

"You caught it?" He asked, looking bewildered.

Hiccup shook his head and the proud shine in Stoick's eyes dulled a little.

"No dad, Danny is the one who caught it." He turned to me with wide eyes.

"You did?" He asked.

I smiled and shook my head. "Don't give me all the honor. I couldn't have done it without Hiccup's amazing skills."

Stoick's smile widened again and he ruffled his son's hair. I turned around and continued to pull out the last few loose scales.

"Well done Hiccup, that's my boy! Well done!" I felt a heavy hand on my shoulders and looked around to see Stoick's other hand on Hiccup's shoulder. "Both of you." he added.

Hiccup jumped in "Dad, we might have something else to worry about." He held up the harpoon and there were a few gasps around us. Stoick took it and started move the barbs, realizing what they were for "He had this in his shoulder." Hiccup explained. "Danny calls it a harpoon_. The Romans made it." He pointed at the eagle to prove his point.

Stoick took a better look and nodded, mumbling, "They're getting closer."

I removed the last painful scale and I started wiping away the fresh blood. "Romans are trouble. Believe me, I should know." I said "But right now I would rather concentrate on this guy here. If we don't do anything he'll die." Stoick looked at the sleeping wounded dragon and frowned.

"Dad, it isn't his fault, a wounded and scared animal is more likely to attack than a healthy one. And I think the Romans did something to him to make him hate humans." Hiccup said, seeing his father's doubt. Stoick thought some more and then nodded.

"Okay, put the Skrill in the old Dragon Training ring! It has the strongest cages and there we can keep an eye on him until he is healed and reeducated!" A few vikings came running with a large platform on wheels that caused Toothless to panic for a second. Hiccup quickly started whispering calming words to him and tried

using the 'frill trick' as he called it â€"which I had taught to him. The vikings tried to half roll, half lift the Skrill onto the platform.

"Hey, Danny!" one of them called. "A little help here?"

"Coming!" I yelled back. "Watch out for the wound on his right side!" I quickly added, as I helped lifting the shoulders. When we succeeded in putting the creature onto the wooden construction, I walked to his head to secure it. I saw Hiccup and his father talking. I discreetly concentrated my increased hearing on their conversation.

"-but I really believe that with the right treatment and enough patience we might be able to do this." Hiccup finished his sentence. Stoick sighed and looked at his son.

"You do realize that, if this doesn't work out, I'll have to take steps." Now Hiccup sighed and covered his eyes with his hands.

"I know." He whispered with a lump in his throat.

I tensed up, knowing what they were talking about. I heard a soft rumble next to me and looked up to see the dragon's eye fluttering open slightly. His eyes were unfocused and misty, but I knew he was looking in my direction.

"I'm not going to let that happen." I whispered to him in English. Hearing the sound, his eyes focused a little on me, trying to fight his sleep. _"I promise."_ I gently assured him, stroking where his eyebrows should be and causing the already exhausted dragon to fell asleep once more.

****Hiccup's p.o.v.****

When Danny came back with the others, he was in a very bad, very absent mood. When I asked what was wrong, he just mumbled something about chains and hating small spaces. It turned out they had tied the Skrill up in the Monstrous Nightmare's old cage, so that he couldn't attack anyone if they opened it to feed him or take care of his wounds. They also put a bucket of water next to the entrance to throw over his head so he couldn't breathe fire. I understood Danny's anger; How in Wodan's name were we going to get this dragon to trust us if we locked him up? But even I couldn't think of another way to prevent him from hurting anyone.

A few hours later, as the sun was rising higher into the air, we were busy rebuilding the burned and damaged houses. I was helping with lighter repairing work, while Danny (as always) was helping to hoist beams and heavier materials up. I put down another basket and looked at Danny who was helping a few vikings and a Gronkel pull a beam into place with a rope. Arrow sat on his shoulder again, cheering him on.

Astrid put her basket down next to mine. "Wow, he looks a little down." She commented. I just sighed. "You got to admit, he might not have your thoughtfulness or skills with dragons but he is bold and good with battle techniques."

"Are you changing your mind about being my girlfriend?" I asked. It was meant to be a joke, but I could still feel some fear in the pit

of my stomach.

"No," She said and then she punched me in the shoulder. "That's for even thinking I would." Then she pulled me a little closer and gave me a smooch on the cheek. "And that's for caring," She added.

I looked back at Danny and walked towards him. They just finished putting another beam into place and were preparing the next one.

"Hey, I just wanted to say thanks." Danny just answered with an absent 'hmmm' and looked at his feet, not even really noticing I was talking to him.

I prodded his shoulder and he finally looked up. "Thanks for helping me catch that Skrill. And thanks for sharing the credit." He frowned so I guessed he didn't understand what credit was. "The honor." I tried again.

A small smile appeared on Danny's face, but it didn't quite reach his eyes.

"Nah, I don't like attention anyway." he said, then he sighed and looked at his feet.

"You're worried about that Skrill, aren't you?" I asked. Danny's eyes became as sad and as empty as the sea. Arrow, feeling his friend's sadness, nuzzled his cheek and purred in an attempt to cheer him up a little. Still looking at his feet Danny lifted his hand and scratched him behind his horns.

"I don't want him to die." he replied weakly. "Whether it is because of his wounds, or because he is too aggressive to be set free again."

I sighed too. "I'm afraid about that too; ever since we became friends with the dragons most of us are afraid of that." I put my hand on his shoulder. "But don't think about that now, there is still hope." Suddenly a few yells sounded behind us. Danny's sadness was gone immediately, as he ran off to help lift the beam they had almost dropped.

I thought about the look Danny had had in his eyes. Danny was always very protective over everyone who needed help, especially over me sometimes. But the look he had in his eyes a few seconds ago was something very different.

Something was going on here, and now I hoped even more that it would end well for the Skrill.

****Finally, finally, FINALLY! I wanted to write this chappy for so long! Now we are really getting this party started. This is the first important chapter; the other ones will be 'Return of the prodigal dragon', 'Thorsday Thursday', 'Meet the Fentons' and 'Oh my Thundergod! '****

****I hope your finals were good and hope for the sake of your own amusement mine are good as well. Until next time.****

8. Locked away part 1

****It went pretty good. I got a 75%, so I'm happy, mom is happy, dad is happy and I have to study a little French. Yuck!****

****BTW: Did you know Astrid's name is derived from the Norse name Æ•stridr, which means 'divine beauty'.****

****Chapter 8: Locked Away: Part 1****

****Danny's p.o.v.****

Things weren't looking good for the Skrill. Now that he'd been captured, he seemed to have given up. He was weak, almost constantly asleep, and he didn't eat. The vikings that were in charge of the dragon's care, followed my advice about cleaning the wound regularly and changing the bandages, but the poor creature still stayed weak.

I visited him often, even as a ghost at night sometimes. The first time I visited, he had lifted his head and looked at me with cloudy eyes. But then he closed them again and didn't seem to care about anything anymore. It was killing me to see him this way. I never let someone down if I made a promise to them. And I never went down without a fight. But now I was almost useless, unless I could make him want to live again.

Hiccup was teaching me (as promised) how to read runes. I always kept an extra piece of paper next to me so I could write down which runes made which sounds. A lot of my teachers back home could learn a lot from Hiccup: He was perspicuous, patient and was decent at maintaining my attention. But sometimes I was too distracted to concentrate. This was one of those times.

"Hey, Danny. Did you even hear what I said?"

"Hm?" was my 'oh so intelligent' reply.

"I said this is a Gebo, it's pronounced as a G." Hiccup repeated.

It looked more like an X to me, but I just mumbled "Ah, okay." Hiccup sighed and closed the Dragon Manual.

"This isn't going to work. You're worrying about Chaos again aren't you?" I just nodded. "You know what? Let's call it a day. Go and keep an eye on him if that makes you more comfortable."

"Thanks," I said, walking outside "Then I guess I'll see you at twilight." ****(No! Don't get any ideas.)****

After a short walk through the village and over the large bridge, I arrived at the Dragon Training Ring. I thought it was amazing how the vikings had built this. Hiccup told me that they used to lock up a few wild dragons here so they could use them to teach the young vikings how to fight and kill dragons. My imagination had run free for a second, and I shuddered as I imagined mom and dad capturing and trapping ghosts to teach the kids at Casper High how to fight ghosts.*****

I sighed as I pulled the lever down and walked inside the Skrill's

cage. He was tethered to the ground with chains and a large collar, pulling the spikes against his neck. At the front of his nose was an untouched pile of fresh fish. I walked a little closer and squatted down next to his head. He took a deep breath and let it out again, acknowledging my presence.

"Hi big guy, still holding on I see." I told him. He didn't react; his only movements were his sides moving as he weakly breathed in and out.

"Let's see how that wound of yours is doing." I walked towards his right shoulder and untied the large strip of fabric that held his bandages in place. It didn't look good: The large wound was raw and still open. The scales around it were dying and shedding, leaving spots of unprotected skin. Thinking the wound must itch a lot, I carefully started rubbing the area around it. Another sigh proved me right.

"I wish I could help in some way, but I don't know anything about healing and natural medicines or herbs. Sam was a lot better at that sort of things; if she were here she would probably be standing here with that mix of..." My eyes went wide open as I suddenly remembered something. "I'll be right back." I told the dragon and ran outside, closing all the doors. I started running out of the ring, over the bridge, into the village (getting a lot of stares because I hadn't been this excited in days) and straight into the forest.

I had suddenly remembered the day at camp 'Skull and Crossbones,' when Sam and I found Wulf. Sam had used a mixture of berries to heal Wulf's paws. I had been looking over Sam's shoulder as she had been working so I should be able to recognize which berries she used. 'Oh please,' I prayed 'Please God, Freyr, Mother Nature -and for just once, maybe even Undergrowth-, let those berries grow here.'

Looking in the distance, and not where I was walking, I tripped over a exposed root and rolled down the hill "straight into a cluster of bushes. As I rolled to a stop, I sat up and groaned, mixing English curses with Norse ones. But I stopped immediately when I opened my eyes. I was in a small, sunny clearing, with a lot of bushes on the sides. On the bushes grew berries. 'Could it be?' I wondered, standing up.

I walked to one of the bushes and picked a berry. 'They look the same.' I crushed the berry between my fingers and smelled it. 'They also smell the same' Mission accomplished! I found them! I couldn't believe my luck! I was so happy I could jump with joy...Hmmm, why not?

So I started jumping around like a loony and yelled at the air, "Thank you God! Thank you Freyr, Mother Nature, whoever you are! THANK YOU!"

I stopped as my excitement wore down. I leaned to pick some more berries, but I realized I didn't have anything to put them into.

"And thanks again to my infamous rotten bad luck," I mumbled sarcastically to myself.

(line break)

Eventually I had hollowed out some wood from a dead tree with my ghost-ray to put the berries into. Now I was running back through the village, straight to Gothi's hut. Without knocking, I swung the door open, receiving surprised looks from both the old shaman woman and the twins. Gothi was patching up Tuffnut's head. I guessed he took Stoick's advice about banging his head against a rock seriously after all.

"I'm sorry for barging in like this, but could I borrow your mortar and pestle please?"

"Wow Danny," Ruffnut said laughing "I haven't seen you this exited since that Skrill arrived."

Her brother stumped her in the shoulder and through the bandages sounded a muffled: "Uhu."

Gothi looked me up and down for a second, gave a small smile and nodded. I grabbed the stuff I needed and yelled a quick, 'Thanks!' before pulling the door shut. I flinched as I heard stuff falling down and a "Wohow!" from Ruffnut.

"I'll clean that up later!" I yelled through the door and took off.

I ran all the way to the Training Ring again and pulled opened the gate. The Skrill somehow must have felt my excitement, because he tilted his head slightly and looked at me with half open eyes.

"Hey there." I said, barely containing my excitement. "I may have the solution. Just trust me and you'll be okay." I poured the berries into the mortar and started squashing them with the pestle until I was left with a rough purple mush.

I removed the old bandage and gently started smearing the mashed berries onto the edges of the wound, since I didn't know if it would be safe to put it directly into it. The Skrill's muscles relaxed and he gave a relieved sigh. I could imagine the mix of cold berries felt good against the burning wound. I took a piece of clean bandage and put some of the mixture onto it too. Then I tied it back against the wound.

I looked up and saw it was slowly getting darker outside. It was time to go back. "You're going to be okay. I'll take care of that personally." I told him, looking at his head. I carefully patted his neck and walked outside.

(linebreak "the next day)

Forenoon had been pretty hard; we were building new ships for the village as a Pirate Training assignment. Hiccup was amazing with tools! Well he was an inventor after all. And as a Fenton, you could say that I'm pretty good at building things, which I actually am -if it involves technology. But I don't know anything about boats, so I spent most of the time helping Hiccup with the heavier and more precise work, like keeping boards in place or knotting ropes on the sails. Astrid wasn't that much of a help, she was often very impatient and could make a mess worse if you left her unsupervised. So she just hung around wherever we were and helped when we needed

it.

When we got back home, I practiced reading some more. I already knew a lot of Norse and could speak the language pretty fluently, but remembering which runes were which sounds was a whole different story. Some runes that looked similar to English letters were actually different letters in Norse, and some runes could be many different letters. For instance, the rune for TH looked like a D, while the rune for D looked like a bow. And J and Y shared the same rune!

I was peeking at my cheat sheet when someone knocked on the door. "I'll get it." Hiccup called as I started getting up. "Gothi?" He exclaimed, a little confused as he saw who was on the other side of the door.

"Greetings, Hiccup. Could I speak to Danny for a moment?" I had never heard her talk before. It was clear from Hiccup's face that this was indeed a rare happening. I stood and walked towards them. Gothi gestured for me to follow her and started walking. I shared a look with Hiccup and walked up next to her.

"Yesterday you came to my hut to lend a mortar and pestle," she stated. I could have hit myself in the head for my stupidity.

"I'm so sorry, I forgot to bring it back and I forgot to clean up the mess I made." I apologized. Gothi just shook her head.

"Don't worry, earlier this afternoon, the viking that took care of Chaos brought my stuff back, he also brought some news." At that last part her face became serious. My stomach tied itself into a knot as I heard that. 'No, please no.'

"Is he okay?" I asked past the lump in my throat. I was surprised when she gave me a small grin. "He is better than okay, he attacked the viking who took care of him." Gone was the knot and gone was the lump. "Woohoo! I did it! I knew I could do this! When Wulf healed this fast I thought it was just him but, wow this stuff is strong. I got to thank and apologize to Sam when...or if I get home." I cooled down a little as I said that last part. "IF I ever get home."

Gothi slowly shook her head and smiled, saying, "You could start a tribe all on your own you know. You have the skills of a warrior, the skills of crafter, the markings of a leader, and now you are also a medicine man." Then she asked, "Who are Wulf and Sam?"

"They are friends of mine back home," I answered. "Wulf is sort of my brother in arms, as is Sam. She is the one who taught me the little I know about healing." Gothi frowned seeing my face as I said Sam's name.

"You miss them. Especially the girl." She stated. I just nodded back.

We walked quietly for a minute. "Can I ask what you exactly did?" She eventually asked. I managed to smile a little as I answered.

"I made a mix of berries that are known for their healing effect. Wulf hurt his...hands during a battle and I was watching as Sam patched him up."

"Could you tell me how to prepare it? The tribe might benefit from it and I could make it for you when you go to take care of Chaos."

"When I go to take care of him?" Normally the other vikings did the caring part. I just visited often and made sure his wound didn't get any worse.

"That is actually the second reason I wanted to talk to you." Gothi admitted. "As I told you before, he attacked the viking who took care of him this afternoon. News goes fast around here and most people thought it would be too much of a risk to get close to him. So we were wondering, since you seem to care about him so much and since you are so good with risky situations: Would you like to become his caretaker?"

I thought about it for a second. I would be in full control of everything they did to him and keep a constant eye on his condition. Plus, with my ghost powers I would be safer than anyone else. If I kept a lot of contact with him, he might become friendlier towards humans and be released again.

"Okay," I said. "I'll do it."

(linebreak, wow we got a lot of those in this chapter)

I stood with a basket full of fish in front of the gate and took a deep breath. This is it, the first time I meet the Skrill fully conscious face to face. I didn't like to think of him as Chaos; they called him that when he attacked everyone. We were trying to erase that past, so it was not right to keep calling him that. It reminded me a bit of how everyone used to call me Inviso-Bill when they still thought I was evil.

I got my bucket ready and opened the gate. When he saw me he almost immediately opened his mouth and made a sound that was similar to a gas leak. I threw the water in the bucket over his head before he could light the gas. He coughed and then snorted in surprise. He tried to shake his head to get some of the water off, but he was stopped by his binds. Then he looked up at me and bared his dagger like fangs.

I blinked in surprise. I expected him to be angry about me throwing water over his head, but what I saw in his eyes was pure disgust and hate. Don't get me wrong, I got that look from enemies, in the beginning from people I tried to help, and -until recently- from Valerie. The venom in his glare made me flinch. His head was slightly tilted forward (a few drops of water dripping off his nose and the spikes on his chin), snarling through gritted teeth. His eyes, fierce and boring into mine screamed: 'You! You are the one who took my freedom! It's because of you I'm in here!' I felt guilty for a second but then I reminded myself that if I hadn't caught him, he would have kept suffering and attacking until he died a slow and painful death.

I straightened my back and the Skrill shrunk himself, as if he expected pain. 'If a dragon is nervous, just talk to it.' Hiccup had said. 'He might not understand a word you say, but talking in a calm voice makes you less threatening.' I took a deep breath and started

talking.

"I'm sorry I splashed water over your head, but I don't want to be intangible all the time. However, Hiccup and Toothless went for their morning flight and I have some time before I have to go to those ship building classes we have now, so I decided to bring you some breakfast."

I put the basket down and opened it so the smell of freshly caught fish filled the den. From the corner of my eyes, I could see the Skrill's eyes widening as he sniffed the air eagerly.

"Smells good?" I asked. For some reason, as soon as he noticed I was watching him, he started glaring at me again and tried not to show how badly he wanted to eat. What the heck did those Romans do to him in order to make him like this? I put down the bowl of berry mix I had put on top of the fish. This time I had still made it myself to show Gothi how it was done, but next time she would make it for me. I just had to stop at her hut to pick it up. I picked the first fish of the pile and walked in front of his nose holding it out to him. He looked between me and the fish, and slowly leaned forward.

Suddenly he lunged forward, fast as lightning, and if I hadn't gone intangible I would have lost half of my arm. His eyes went wider, feeling the cold where my arm was and he pulled back, letting out cries of fright. I pulled back with a yelp too. I knew an attack when I saw one — and that hadn't been a miscalculated grasp for the fish.

He was hyperventilating and pulled back as far as the chains allowed him to. But it wasn't just fright because of my ghost powers; he also seemed to expect pain. I took in a deep breath as I realized why he might have done that: He must have thought I would play tricks on him and pull back the fish before he could grab it. Kids back home bullied animals like that sometimes, and I could perfectly imagine a Roman doing that to the point where he was starved. And since I escaped his attack, he expected me to hurt him as punishment.

As soon as I had calmed down again, I said, "Okay, let's try that again." I walked a little closer and he started pulling at his chains again. "It's okay, I'm not going to hurt you and to prove I'm not going to torment you either, I'll put this down right here." I whispered, putting the fish down where he could grab it. The Skrill blinked in surprise. He began inching forward as I was backing away. Keeping a close eye on me, he tilted his head to the side and picked the fish up, swallowing it hungrily.

I went back to pick up the basket and put it close enough for him to dig in. As soon as I stepped back his nose disappeared into the basket and he started to eat hungrily. Hiccup told me a dragon wouldn't notice what you were doing while he was eating. So as he ate, I walked around him and quickly took care of his wound. I changed the bandage and walked back in front of him. When he had finished off the basket, he sniffed through it, trying to find some scraps. When he found none he rolled it back to me.

When I picked it up I suddenly realized I was gonna be late. I pulled the lever to close the den's door. Before it shut I yelled, "See you at lunch!" and started running.

(Linebreak, and there are more to come next time)

The Skrill's p.o.v.

Everything was so messed up. Three days ago, everything had been clear and simple: Dragons (except for slaughterous ones) were good and humans were evil. But now an entire pack of dragons worked with humans to bring me down, and the human who took my freedom -the one that reeked of danger and felt like fear itself- turned out to be the only decent human I had ever met. Nothing made sense anymore and the pain made it even harder to think. It had lessened after the decent human had taken what was left of 'the stick with the hooking claws' out and when he put the 'sweet, purple plant mud' on my wound, but it still hurt and itched.

Three days now he had been taking care of me, feeding and visiting me. He was powerful, but even when I attacked him, he didn't hurt me like other humans always did. He was even friendly. But that couldn't be right, humans were vile and cunning. It must be some kind of trick, before I knew it, he would be torturing me.

The last time I saw the human, the sun had been going down. So now it must be night; it was hard to tell in this dark den. My muscles ached and I was bored. I tried to amuse myself by tapping my claws in different sequences. What I wouldn't give to just walk around for a bit. Outside I heard heavy steps from four paws. There was a dragon coming towards my cage.

"Psst, hello? Are you still awake?" A soft voice asked.

"Yes, who are you?" I asked.

"My name is Toothless, they also call me Loyal-Toothless. I'm a Windwalker â€"or a Night Fury, as the humans call my species." I became excited when I heard this; Windwalkers were Night Flyers just like us Stormsailers.

"Thank the Great Protectors you found me! Quick, let me out of here and then I'll show those humans what they get for locking me up."

"No!" He firmly said back.

I sat silent for a second in astonishment. "What?"

"One: You are badly injured and could die out there. And Two: I'm not going to let you harm humans." I was shocked to hear a hint of anger in his voice when he talked about me hurting humans.

"But they are treacherous little demons!" I objected. There was silence and then snickering.

"Well you might not be completely right about the treacherous part, but one of them is a little demon."

"Huh?"

"Have you noticed anything strange about the human who takes care of you?" He asked. Oh gosh, that one was so strange I didn't even know where to start.

"He is decent, he gives me the food without playing tricks on me, he is the only one that has come here since I attacked that bigger mature human, he smells and feels strange-"

"Exactly, that's the one I wanted to hear. Now has your mom ever told you stories about the Tangible-Cold creatures?" I felt a pang of pain in my chest as he mentioned my mom, but nodded.

Realizing he couldn't see me I whispered "Yes, they are supposed to be very powerful, can become invisible and walk through stuff and they are ice cold to the touch."

"Indeed." Toothless said. "Humans have legends about similar evil creatures called demons."

"Pfff, humans give everything other names."

"Yes, I know but they don't know our ways and words. But that isn't the point. The point is that the human, who is the only one left that wants to take care of you, is part demon." My eyes widened. Hearing my shocked silence he quickly continued "But he isn't evil at all! The Drakins (or Terrible Terrors as the humans call them, I call them Tiny-Terrors sometimes) feel that he isn't evil, and if he was this village would already have been burned to the ground. He wouldn't hurt a Drakin if it bit him." 'If it could even bite him.' I thought grimly. "The pup has demon powers but he is still human, mostly."

"Mostly?" I asked.

"He looks like a human most of the time, but sometimes at night he changes into a more demon-like appearance." And with a smile in his voice he added "With the obvious lack of evil-looking-ness."

Vaguely, I remembered a strange white glowing thing that visited while I was sick. Back then I hadn't cared whether I died or lived (and if I stayed trapped here, I wouldn't again anytime soon) but now I thought about it, it indeed felt like my caretaker, only a little more suppressed.

"And it is exactly that reason why the dragons here call him Demon-Danny."

"What is a 'Danny'?" I wondered.

"You know we dragons address each other by our characteristics." Toothless started explaining. "Humans go one step further and give each other a combination of sounds they call a 'name'. Every human has a different name and it is so much easier to recognize each other with one, that we now use both a characteristic and a name to address someone. The Toothless part of my name was actually given by my human."

"Your human?" I sneered. "You sound as if you have a human as your pet."

"I have," He answered "The human, the dragons here call him Friend-Hiccup since he is a friend to all dragons, is my pet human, and to him I'm his pet dragon." I wouldn't have been surprised if my

teeth fell out of my mouth, which was open wide in disbelief.

"Are you crazy!" I yelled. "You are just as trapped here as I am. The only reason they let you live is because you are or can be useful to them! Those things don't even know what friendship is!"

"That's not true, when Friend-Hiccup spared my life, he had no idea how it would turn out!" He yelled, even louder than I had, making me flinch. "I was trapped but I became his friend out of my own free will! And he gave me chances to go and be free, but I stayed because I am so devoted to him! And he wouldn't betray me either! I know because we had trouble before, but we always found a way out of it â€"together!"

I shook my head in disbelief. "But it doesn't add up. I know what humans are like: They are vile, cruel, greedy, selfish, tricky and idiotic."

Toothless was quite for a few seconds, but then he replied, "I used to think like you, a year and a half ago. Some of them are, and all humans can be stupid sometimes. But there is another side to them. I was lucky to meet that side first when I saw them up close. But you had the bad luck to see them at their worst. You only know a human when you see the other side of them."

I panicked when I heard him stand up and turn around. After all, I was still a child. And though I had been forced to grow up fast, I hated to be left alone.

"No please don't go!" I squeaked. "I don't want to be alone. I'm so confused. I don't know what to think or to believe anymore."

Toothless stopped and spoke in a gentle voice, "Until you can open your eyes to a different perspective, I can't help you. If you want to talk about it, you can ask a Drakin to get me. There are always some around here. And remember pup â€"your opinion on humans the key to your freedom."

And with that said he walked away. I lay down again with a sigh and closed my eyes. I felt tears coming up, and just let them run freely. What in the Great Protector's name should I do? These humans were indeed not as bad as the ones who captured me before. But they were still humans. But Toothless said humans could be different, and now I really needed some guidance from a mature dragon. And there were good and bad dragon species, so maybe there were also friendly and evil humans.

I tensed and squeezed my eyes shut even further, letting out a soft whine. Everything was so complicated now. If only my family was here; they would know what to do. Maybe I should give this -what was he called again?- Demon-Danny a chance. I kept mulling it over, until I fell into a restless sleep. I had nightmares about pain, darkness, hunger, desertion, and loss. But somehow, that all seemed to be dulled by the bright blue of the sky.

***To everyone who saw the little star: This might be a nice idea for another DP HTTYD crossover, for instance one in the character swap style with Danny as Hiccup and Phantom as Toothless. You can use it but warn me if you do, I want to read it and help along the way if

needed!**

And if you wonder why the dragons call Night Furys Windwalkers in my story, it's because of the books. In the books, Toothless is a hunting dragon the size of a Terrible Terror. The dragon Hiccup starts riding on in the 5th book is a baby blue dragon species called a Windwalker.

Wow, listening to music can really help to get you motivated and give you inspiration. As you can see, this is part one. So the next chapter might be up faster than you think (though not as fast as the 6th one). Hear you guys next time!

9. Locked away part 2

I am so sorry dudes, this took longer than I expected. I now have a vacation job and mom makes it her personal mission to keep me away from the computer as much as possible. And my dad does too by teaching me how to drive. I suck at steering and remembering everything I have to do, and I haven't even had to use the gearbox yet. O Gohohohod!

And in that new Dreamworks movie, Rise of the Guardians, Jack Frost is definitely proof that Dreamworks can make a Danny Phantom character. I mean, dudes, look at that haircut! Put it on someone less pale and shorter with green eyes in a hazmat suit and he is ready to shoot ecto-blasts. And he already does have ice powers and can fly. ^U^

And before you ask, yes I've been watching AFV.

I hate repeating this over and over again: I don't own HTTYD or DP.

Chapter 9: Locked away part 2

Danny's p.o.v

"Oh Danny, I'm so sorry! Are you okay?"

I was trying to blink the stars and black dots away from my eyes. Astrid was apologizing over and over again, making my headache even worse. Hiccup and Gobber were silently looking me over while Fishlegs kept asking them if I was going to be okay. The twins were teasing Astrid and I couldn't see where Snotlout had gone, but considering the fact I could hear him roaring in laughter, he was probably rolling around somewhere and pounding his fist on the floor.

Every forenoon we had been working on our boats. Astrid had tried to be helpful (as always) and had been helping hammering nails into a board. I hadn't paid attention for one second, and the other end of the board had shot loose and hit me in the back of my head.

"Well, at least he isn't bleeding." Fishlegs said. "Wait a minute, he is not bleeding! With a hit like that he should be bleeding! So is that a bad thing?"

He panicked. By now I was conscious enough to regain control over my body.

"Don't worry Fishlegs. People always tell me I have a thick skull. Literally and figuratively."

I tried to sit up and grabbed my forehead as I felt a splitting headache coming on. 'Uh oh, here comes the Milky Way,' I thought. I was very grateful for Hiccup, who was helping me sit up.

"Two months ago I was hit in the head with an aaah...I think it was my front door. I'm getting out of shape, I think. Normally I can stand worse."

Everyone looked at me strangely. Snotlout's head popped into view as he sat up.

"You got a door thrown against your head?" He half yelled, half asked in disbelief.

Realizing I might have said too much I quickly said, "Hey, what can I say, I have a tough family. My dad was hit on the head with a sledgehammer once and he just was a little dizzy afterwards."

Jaws dropped and eyes became as wide as the Lunch Lady's flying saucers.

"How tough are people where you come from!" Tuffnut asked, his eyes shining with excitement.

I thought quickly. I should be more careful with what I said.

"Uhm, not everyone is tough, but those who need to be are. Especially my family, which is very tough. You know what I can do, and my dad can break your backbone in a hug, my mom can take down a bear three to four times her size, and -sadly- my sister inherited my father's aim, but she can be a worthy opponent if you upset or anger her."

"What is she like?" Fishlegs asked.

"She is, mostly, a big sister." I said "She is smart, caring, maybe a little overprotective,..."

I stopped when I saw the thoughtful look on Fishlegs face, as if he was strongly considering something.

I gave him 'The Look' (or 'Terror Eyes' as Hiccup called it) I knew it would come in handy one day) and growled, "Don't even think about it!" Seeing my face he gave a yelp, threw his hands up in the air and ran away, screaming.

"Well," Gobber stated, with a thoughtful look on his face. "You aren't considered a prisoner anymore, so why haven't you gone home yet?"

I pulled my knees up to my stomach and wrapped my arms around them.

"I can't. I'm not even completely sure how I got here."

All the vikings that were left exchanged looks; some confused, some

curious, and some even a little disappointed.

"Okay," Gobber said, getting up. "Since Fishlegs ran off and it's almost noon anywayâ€| Class dismissed!"

And with that everyone went to the mess hall. Most of the teens sat down at their usual table, but I walked towards the back. There they kept the few books this tribe had. One of them was the original copy of the Dragon Manual, but there were also books like the collection of all Norse myths and books about herbs and plants. It was very clear that those weren't read often. After I could finally understand runes â€"without mixing them up all the timeâ€" I had begun to considering reading for a bit. When I asked Hiccup about it, he told me about these books. I took a quick look through the titles and my eye fell on a book titled, 'Trolls and Other Riffraff'. I took it from the shelf and browsed through it.

It turned out to be a book about monsters and mythical creatures. There were things about the giant bird Hrǫsvelgr, zombie-like creatures called Draugar, all sorts of giants and trolls. They even mentioned hybrids like half-elves and half-trolls (I don't even wanna know how that one happened). Curiously, I looked through the categories. Birds, scaled creatures, water creatures, humanoids, hybrids, undead, and ...dead.

I looked through the chapter with an uncomfortable feeling in my gut. I turned onto the next page and froze. The drawing on the page greatly resembled a ghost.

It was human-like, with a spectral tail, and an eerie glow. Its eyes had an unearthly shine and he shot what looked like bursts of fire out of the palms of his hands. Bursts which strongly resembled an ecto-blast. It also had some traits from other various ghosts I had met. Claws, fangs, pale skin, red reptile-like eyes. You name it. All of those things combined created the frightening creature displayed on the page. I looked at the page title which read, 'Demon'.

I felt someone tap my shoulder, frightening me.

"Danny, are you okay?"

****Hiccup's p.o.v.****

I had looked up when I noticed Danny's absence from our table, and found him at the old bookshelf. He had a book in his hands titled 'Trolls and Other Riffraff', I remembered that one, some of the creatures in it had given me nightmares as a kid. Danny himself was staring at the page in shock.

I walked up to him and looked over his shoulder. 'Demon' Speaking of nightmares, I had one about them when Danny first arrived.

I tapped his shoulder gently and asked, "Danny, are you okay?"

Danny snapped the book shut as if he was struck by lightning and answered, "Yes!" just a little too quickly.

"You were staring at the page about demons." I stated. "

So?" He snapped back.

I blinked in surprise. I had never seen him so nervous and defensive before. He sighed and covered his eyes.

"Sorry I snapped at you, it's just private."

"Do you know about demons?" I wondered.

He sighed looking down and mumbled something that sounded like, "Sometimes, more than I would like." Then he continued with a slightly louder, "I don't want to talk about it."

He turned around and walked past me, towards the table where the rest were, picked up the plate I had got for him and walked outside, receiving a few confused stares from the other teens. I tried to go after him, but when I pushed past two vikings "who had just entered" he was nowhere to be seen. Boy, that kid could be fast, he had been so calm ever since he came here I almost forgot his almost supernatural speed.

But then again, we once had to steal something from our classmates (and give it back afterwards) for a Pirate Training task. Danny had been able to loot my vest, Snotlout's belt, the twins' necklaces, Fishlegs helmet and Astrid's headband while I had only been able to swipe Gobber's left sock. Gobber had blamed it on the trolls again. That kid almost seemed able to turn invisible if he wanted to.

He probably had gone to visit his one-way-friend. The aggressive Skrill somehow always seemed to make him a little more relaxed. And maybe I should let the topic of demons rest for now; I could always ask him about it later.

****Danny's p.o.v.****

As soon as I had gotten outside, and made sure nobody could see me, I turned invisible. I hadn't wanted to act like a jerk to Hiccup, but for now I wanted to keep everyone here as far away from my secret as I could. Considering the scary appearance of the ghost in the book, people here were probably very afraid of ghosts, or demons as they called them.

If I ever needed to, I could tell Hiccup. He was the most rational of all the vikings I had met, and he was also the first one to befriend another former enemy of the vikings "namely the dragons. But first I was gonna have to find out as much as I could about the vikings view on demons, so I wouldn't scare him too much and that I would be able to keep his trust. I arrived at Gothi's hut and knocked her door.

"Hi Gothi," I said as she opened the door.

She just nodded as a greeting and went back inside to get the Skrill's medicine. Well, looks like she went back to her normal, silent self. She came back and pushed the bowl and some clean bandages into my hands.

"Thank you, see you tomorrow."

She just smiled and closed the door as I walked away. When I walked over the giant bridge to the Dragon Training Ring, I realized that I

still had the book under my arm. Ehâ€¦ I could always bring it back later. When I reached the door, I picked up a bucket of water and a basket with fish that was laid in front of it (the fisherman always left them there for me) and walked inside.

I pulled the lever and looked inside to see the dragon lifting his head and blinking as if he had just woken up from sleeping. 'Oh my, he is not going to like this.' I thought as I splashed the water over his head. He jerked up, coughing and spluttering, before glaring at me again. To my surprise something in the way he looked at me had changed. He still looked angry and irritated, but for some reason the hate in his eyes had softened a little. His eyes also looked a little puffy, as if he had been crying.

"Hey buddy," I told him. "Tough night?"

In reply, he straightened out as far as the chains allowed him to, not in a threatening way but in an 'I'm not afraid of you' way, and stared at the basket, knowing his lunch was in there. I opened the basket and picked up one of the fish. Just like yesterday, and the day before, I held the fish upward, towards him so that he could take it. It was something I did every day, but after his first attempt to attack, he had always just backed off and started whining.

He looked at it and back at me, frowning as if he was arguing with himself. If he were a human, he would probably be chewing his lip in doubt. To my delight he eventually made a slow shuffle forwards. I stretched out further to give him the fish. He flinched for a second and almost pulled back, but when he saw I didn't come closer, he inched forward again. He opened his mouth and took the fish, slowly pulling it out of my hands as if he didn't want to startle me either.

"See, that wasn't so hard." I said as he swallowed it.

I put the basket in front of him so he could start eating. As he stuck his nose into it I remembered my own lunch and sat down against the wall of the den with the plate on my lap. Since he was so calm today, I thought it might not be any harm to eat it here. I turned over the bucket and placed the book on top of it so I could read a little while eating.

The book went on and on about how dangerous demons were and about special powers they could use. I was surprised about how accurate the book could be about powers like invisibility and intangibility. Ecto-blasts were described as a multicolored burst of fire, which shot out of the demon's hands. The book did have its flaws however. As far as I knew ghost didn't eat souls to survive. Spectra did feed on misery to keep her eternal youth but I wasn't vital to her. It also talked about special amulets and weapons that could be made to fight off demons, but I couldn't find how they were made anywhere in the book.

I looked up when I felt something bump into my foot. The Skrill had finished eating and had rolled the basket back to me. He was looked at me strangely, as if he was thinking about something and reconsidering it. I walked to his side to inspect his wound. As he saw me coming closer, he tried to back away, whining a little as the chains prevented him to. But he stayed calm and kept a close eye on every move I made. Slowly, I unwrapped the bandage and inspected the

wound.

The Skrill's condition might be improving, but the wound was still a large gash, that would become a nasty, vulnerable scar. I heard the chains rattling and looked back to see the Skrill trying to bring his hind paw closer to his neck and his shoulder was twitching. The wound was itching again! Carefully not to touch the wound, I started scratching the soft skin where the scales had fallen off. At first he yelped and shivered but then he relaxed and even leaned a little towards me so I could reach the itchy spots better.

"See?" I said smiling "You don't have to be afraid, I just want to help."

Suddenly a sharp pain went through my hand and I pulled back with a hiss. Startled, the dragon jumped a little and hissed too, until he saw one of his dead scales sticking into the side of my hand. Slowly I pulled it out and examined the wound.

"That wasn't smart," I mumbled as red with green blood dripped out. But then I noticed there were two kinds of red and green blood on my hand.

"Well, well, will you look at that?" I said, walking back to where the dragon could see me clearly.

I showed him my hand. The dragon blinked in surprise and looked between the small cut and my fingertips. Out of my own wound came a few drops of red blood with a slightly neon-green shine that faded as it dripped down.

When I had pulled back I had accidentally pulled out a dead scale leaving a pinprick sized wound where it had been. Some of the dragon's blood that had dripped out was on my fingertips. It was a very dark red color but if you held it in the sunlight you could see a dark green shine, just like Toothless' midnight colored scales, that turned dark blue in bright light. The Skrill looked up from my hand and straight into my eyes. He kept looking at me for a while and turned back to my hand. He blinked and his eyes widened again. I looked back at my hand and saw the wound had already started closing.

"Ah, yes." I smiled "That would be my sped up healing abilities."

If someone were here they might think I was crazy, talking to someone who couldn't even understand me. But I was just happy I could talk to someone who didn't care about my secret and didn't mind me talking in a strange language.

"Ever since I got my ghost-powers, my wounds, bruises, and broken bones heal a lot faster. The less grave the wound, the faster it will heal. Superficial abrasions won't even last for more than three seconds."

To prove my point I showed him the wound that had already almost closed.

"That is also the reason I took Hiccup's offer to bandage my hand when we first met and why I wanted to do it myself. If they had seen how fast it was healing, they might have gotten suspicious." Sighing

I continued, "But at the same time that ability frustrates me a little. I can heal myself but around me I have seen people getting gashes, burns and so forth and I have wished so many times I could heal others too."

I was looking at my now almost healed hand when suddenly a large nose appeared in my sight and pushed against my hand. I looked up to see the Skrill shivering and then closing his eyes in concentration, holding his breath. And he just held still, as if waiting for something to happen.

****The Skrill's p.o.v.****

Loyal-Toothless had been right. There was another side to humans. I had opened up to Demon-Danny for only a few minutes and now my whole world had stopped spinning and landed upside down. As I had half expected, he had given me the fish without trying any tricks. I had started a little at first, but he had reached out so I could grab it more easily.

And when I had finished the rest of the fish he had brought and looked up, I had found him eating himself. I already assumed humans had to eat "just like us" but actually seeing one doing it made them seem even more "I don't know" living creature-like. So as I always did, I had pushed the reed-made-carrying-thing back to him, but this time waiting until his own food was all eaten.

As I suspected, he had been the one taking care of my wounds. I suspected he did it the last few times while I had been eating, but now he hadn't because he had been eating himself. I had been a little unsure and the strange feeling coming off of him made me more nervous, but now I knew he didn't mean harm, so I let him do. And when the metal ropes had prevented me from scratching my wound, Demon-Danny had taken care of it for me. I knew I recognized the relieving scritch-scratching from somewhere.

And then there was this whole list of things that made him a little similar to me: The shine in his eyes, him feeling pain and getting wounded, hissing when he got hurt, bleeding. And his blood. So different from mine, yet so alike. I had seen humans bleeding red, but never with some green in it "just like a dragon.

And his ability to heal was really cool to see, but at the same time he seemed a little sad about something.

When Demon-Danny touched me I had felt a strange cold sending shivers down my spine but after that it just stopped. I hadn't really paying attention while he was scratching me but I wanted to know if the short cold was all that happened when he touched me. So now to test it I pushed my nose against his hand. I shivered when I felt the cold wave and then held still, ready for whatever would be coming.

I waited.

And waited.

And waited some more.

...nothing.

I opened my eyes and looked at Demon-Danny's hand, which was still resting on my nose. No pain, no further cold, no skin crawling felling, nothing. After the short cold his hand felt normal, a little warm even. I blinked and looked up at his face, which looked as astonished as mine, only for different reasons. Then his mouth pulled up in that strange, yet oddly benign gesture. And then he used his hand to rub the bridge of my nose and my forehead. That actually felt pretty nice.

Demon-Danny started talking to me again in that soft, gentle voice. I couldn't understand anything of those strange sounds he made, but I just liked to hear him talk. When he talked like this, with a hint of joy in his voice, he sounded warm and comforting.

Suddenly, he stepped to the side of my head and put his other hand on my lower jaw "and for a second I thought he was going to clamp my mouth shut. But instead, he started starching the underside of my cheek. Oh my gosh, that felt soooooo GOOD! Slowly I started leaning towards him, not really caring anymore if he was a human. It felt so nice and that was all I cared about.

Then he stopped and started shaking his hand in an exhausted way. 'Oh please, don't stop now' I thought pushing my nose against his arm and getting another wave of cold. For some reason I felt a small hint of exhaustion and pain in my wings for as long as the cold lasted. Wait a second, maybe that cold is a form communication, just like us Stormsailers could greet each other and show how we feel with a soft, short electric charge. I wondered how Demon-Danny would react if I tried to communicate.

Still pushing my nose against his arm I started concentrating. Other Stormsailers automatically created electricity, for some reason I however always had to concentrate really hard to do so. I felt the familiar tingling in my chest and very carefully gave Demon-Danny a little shock. He gasped, pulling back and looking at me, a bit surprised. I looked back and hoped he wouldn't take it the wrong way.

****Danny's p.o.v.****

So it was true, Skrills can make electricity. I rubbed my arm as I gave the Skrill a confused look. That hadn't been an attack. He had been completely calm, and even now he was looking at me, expectant. And to be honest the little bit of electricity hadn't even really hurt, it had felt like a sift tingling that was absorbed by my core and for a second I felt nervous and hopeful. Only those hadn't quite seemed like my own emotions. Then I realized the Skrill must have done it on purpose. It probably had something to do with his species. He probably wanted me to feel something.

Then I realized that my core had absorbed the energy. Normally it only did that with the cold around me. I has electrocuted when I got my powers so maybe it had to do something with that. And now I also remembered I could be struck by lightning without getting badly hurt. And as long as it wasn't ectoplasmic charged electricity, I didn't even feel it "except for the slight tingling. Maybe this was a new power...or an old one in development. My Ghost Stinger! I had never really paid attention to that power because it could be unstable sometimes. I had seen and felt Vlad using that ability perfectly, so why couldn't I give it a try?

Praying it would work and that I was right about this, I put my hand back on the dragon's snout. He flinched as I concentrated and activated my power but held still, curious and tense about what I might do. Making sure that I had my power under as much control as possible, I carefully let the electricity flow through the palm of my hand and onto the dragon's scales. Surprised, he lifted his head and looked at me with wide eyes. His eyes started shining and he pushed his head against my chest and started nuzzling me, releasing one soft voltage after another. With every shock I felt different emotions; confusion, joy, recognition, hope, all coming from the dragon. To my surprise there was some puerility in his emotions and for the first time ever, I heard him purr.

For a minute I stood there not really knowing what to do. But then I figured I should try to 'answer' him. I put my hand on his head and concentrated on the emotions I wanted to pass to him: Relief, joy, comfort... The Skrill sighed happily.

"Well, I think that was enough trust building for today, don't you?"

I picked up the stuff I had brought with me and began to leave the room, so that the Skrill would have some time to himself. I put my hand on the lever and looked up when I hear a soft whine. The Skrill opened his eyes wide and dilated his pupils, tilting his head a little.

One does not simply resist the puppy-dog face.

"What's wrong, do you want me to stay?" I asked, stepping back into the den.

I was answered by an alternation of chains rattling and a pat in the ground as the dragon tried to wag his tail. I smiled and walked back inside

"You know, maybe it's better to stay here anyway. Then I can calmly read that section on demons, without the chance of someone looking over my shoulder. But I'm going to have to go back when it starts getting dark."

I picked up the book and sat down next to the Skrill, which lay down himself. I patted his nose and opened the book, but before I could really start reading I felt a prod in my back. The Skrill looked expectingly at me.

"Do you really want me to pet you? Because here it's nice and quiet and I really would like to read more about what vikings think of--"

I stopped as I saw that the Skrill had lay down his head and closed his eyes. When he heard I had stopped he opened one eye to look at me.

"So you just want me to talk a bit."

The dragon blinked his eye.

"Well than, okay. I could read out loud. That way I could practice speaking a little more."

The dragon closed his eyes in response. I began reading.

****Skrill's p.o.v.****

Demon-Danny's company was just as good as that of any Night Flyer dragon. He could make electricity just like a Stormsailer, but just like me, he had to concentrate to do it. His electricity was oddly cold, but he could show me his feelings and read mine. It made me finally feel like I belonged with someone. Back in my pack they had often excluded me because I was different, and the only ones who didn't were my mom and siblings, but they weren't here now. Being captured by mean humans made me grow up fast, but Demon-Danny's openness finally gave me a chance to be a bit more of a child again.

He came back every day to bring me food and check my wound and then he would stay some more and read the strange markings on the fragile slices that were bundled between old cow skin (called a 'book') or just talk a little. I loved listening to his voice and, to my surprise, I started figuring out how humans used their sounds. Humans repeated short patterns of sound that all meant something. It was very easy to unravel it because they used the same sound for the same meanings, unlike dragons which sounds changed if they growled, roared, or purred. Those short sound collections were called 'words'. Many words together made a 'sentence' and some sentences that humans exchanged were called 'conversations,' and that's how humans communicated.

At first Demon-Danny told about strange creatures. Some of which were evil, others good, and a few that were indifferent. It sounded very formal and it was easy to learn the words. After a while I noticed that if I made an 'hmm?' sound Demon-Danny would explain new strange words in an easy way, sometimes combining his descriptions with feelings. That way I learned even more words.

Then he started telling me words from another book. It sounded like long tales about humans with special abilities, that were a bit like the humans' version of the Great Protectors. They called them 'Gods'. And there were also tales about normal humans fighting and doing great things to help other humans. If they would help each other like that they couldn't all be that bad, and there were also evil humans the good ones fought against.

Through this book I started understanding how humans showed emotions while talking. Their words stayed the same, but just like we growled or purred and whined, their sounds would get louder, softer or get different intonations.

That's how I learned to understand human speech and spent my time with Demon-Danny. I might not be free, but for the first time since I was caught, I wanted to live so I could spend more time with my very first friend.

I would never hear the end of it if I told
Loyal-Toothless.

****Danny's p.o.v.****

I sat next to the Skrill, telling him the story of a hero called

'Eric the Wise' when I realized something.

"It can't go on like this." I said out loud.

The Skrill lifted his head and looked a little panicked. Hiccup had told me Strike-Class dragons were very smart and the Skrill had proven that by learning to understand Norse while I read to him. I first noticed this when he started wondering what less often used words meant.

"I can't just keep referring to you as 'Buddy' or 'the Skrill', you need a name."

The Skrill (you see, that was what I was talking about) relaxed and gave a short "Hm?".

"A name is something most humans have, so we know who we are talking about. They are words that very long ago meant something, but they are twisted so much that most of them don't sound like their meaning anymore. A name gives someone an identity; people give every individual a name to show they recognize them as a part of their community, or their pack, as in the case of dragons."

His eyes widened and he sat up, eager to get a name now he knew what it was and what it meant to us humans.

"The people here called you 'Chaos' when you still attacked everyone, and now some continue to do so because they don't have anything else to call you. Chaos means a state of utter confusion or disorder. So I guess you would like to change that."

The Skrill hung his head and sighed. That was a good sign, it meant he was regretting what he did and wanted to change.

"Don't worry," I said, stroking his nose "Back home, when everyone first thought I was evil, people called me names too. But eventually I convinced them I only wanted to help and when I told them my name was Danny Phantom, they started accepting that. And now we are going to give you a new name, so you can start over with a clean slate," I assured him.

This cheered the Skrill up a little and he shuffled around so he was in a more comfortable position to look at me. And I started thinking over a few suggestions I could make. Most of the dragons here had a name that described a characteristic. Toothless was deceptively toothless and Hookfang had nicely curved canines for example. So maybe I should do something with his electricity or dark color.

"How about...Shocky, you know like an electric shock?"

The yet to be named dragon just wrinkled his nose and looked like he wanted to say 'Naah'.

"You're right, that doesn't sound good at all. Than how about, uhmmm...Volt?"

We went through a long list of words that had to do with lightning, darkness, the night and so forth. We would consider some of them and write them down to think about it later but there were also those which the Skrill would reject immediately.

"We could always think of some names from where I come from. Versper for instants means 'evening' in Latin-

I was stopped when the Skrill suddenly tensed up and started breathing rapidly. I suddenly realized what I just said. Latin was the language of the Romans so maybe he heard the name before. 'Oh no.' The Skrill let out a earsplitting wail and tried to pull at his chains and then pushed himself against the ground, wildly looking around for the danger that wasn't there. The poor, traumatized creature was having a mental breakdown!

"Buddy, look at me."

I tried to get through to him. If he had had a name already this might have been easier. He completely ignored me and kept whining and shaking.

"Buddy, calm down!" I said a little louder to get his attention and I tried put my hand on his head, but he just snapped at me. This was bad. Time for the drastic approach. Using my ghostly strength and speed I grabbed the curved point on top of his nose and pulled his head towards me so he would look at me. As soon as I did this, short, but more violent electric shocks, went through my body, and I felt pain, sorrow, panic and confusion. I almost let go in shock.

"STOP THAT! Listen to me!" I yelled as our eyes met.

Startled, the dragon looked at me.

At first he was still shivering and pulling away, but after a few nerve-racking seconds, he started relaxing as I gently stroked his forehead and kept repeating, "It's okay, you're safe, everything is going to be alright," over and over again.

Eventually he went completely limp, looking into my eyes as if he was hypnotized. Then he blinked and looked up at me, coming back to cense again.

"Yeah, right. New start. Sorry about that."

The Skrill sighed and his head dropped to the ground, looking completely miserable. I didn't know how much dragon and human psychologically had in common with each other, but I wished Jazz were here. She might know what to do.

So I just patted his head and said, "Don't worry, they can't hurt you anymore, I'm going to take care of that. And I'm also going to find the perfect name for you so we can leave those bad memories behind. As soon as you have it we are gonna make everyone forget that old image of Chaos and talk about the Skrill that overcame his past and became a hero."

The Skrill looked back at me and I was relieved to see my little speech had the right effect, in his eyes appeared a small spark of hope. Wait a secondâ€¦

"That's it!" I exclaimed. The Skrill lifted his head in surprise and straight at me and I continued, "I'm going to give you a name from the country I come from; Sparks!"

The Skrill didn't disapprove it yet but he looked confused.

"On paper, the name means gallant, which also is a synonym for brave, good, honest, and proud. But literally they are also small floating specks of fire or electricity."

Not quit being able to imagine what that looked like the dragon frowned.

"Look." I eventually said, holding up my hand.

I started charging up an ecto-blast, but kept it at such a low level that there were just a few green sparks dancing above my hand.

"Those are sparks."

The Skrill's eyes widened and he moved a little closer to look at the shiny little dots.

"People also speak of sparks when they mean a small hint or trace of some emotions, like a spark of happiness or hope. And everyone knows that in the right circumstances a spark can become something very powerful and beautiful."

Saying that last part I charged up my blast until it was a swirling ball of light that lit up the entire den. Then I let it disappear again. The Skrill looked up and as I just said, the spark had made the fire in his eyes blaze again.

"So, what do you say?"

The Skrill opened his mouth and shot some blue sparks into the air, showing his approval of the name. I laughed seeing his pure joy out of getting a name and said

"Well than, Sparks it is." And then I quickly added "I knew your head was dry, so you are okay with me being here?" The newly named Sparks purred, nuzzling my chest and giving me an overload of gratitude before he eventually rested his head on my lap. Smiling, I slipped the piece of paper with the other names between the pages of the long forgotten book and started stroking the now content dragon.

****Newly named Sparks' p.o.v.****

I couldn't sleep, I was just so proud of my new name and I really wanted to tell someone. Demon-Danny had said humans give names to whoever they see as part of their pack. Danny had given me a name, so he accepted me as his friend and equal. A human seeing me as his equal might have offended me a few weeks ago, but being considered equal to the only person I really cared about made me excited.

I could tell Loyal-Toothless about it, but I was a little afraid to admit to him he was right. All the Stormsailers back home always rubbed it in my face if I was wrong. It was thanks to Loyal-Toothless that I considered opening up to Demon-Danny, but he was probably gonna yell and laugh at me and call me an idiot like they used to do back home. I had been stupid, being so close minded, but I already felt guilty about what I had done and I didn't want someone making me

miserable by telling me I was foolish and would never learn. I also had the Drakins to talk to but those wouldn't understand why I would be so happy with a name. Oh well, better not reprieve it for too long.

"Hello," I yelled. "Is someone out there?"

There was silence for a short while but then there came a muffled, squeaky, "Yes."

"Oh, hello there. Could you get Loyal-Toothless for me, do you know who he is?"

"Sure know who he is. Live in his house with him, Friend-Hiccup, Alfa-Stoick, and Demon-Danny. He asks me to come here if you want talk!" He exclaimed.

"Wait a second; you live with Demon-Danny?" I asked curiously.

"Yes," he answered. "Thanks to Demon-Danny, I still alive and happy."

"Oh yes? And how is that?"

"Was living under floor of big wooden nest. Hungry, so steal food. But Alfa-Stoick really mad. Caught me and put in box. But Demon-Danny free me and says can stay as pet. Name me Arrow. Being pet better. Lots of yummy food and patting."

"So, you are Demon-Danny's dragon?" I asked. Demon-Danny also gave a name to this little dragon to save him. He really was a very good person.

"No." Arrow sighed. "To be dragon and human need special bond, do not have bond." I really hope Demon-Danny would find a very nice and powerful dragon to bond with. He deserves it.

"Could you go and get Loyal-Toothless please; I want to talk to him about Demon-Danny."

"Okie dokie," He said, and with a few soft flaps, he was gone.

I started musing over what to say; something with a lot of apologies and admitting he was right. Eventually I heard heavy footsteps with the sound of ticking claws.

"Good evening pup." A cheerful voice said.

Okay here we go.

"Toothless I'm so sorry, you were right and I was wrong and I have been a huge idiot."

It was silent on the other side until there came a confused reply of, "Huh, what?"

I took another deep breath before saying, "You were right about humans, well I don't know about others yet, but Demon-Danny is really, really friendly. And I was an idiot for trying to ignore

that."

After a short silence Loyal-Toothless said, "Lesson learned. It's forgiven and forgotten."

"No really. I was stupid and I'm- what? That's it? No yelling, laughing or calling me an idiot?"

"I don't need to. You saw your own mistakes and are sorry. That is the best way of learning and punishment there is. Sometimes you own self scorn is worse than some else's thorn."

I blinked "So, you're not going to give me a hard time."

Loyal-Toothless laughed, "No, I'm even very proud and happy you and Demon-Danny get along so well."

Proud, no one else had ever been proud of me except for my mom.

"Demon-Danny really likes you too." he continued. "He is eager when he leaves and comes back with a smile. But today he seemed extra happy. What did you do?"

I perked up happily. This is what I wanted to tell him.

"I didn't do anything special, he did."

The mature dragon chuckled and said, "Well it seems he is happy just because he could make you happy. Wh did he do?"

"He gave me a name. He called me Sparks!"

"Congratulations pup, or should I say, Sparks! I remember when Friend-Hiccup gave me my name, I didn't know whether to be honored to be the first dragon that a human thought of as his equal or offended by what my name turned out to mean."

He chuckled at the memory.

"Demon-Danny says that in his language my name means gallant and that I am named after the shiny fire-tears. He also said something about becoming something better in the right condition."

"And right he is. You might have been captured, but because you met Demon-Danny you are still alive and even happy."

"Yeah," I mumbled "Though these chains are seriously getting on my nerves."

I gave a short pull at them to prove my point.

"Don't worry about those. If you keep improving like this you'll be free of them soon."

"You think so?" I wondered aloud.

"Promise."

There was a soft yawn and Loyal-Toothless said, "I'm going to sleep, you should too. Sleeping helps the healing process."

I doubted if I should let him go so soon.

"Will you be back soon?" I asked.

"You have a very nice human for company, but sure, I'll visit you again. Okay?"

"Okay then. Good night."

"Good night to you too."

And then he left. I lay down and shuffled around until I was somewhat more comfortable and started thinking. I had been wrong about something else. The bright blue that had dispelled the pain and fear in my dreams hadn't been the sky. It was Demon-Danny and his heavenly blue eyes. He was my last mainstay.

****The end of this part! On to the third and last part of the 'Locked away' chapter. ****

****And I showed my brother a picture of Jack Frost from the movie and asked "Notice anything familiar?" Than I showed him a picture of Danny in ghost form and he was all like: "Oh hell, no!" (I have the bad habit of talking non stop about my interests if I get exited.)****

10. Locked away part 3

****IMPORTANT: Hey, if anyone of you guys made some fan art about my story, like ICNyght who drew Danny in his viking outfit, just tell me or send me a link. Those who aren't members of Fanfiction can find me on DeviantArt. My username there is the same as this one. And for those who don't have accounts on either I have created a Facebook group where I will warn you for updates and you can Spam me as much as you want! Just look for 'How to befriend a ghost' and you'll find it.****

****starwarrior4ever came up with the idea to use Sparky as a nickname.****

****Chapter 10: Locked away part 3****

****Danny's p.o.v****

If Berk had one unpleasant aspect (besides the tough and tasteless food), it was the constant barrage of storms. A mix of hail and rain poured down from the sky, soaking everyone that dared to even just open their door. It was so bad that Gobber had called off today's lessons and Stoick allowed Toothless and Thornado to stay inside. However, one person was crazy enough to venture outside despite the weather. Namely me.

I still had to bring lunch to my friend and I thought he might like some company during the storm. Because the fisherman hadn't been able to bring me a fish basket, I had gone to his hut and filled one myself. As I ran through the village, I was almost blown over a few

times. When I reached the village's edge I changed into Phantom so I could phase through the wind and rain. I flew to the ring and phased through the large doors of the den so Sparks wouldn't get wet "like he would have if I opened them.

The captured dragon was looking up and listening to the rain until I came in. I became visible and he jumped up with a shriek and looked at me with large eyes.

"Oops, sorry Sparks, I didn't mean to scare you."

But he didn't relax, he just looked confused and studied me as if it was the first time he saw me.

"What's wrong?" I asked just before I realized the den wasn't completely dark like it used to be when the door was closed.

I looked down at myself and discovered why Sparks was so tense; I was still in my ghost form.

"Oh, sorry again," I said, changing back.

Sparks flinched because of the bright flash, but as soon as he saw that I was turning human again he relaxed.

"You see, I'm half ghost "or demon as the people call it here. What you just saw was my ghost form," I explained to him as he came forward and began sniffing me.

He ended up sniffing the basket and happily perked up at the smell of fish.

"Okay then, here you go. And as soon as you are ready I have a little surprise for you," I said, patting a little pouch that hung on my belt.

Immediately Sparks looked back up and tried to sniff out what I brought. I just stepped back where he couldn't reach me and pushed his nose back.

"Ah ah," I said "First lunch, then the surprise."

Sparks snorted and tried to glare at me. When he realized glaring wasn't going to get him anywhere, he turned back to his food and gobbled it up.

"Whoa, slow down! If you eat too fast you'll get a stomach ache!"

'Wow, since when did I start sounding like a parent?' I thought to myself. He ignored me and kept on wolfing down one fish after another.

"Okay then, if you don't feel good afterwards it's your own fault."

I stood there watching as the contents of the basket went down the dragon's throat in a matter of seconds. Then he rolled the basket back and looked at me expectantly.

"Okay," I said as I opened the pouch and grabbed its contents. "Who wants some..." I pulled out the green and yellow plant and held it up where Sparks could see it clearly, waving it around alluringly. "...Dragon-nip," I sang.

Sparks pupils became ridiculously large and shiny. His mouth hung open in an insane smile and he reached forward, longing for the plant. The message was very clear; 'I wan' some!' I laughed out loud and walked to his side. "I thought so. Hiccup said you guys love to be rubbed with it, so I figured you would like it if I used it to scratch around your wound for a bit."

He didn't just like it, he LOVED it! He was purring loudly and leaning towards me, as I rubbed the plant around the wound. If it hadn't been for the chains he would have fell on top of me. I took this opportunity to inspect the wound. I sighed. This was never going to fully heal on its own. It was an open, vulnerable gash that could easily rip again by a sharp move or hard hit. And I had no idea if it was properly healing on the inside. I sighed. When I heard a soft whine I looked up to see Sparks studying my troubled face.

"Your wound didn't quit heal properly; it will stay a weak spot."

Sparks sighed too and looked down. I gently patted his side and started scratching him with the dragon-nip again.

"Don't worry Sparky, we'll figure something out."

He gave a small "Hmm?" in surprise and appeared to be a little puzzled. It took me a few seconds to figure out what confused him.

"You wonder why I called you Sparky? It's kind of a nickname. My real name Daniel but I don't really like being called that, so everyone calls me Dannyâ€¦ except for that Froot-loop of an arch enemy of mine. He used to call me that when he was still around."

Sparks seemed to be delighted with my explanation before he let himself be carried away by the feeling of the dragon-nip again. Suddenly he jerked up and yelped in surprise. I looked at my hand and saw it was resting on the skin very close to the wound and had a soft blue glow. My first thought was that it was my ice powers but then I noticed it wasn't a cold pale blue, but a warm, dark, fire-like bleu. The edges of the wound closest my hand were glowing the same blue color. Carefully I pulled away and watched as the glow around the wound slowly faded away. I placed my hand next to the wound again, this time a little closer. Sparks flinched and the edges of the wound glowed again and even seemed to pull closer towards each other. _No way!_

"Okay Sparky, I don't know what this is going to feel like to you but I need you to stay as still as possible."

He swallowed nervously and placed his claws apart, steadying himself. I moved my hand to the edge of the wound and placed it there. Sparky's claws scraped over the floor as he gritted his teeth and tried to control his shivers. I gritted my teeth too as I felt a strange sensation. It felt as if my intestines had turned into ice as energy started draining from my core in a similar way my ghostly wail

used to do. Automatically "to create more energy" I changed back into my ghost form. The wound and my hand were both glowing brightly right now. I watched in wonder as first the deeper muscles knitted together and then gaped as the torn skin crawled towards its partner. Eventually I let the power go and gasped, dropping hands and knees. I changed back and started panting, feeling completely drained. Sparks yelped and I heard him wrenching against his chains. I looked up and saw he was trying to reach for me. A little dizzy, I grabbed the spike on his nose. Immediately he calmed a little and pulled me up. I leaned on his nose because my legs felt like jelly. Slowly, with me still hanging onto his snout, he guided me until I was in front of him, then he let me sit down. He gave short careful shocks, wondering if I was okay and asking what that strange feeling was. I looked past his head and at the wound. It was gone! All that was left of the once horrible gash was a smooth, light grey line.

"I did it!" I gasped out, still a little breathless.

Then I looked at Sparky and laughed.

"Oh my gosh, I did it!"

I cried out, wrapping my arms around Sparky's snout and hugging it tightly. He was a little surprised but didn't object.

"Finally! Now I can use that gift to help others too. I always wished I could heal others, and now I finally can. I'm gonna have to practice because that was very tiresome, but right now I don't really care. I did it! And you are going to be completely okay too!"

I pressed my forehead against Sparky's forehead and hugged him a little tighter. Sparky sat still for a minute, not really sure what to make out of the embrace, but then he relaxed and started purring again. We sat there for what felt like hours until Sparky gave a short whine.

I looked at him and asked, "What's wrong?"

Sparky lay his head down and released small wisps of smoke from his nostrils. Then there was a low rumbling sound. Understanding what was wrong now, I started laughing.

"You see, I_ told_ you eating too fast would give you a stomach ache."

Sparky puffed a small cloud of smoke in my face and snickered as my hair was blown back and stayed that way. I frowned at first. But then I remembered that laughter was (next to sleep) the best medicine, so I laughed along with him.

(Sorry if that was crappy, but that power will be important when gaining Hiccup's trust. However, linebreak!)

* * *

><p>*R00000000000WAAAAAA!*

I shot up and covered my ears to block out the blood chilling wail. _What the heck was that?_ Hiccup was still asleep, but Arrow was sitting up and whining softly.. He looked at me with sad eyes as he

felt me move.

"Arrow, what is that boy?" I asked, scratching behind his horns.

Another cry ripped through the night and now I recognized the owner of the 'voice'.

"Sparks!"

I checked to see if Hiccup was really deep asleep and jumped out of my hammock, changing before my feet even touched the ground. I shot up and as soon as I phased through the roof, I heard Toothless' yelp of surprise.

"Toothless, is that Sparks?"

The black dragon nodded and gestured for me to go and see what was wrong. Without a second thought I shot forward and over the roofs. I noticed that most of the dragons were awake and listening to my friend's lamenting with pity on their reptilian faces. None of them seemed nervous or alarmed, so at least he wasn't hurt or in danger.

I transformed back as I arrived and opened the gate, letting the moonlight illuminate the cage. In the middle lay the forlorn pile of misery that was Sparks. He was lying on the floor, shaking violently with sobs. Big tears were dripping down his nose and he was pressing his head against the ground, as if he wanted to push out whatever thoughts were making him so upset.

"Sparks," I said out loud and ran to him. I kneeled down, taking his head in my arms and gently rocking it from side to side, saying, "Ssssh, it's okay. I'm here. Everything is going to be just fine."

Sparks sent a rather angry shock through me, I groaned as I got the message in the voltage; whatever caused his sorrow was never going to be 'just fine'!

"What happened?"

I got another shock full of despair, hurt and...loss? But this time I saw and heard something as well. Cold grey stones colored blood red and a roar of pure pain and agony echoed through my head. A roar that clearly belonged to a Skrill.

I opened my eyes and began breathing rapidly. Sparks let out another ear splitting cry and burst into another fit of sobs. Then I realized why this happened so suddenly; eating fast gives you stomach aches AND nightmares. It did to me at least. I sighed

"Don't worry. Maybe it is never going to be completely okay, but I'm here now and you don't have to worry. I'm going to be here for you, I promise."

Sparks looked up and gazed into my eyes, as if he was looking for something there. His shaking slowly stopped but he kept on sobbing. Sniffing he nuzzled his head against my chest and now began crying again, quieter this time. My shirt was soon drenched with salty

tears. He kept giving me short voltages, mentally and emotionally begging me the same thing over and over again: '_Please don't leave me alone, please don't leave me alone, please don't leave me alone._' Never before had he seemed more like a lonely, lost child.

I hugged him a little tighter and sent him short, comforting shocks, telling him, both through my words and through my heart, "_I won't_."

* * *

><p>Hiccup's p.o.v.

I had a feeling that something was wrong when Toothless didn't wake me up like he usually did. Then I noticed Danny's empty hammock. Arrow didn't seem to be worried about his sort-of-master being gone. As soon as I had walked outside I noticed that Toothless was still asleep, as if he hadn't slept the previous night. I had immediately mustered the rest of the teens and we started a search party. An hour later, I ran to the center of the village again to meet up with Gobber and the other teens. We all arrived there panting.

"Did *gasp, gasp* any of you *gasp* find him?" I wheezed.

Heads were shaken and expressions dropped.

"No, no sign of him." Astrid breathed out, starting to get her breath under control again.

Gobber massaged what was left of his right leg, "Where in Wodan's name could he be?" He wondered out loud.

"Maybe he has gone home after all?" Snotlout suggested.

I shook my head. "And leaving his vest, sword and most importantly his boots behind? No, he must be around here somewhere. Did anyone of you notice something strange last night?"

The rest scratched their heads and looked at each other. Ever since we didn't have to fear constant dragon attacks in the middle night a lot of us had become deep sleepers.

"Well, I did hear something unusual last night, I'm surprised none of you guys heard," Fishlegs said silently, but loud enough to hear.

Everyone looked at him.

"What was it?" I asked.

Fishlegs became a little nervous with all the attention he was getting, but answered, "Last night I heard a dragon screeching. It went on for a while but that it suddenly stopped." We exchanged glances before a short sound got our attention. I looked up to find Toothless sitting on one of the roofs.

"Well, look who decided to wake up and join in. Hey Toothless, did you by any chance know where Danny is?"

He jumped off of the roof and pulled at my vest, indicating that he

wanted me to follow him.

"I think he knows where he is," Astrid stated as Toothless started running, with us following shortly behind.

It took me a while before I realized where we are going.

"Of course, why didn't I think of that?"

"What?" Gobber asked, hobbling next to me.

"Danny often goes to visit the Skrill, maybe he went to look if that sound from last night was him.

When we arrived Toothless was leaning against the bars of the spectator area. He was looking down, searching for something. We joined him and noticed the gate to the Skrill's cage was open. "

Do you think he secretly wanted to free the Skrill and got..." Fishlegs didn't finish his sentence and swallowed.

I shook my head and replied, "No, Danny is can be a valiant sometimes, but he is a smart kid. And I have seen enough to believe he can handle a dragon Toothless' size on his own."

"And the Skrill is still here. I can see the tip of his nose." Tuffnut added ducking low to get a better look at the inside of the den.

Following his example I crouched too. The Skrill was indeed there. I could see the dragon's nostrils move slowly as he calmly breathed in and out.

We all ran down to the entrance gate. Gobber pulled it open and we halted in amazement.

Gobber's eyes grew wide and he mumbled, "Impossible."

"That is so cute." Ruffnut said.

Astrid nodded in agreement, smiling. I had to admit that this was indeed very endearing to see. Both Danny and the Skrill were nestled against each other, sleeping soundly. Danny had crossed his arms over the dragon's forehead, his head resting on them. He had pulled his knees up to his stomach so they were lightly resting against the dragon's lower jaw. The Skrill was lying on his stomach and slightly leaning towards the opposite side from where Danny was. His back was slightly curved and it was very clear from the way his tail lay that the chains had prevented them from curling it around both of them. One of the giant claws on his wings was also gently resting on Danny's back.

Slowly we walked forward to get a better look. Gobber's leg however turned out to make too much sound. The Skrill stirred and his eyes blinked open. His reaction to our appearance was immediate; his eyes went wide and his body tense, not really sure what to do. Slowly he shuffled around and placed his limbs under him so he would be ready to move if needed. But his head stayed still on the ground, as if he didn't want to wake Danny. The boy noticed the agitation anyway and started waking up.

"Sparky?" He mumbled sleepily.

The dragon gave a short happy purr and with Danny still holding on to his head started lifting it. Slowly he pulled him up until he was on his feet and held his head by his side until he stood steady. Then he looked back at us.

Danny tiredly scratched his head and yawned.

"Did I sleep here?" He asked the dragon, but then he noticed that 'Sparky' was looking at something else.

Only now he noticed we were here.

"Oh, hey guys." Danny said cheerfully, cracking his back.

"Why were you sleeping in that dragon's cage?" Astrid asked.

"Oh, no special reason," Danny said, stretching. "Sparky had a nightmare so I came here to comfort him. I guess I fell asleep."

We looked at him strangely.

"Sparky?" Tuffnut wondered aloud.

Danny's eyes widened and he face palmed.

"I can't believe I haven't told you yet." He said, sounding like he was scolding himself. Then he perked up and gestured at the dragon, "Viking teens and gentleman, may I present you; Sparks, aka Sparky." He announced proudly. Then he leaned against the dragon's neck and added, "I gave him a different name so he could start over. And Sparky, these guys and girls are Hiccup, Astrid, Fishlegs, Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and up there is Toothless, Hiccup's dragon partner."

The Skrill, Sparky, relaxed seeing Danny was completely comfortable with us being here and he perked up at hearing Toothless' name. He tried to stand a little taller but winced and tried to stretch his muscles as much as the chains would allow him to. Danny frowned and walked to the dragons back. He pulled out one of the pins that held the chains pinned to the ground and started pulling the chains loose.

"Wait a second, wait a second, what are you doing?" Gobber asked, a little shocked.

Danny pulled the end of the chain through a larger ring at the end and created a loop.

"Something I think he is ready for," he answered, putting the loop around Sparky's neck and patting a certain place on his neck.

To my surprise the wound from two weeks ago was nothing more than a clearly visible but healed light grey line. Danny picked up one of the pins and used it as a crowbar to pry open the large collar around his neck. It fell down with a loud 'clang'.

Surprised, the dragon raised the spikes on the back of his head and

smoothed them out just as quickly. Then he turned to look at Danny.

"Go on, rock out," he told Sparks, gesturing at the open gate. The dragon didn't waste a second as he jumped out and ran past, completely ignoring us. When he reached the middle of the room, he stopped, stretched, and shook himself, making his scales rattle.

Then he became exited and started running and jumping around, happily clinging to the walls and climbing upside down on the barred roof. He flapped his wings and made short glides over the ground, since the enclosure was too small to actually fly.

"What were you thinking?" Gobber asked. "We can only let it go if Stoick gives us permission to!"

"Well technically he isn't really free yet, isn't he?" Danny objected, gesturing at the large ring and the chain of which he had tied the other end to the lever. It didn't look like it could hold back a dragon, but Sparky seemed to respect this limit a lot more than being tied to the ground.

"Oh well, and I also guess you haven't noticed that hole over there?" Gobber yelled, gesturing at the large hole Toothless had made when he came to save me from the Monstrous Nightmare. The Skrill hadn't noticed yet because it was just above his cage, but now he heard Gobber yelling it out loud he stopped in his tracks and looked at it. Immediately we all went silent and Danny turned pail.

"Uh oh," Gobber said.

I leaned to the side and sarcastically mumbled "Nice job, Gobber."

No one moved, even not the Skrill, who was staring at the hole intensely. It probably wouldn't be a disaster if he escaped now; he hadn't attacked or even acted very aggressive towards anyone, though we would all get yelled at by my dad. But we couldn't help but wait tensely for what would happen.

"Sparks?" Danny whispered.

The dragon's trance was broken for a second as he looked at him. He looked back up one more time and then completely averted his eyes and walked towards Danny, sitting down in front of him. Danny smiled and stroked his nose.

"Thanks bud."

Sparky answered by purring loudly. Curious to meet this dragon, I walked forward. Sparky lifted his head and looked at me, nervously.

"Hey, hey, it's okay . This is Hiccup. He is a friend." Danny explained.

The dragon leaned past him and sniffed me.

"Hey," I said nervously and held out my hand.

He sniffed it and pushed his nose against my hand. I pulled back with a yelp as a sharp pain spread through my entire arm.

"Sparky, don't!" Danny warned the confused dragon. "You can harm normal humans like that."

The dragon looked at him strangely before a look of comprehension made its way onto its face. Then he turned back to me, looking like a very big, apologetic puppy.

"Sorry, I should have warned you. Skrills electrocute each other as a greeting." Danny said.

"And it doesn't bother you?" Snotlout wondered.

Danny shrugged.

"As you already know I'm pretty tough, I'm also partly immune to electricity." Turning back to me, he said, "You can try again if you want to. He now knows he shouldn't do that to you, so you'll be okay."

A little hesitant, I stretched out my hand again slowly and Sparky gently pressed his nose against my hand again. There was no pain this time, so I started petting him. Now the other teens dared to come closer too. Sparky reacted a little nervous but calmed down as soon as Danny put his hand on his shoulder. There was a soft roar behind us and we turned around to see Toothless standing there, in a playful crouch position. Sparky made a happy sound and ran towards him. The two started playing.

"Hey, don't get started without me!" Danny yelled, running forward to join in.

Gobber sighed and said, "Looks like I probably won't get you guys to class anymore. I have to go and consult something with Stoick."

And with that he hobbled out. Considering what I just heard, I ran to the playing dragons and human to join their little game. The other teens followed shortly.

* * *

><p>Tired from all the wrestling and running around, we were all lying down in the ring, enjoying the rare sunlight that had managed to break through the clouds. I sat against Toothless' side while Danny was lying down, his arms spread out wide in a similar way. Sparky had spread his wings to catch more light. Everything was calm and peaceful.<p>

Until suddenly vikings started appearing at the spectator area, looking down and pointing at Sparky and Danny. Sparky stood up and shuffled nervously closer to his favorite human, who was now sitting up and looking around too. The large gates opened and my dad came through, accompanied by Gobber. Thornado was keeping a close eye on his human from the entrance, but didn't come in. Also some of the other dragons had come to see what was going on. Dad walked up to Danny and looked at Sparky.

"Well," he said "Looks like he came around."

"Yes," Danny said getting up. "And look at this."

He grabbed my father's hand and held it up encouraging him to pat Sparky.

"And now no shocking, okay buddy?"

Sparky nodded eagerly and came closer so this new human could pet him. Stoick smiled as he rubbed the black scales on his nose.

"Good job Danny, looks like he is ready."

"Ready for what?" Fishlegs asked.

"Well to set him free of course."

Mixed emotions passed over Danny's face. I could imagine that he felt happy for Sparky, but at the same time felt sad and reluctant to let him go.

I put my hand on his shoulder and said "Danny, it's best for him to go now. he is a very good friend and I'm sure he will visit again."

Danny sighed and looked down. Then he took a deep breath through his nose and walked towards the lever, pulling the chain loose.

He walked past the dragon and mumbled, "Come along, Sparks."

He didn't have to pull on the chain to get the dragon to do this. He just stood up and walked along next to the black haired human. The gathered crowd, including us, followed.

In the middle of the bridge he halted and turned back to the dragon and embraced his large neck.

"I'll miss you," he whispered, taking the chain loop in his hands. He stepped back and pulled it along, over the dragons head so there was nothing left to hold him back. He showed it to the dragon, who widened his eyes, and dropped it to the ground.

"You can go now, you are free now."

The dragon looked at Danny and the chain, shocked, his pupils contracting until they were nothing more than slits.

He lifted himself onto his hind legs and roared at the sky in triumph, his wings spread out wide. An electrical current around him crackled through the air, causing everyone who stood too close to get a very bad hair day. Then he pushed off, diving off the bridge before catching himself and shooting straight up. He flew a wide circle up above us, roaring and breathing fire, before he gave one last roar and flew away, disappearing in the distance.

Some people started leaving as soon as the dragon did, smoothening their hair down. Some stayed for a while, still marveling at the memory of the joyful dragon's leap. But just one stayed after everyone else had left. Till the late hours, Danny sat with his legs

dangling over the side of the bridge, watching the sunset in the direction his friend had flown.

* * *

><p>Two Days Later

I sat waiting for Toothless to call me up. I looked up again to see Danny, who was looking at the ceiling and absently stroking Arrow. He had been very silent and stand-offish since Sparks left, even more than he was when the dragon was still here.

"Danny," I said, trying to get his attention, but recieving none.
"Danny!" I tried a little louder.

He blinked and looked at me.

"Yes?" he answered.

I sighed, "Danny, it has been two days now. You should really stop mourning, Sparks is not dead. He'll surely come back to visit, the Boneknappers visit Gobber too from time to time."

He sighed too, frustrated.

"I know, I know, there is just something...different about this goodbye."

Hearing the tone in his voice I sat up. "What do you mean?"

BOOM

"You should go outside, Toothless is calling you." He commented

"Toothless can wait." I objected "Just tell me."

Danny looked back up at the ceiling. "It's just...I have said goodbye to friends I knew I would see again before, but now that Sparky is gone I feel as if...something is missing."

My eyes widened. Sneaking away to visit Sparks, being a little absent towards others, naming him and handling him like a best friend. Feeling like something irreplaceable was missing, just like I did when Toothless left to find my helmet. Oh my Gods, Danny had bonded with Sparks.

BAM

Danny let out a surprised yelp and fell out of his Hammock. We exchanged glances. That hadn't been Toothless. We both scrambled up, pulling on vests and boots and ran outside. Toothless was the first one to come into view.

"Toothless, what is going on? What was tha-!"

Now I noticed there was another dragon next to him. Carbon black scaled were glistening in the light of the morning sun, accompanied by a dirty-white belly. The dragon had a light grey scar on his right

shoulder and a relatively fresh scratch under his left eye.

Danny walked past me.

His voice was shaky as he wondered aloud, "Sparky?"

* * *

><p>Next chapter: What happened with Sparky while he was gone? How did he get that new wound? Did you noticed through his memories other Skrills bully him and why is that? Why is he black and white while all other Skrills are grey with a little purple? Stay tuned because I am not finished with this tory yet and far from giving up.

And I am about ready to explode now, the closest official bond between HTTYD and DP is made. Why? Because Luke Skywalker is turning from a freaky giant plant-ghost into a treacherous viking. That's right! The guy who voiced Undergrowth is going to voice Alvin The Treacherous in HTTYD now! HOLY SNICKERING BAGPIPES, WOOOOOHOOOOO!

11. Return of the prodigal dragon

First of all, I LOVE MY FANS! I found another drawing on DeviantART about my story, this time 'Danny and a Skrill' by ldgrayman.

I had to listen a lot to Evanescence to write this. "My Immortal," in particular, was very helpful in the storm scene. The text doesn't completely compensate with the situation, but it creates the right feelings. And I had to recall some nightmares from when I was little from which I had woken up crying and still makes me thank whatever higher force that is watching over me that I am not an orphan. So for a few days I am very emo, but when Sparks gets back I'll probably be happy again.

At first I wanted to write down the encounter with his pack but I couldn't think of how to describe it and I thought it might give away too much information. Otherwise I would still be stuck

And I want to thank my cat Louis for giving me the inspiration for Sparky's past. And there are also some fragments of my past puzzled into this. This is what you should do with frustrations, turn them into good art! (Or go and do boxing or some other martial arts.)

**In the dragon's p.o.v., human language will be, **_"leaning to the right."_

Chapter 11: Return of the Prodigal Dragon

* * *

><p>Sparky's P.O.V.

Sobbing, I sat on a lonely rock in the middle of nothing. The sea hit hard against it and slashed up as if it wanted me gone as well. Overhead the clouds were thick, not allowing the sun to warm me or the blue sky to cheer me up. Heavy rain poured down and lightning

crackled across the sky. Normally, I enjoyed storms like this, but this one seemed unwelcoming and angry. The cold wind lashed at me from every direction and screamed, 'Misfit! Freak! Traitor! Unloved! Outcast!' I clamped to my tiny piece of mainland, but I barely had the will to hold on. The only thing that prevented me from letting go and going under was my fear of not knowing what death would bring.

I had gone to my pack, but they had rejected me. As soon as I had landed on that little island that I had spent my childhood on and found the fellow members of my pack, they had started circling me. They had wanted me gone and I didn't understand why. Most of the pack didn't bother to pay me any attention, but the leader and some of the older dragons had snarled and snapped at me. The only reason they had let me stay as a hatchling was because of my mom. But now they had no reason to let me stay. The main reason they wanted me away was because I was different. How? Because my mom's father hadn't been a Skrill.

They didn't know what my grandfather was. Mom had been the only one in her nest to hatch but she had been normal; normal looks and behavior. But when my brothers, sister, and I hatched, we were different. We all had had difficulty producing electricity. One of my brothers had a shorter nose and the other one was completely grey without a purple shade or lighter belly. My sister had smaller spikes and some extra on the sides of her tail. And I, I got a black back, bleu fire and better flying abilities.

Ever since I was young, I had tried to fit in, doing whatever challenge the other pups set me to prove my worth. I had never realized they were making a fool out of me and had gotten me in trouble with those. But one of those wagers, one I took not too long ago, had changed my life forever.

I had begged them to let me stay, promising I would do better. Eventually one of them had gotten impatient and attacked me. It had been a narrow escape but it left its traces. The scratch under my eye, which went from just underneath my eyelid to my lip, hurt every time I blinked. When I fled, it dawned on me: They didn't want me; I was on my own.

I looked up at the cruel clouds as another bolt of light lit them up. The God that controlled lightning in human legends "Thor" created order and lightning was the patron of the Stormsailors. So why not for me? I snarled at the bright streaks that flashed past the sky.

"Why?" I growled. "Why, if I made a mistake, why did my family have to pay? Why did they lock me up and torment and torture me if they could kill me more easily? Why, when I finally escaped did they only then try to kill me? Why didn't it work and why did I have to suffer even more? Why did I go crazy with hate? Why did everyone have to despise me from the start, and why did I have to destroy everything that had to do with humans, so they hated me too? Tell me why?"

The sky stayed silent, ignoring the fact that I even existed.

"Why?!" I yelled even louder.

Then I felt a pain that pierced through my chest and ripped me

apart.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY?" I roared, before chocking in my own grief. I let myself drop down on the rock and cried my heart out. My tears burned as they seeped into my new wound. I dug my claws into the heartless stone and I convulsed from the force of my tears. I shook with sobs even though it hurt me even more. Oh, how I missed my mom. How I missed my whining, sweet sister and irritating, funny brothers. How I missed that boring old life in which everything was so easy. How I missed Demon-Danny's comforting hugs right now.

Danny!

Briefly I touched the healed wound on in my neck with my right wing-claw. I missed everything about him. I missed how he would cheer me up, his thoughtfulness, his protective and supporting personality, his laugh and voice. I even missed that short cold in his touch and that strange feeling of his demon side. I missed him so much it ached. I felt so lost without him. Why had I been so stupid to leave?

I kept crying until I fell into an uneasy sleep. But even my own mind didn't grant me any rest. I was back with them, back in complete darkness and despair. Their clothes were white to show they thought of themselves as perfect, the pure humans. But I knew their hearts were black as ash towards everything that they thought wasn't worthy enough. I was tied with chains as they came forward, lashing out with those strange thin ropes. They wanted to break me, bring me down and enslave me.

One of them hissed, "_You are ours, beast!"_ and lifted his arm, ready to strike.

I cried out in fear and closed my eyes as his arm came down. But the pain didn't come. I opened my eyes and saw Danny in his demon form standing in front of me. He had come out of nowhere and skillfully grabbed the rope before it hit me. My despair turned into hope as I saw him. He turned his head a little, and half looked at me and smiled. The evil humans backed away in fear when they saw him. Demon-Danny's hands lit up green and he shot those green fireballs he had shown me before at them. On impact, the evil humans exploded into black ash. Regaining my courage because of my best friend's presence, I let the heat rage in my chest and shot a burst of fire, turning the last one to dust.

The chains dissolved into thin air and I was free again. I cried out happily as Demon-Danny wrapped his arms around my head. His hug was cold and gentle but it filled me with warmth and strength. There was a bright flash of moon-like light and his temperature became warm as he turned human again.

"_It is okay. I'm here for you."_ He whispered, stroking my forehead.

I was so happy to hear his voice. I closed my eyes as I let it fill my heart with hope. But suddenly he let go. I opened my eyes to see that he now looked sad and broken himself.

He looked up with those sad blue eyes and said "_I miss you."_

Miss, as in the present tense? What did he mean? He was standing right in front of me. Then he was pulled back, the distance between us suddenly became bigger and bigger.

"No." I whispered.

I stood up and tried to run after him but I couldn't manage to get closer to him again.

"No, come back!" I yelled.

He looked up with his bright eyes and now he himself called for me, _"Come back Sparky!"_

My eyes shot open and I lifted my head looking in the direction of Berk. I had no idea how I had been able to look in the right direction right away since I had just woken up. All I knew that something was calling me, _'Come back'_ it seemed to say. I had to go back, back to my Demon-Danny. A powerful wind passed by and tried to push me against the rock, but I stood and looked forward.

"Oh no, I am not going to let you stop me!" I yelled at the sky.

Then I let out my frustration in a loud roar and as if it agreed with me for the very first time, lightning and thunder roared along with me.

I jumped up and beat my wings against the persistent wind. The wind hit me hard but I fought back. ****'No! '**** I thought with gritted teeth ****'I am not going to let you hold me back. Never again! '**** And with that, I left my rock in the sea and went looking for my true rock in the breaking.

* * *

><p>Eventually the wind had realized it couldn't stop me and gave up. It became softer and blew away the clouds, showing me the dark blue sky. The stars looked down at me and I could swear that now and then some would wink at me. I flew my last piece over the ocean and reached the island. Everything looked quiet and peaceful as I reached the sleeping village and flew high above the roofs. Loyal-Toothless lived with Friend-Hiccup and Demon-Danny, so if I found him, I would find my human friend.<p>

It was hard to locate him since his scales were as obscure as the night. I flew around several times before I noticed the black smudge on one of the roofs. I flew a little lower, flapping my wings in small circles to hover above it. The black form moved and opened two green eyes.

"Sparks?" Loyal-Toothless wondered standing up.

"Hey Toothless, can I land please?"

The black dragon blinked and said, "Yeah, sure."

He shuffled aside so I could land next to him.

Toothless was the first Windwalker I had ever actually seen. When they told stories about their power and mystery, I hadn't expected Loyal-Toothless to be so friendly and social. And also his looks and size surprised me; he was only slightly smaller than me and he didn't look scary or powerful at all.

"Careful, don't break anything or wake the humans up," He warned me.

Gently, I placed my claws down and slowly let the weight of my body follow. The boards creaked eerily as I did. I folded my wing as soon as I was sure they could hold both of us. Then I looked up at the older Windwalker.

"What are you doing here? Why did you come back?"

I looked down, a little ashamed.

"My pack casted me out. I didn't know anywhere else to go. And Demon-Danny and I were friends so I hoped I would be welcome here."

Loyal-Toothless narrowed his eyes. "Demon-Danny has been depressed ever since you left. Why do you think he will forgive you just like that?"

There was a bit of scorn in his voice, but mostly he sounded curious, as if he was trying to find out something.

I sighed, "I don't know. I felt so lost without him. I fell asleep missing him and got a nightmare, and when I woke up it seemed as if something was calling me back."

Loyal-Toothless' eyes went wide and he mumbled, "You've bonded with him."

"What?" I wondered.

Loyal-Toothless looked down at the roof, shaking his head and said, "I left Friend-Hiccup once. During a flight he lost his horned-headwear and he gave me a special tail-piece so I could fly on my own. I used it to go looking for his horned-headwear, but every day I felt lonely and wanted to go back. When I found it, I let that feeling guide me home."

"I found him in the giant gathering building. It looked as if Staunch-Astrid was comforting him. She saw me first and turned Friend-Hiccup so he could see me too. His face looked like the sun rising in the darkness; he was as happy to see me as I was to see him. And that look he gave me when he understood why I had left. I'll never forget that. Eventually I broke that new tail-piece because I never wanted to leave him like that again. Plus, it made a very annoying sound."

I thought about Loyal-Toothless' story for a while.

"So, are you suggesting that Demon-Danny and I have a relationship similar to you and Friend-Hiccup?"

The black dragon nodded.

"But, I don't deserve him! He is a powerful, good human and I am a stupid, crossbred failure!"

Loyal-Toothless blinked, "What?"

"Go ahead, yell at me, chase me away. My pack did that too." I said, covering my head with my wing.

"Nonono, It's okay. crossbreeds are rare, but they happen, I once saw a Clubtail-Firecoat crossbreed, I have no idea how that could have happened. Uhm, not that I think that's bad, but it's just strange that those two dragons would..."

"Okay, okay. I get it!" I quickly said, not wanting to go into the finer details of that subject.

"However, my pack couldn't accept it! And who knows what my grandfather was, it might as well have been a Deathjaw*! Those are black!"

Loyal-Toothless swallowed nervously.

Deathjaws are murderous, bloody-minded dragons that burn vegetation and kill living creatures, even other dragons, just for the 'fun' of it. Luckily they are very rare and you won't run into them easily. I hadn't been so lucky. I ripped my mind away from that memory.

I felt Loyal-Toothless' shoulder gently bump into mine.

"Hey, don't think like that. You are a good natured dragon, you're not slaughterous."

"Yes, I'm not now. But maybe that would explain why I want crazy and attacked everyone when I was wounded."

The older dragon thought for a moment.

"Every dragon gets aggressive when they are hurt. I should know, Hookfang attacked his own human once because of a toothache. But even if you are part Deathjaw, you are not bad. You are not attacking me now and you care about Demon-Danny. And I heard Deathjaws are amazing fighters. Instead of being afraid of what being part another creature might mean, think of what advantages it might bring. Maybe you have some special talents that give you advantages over other Skrills."

I sighed, not really sure if I should believe that.

"Does it make you feel better if I reminded you that Demon-Danny got his nickname for a reason?" Loyal-Toothless added.

That got my attention. Danny was part Demon, a creature that both dragons and humans believed to be purely evil. But Danny was friendly and he used his powers to help others. He proved that ever since the day he got 'the stick with the hooking claws' out of my shoulder. If he could use a dangerous talent to help others, maybe I could do so too. Loyal-Toothless smiled as he saw me lighten up a little.

"It's the little similarities like those that can cause a stronger bond. I mean, look at me and Friend-Hiccup. We both have got

something missing!"

He held up his tail and waved it around so the fake tail-piece opened and closed with a high-pitched, creaking noise. Remembering Friend-Hiccup's fake leg, I grinned slightly.

Loyal-Toothless looked up at the rising sun and yawned.

"Sunrise!" He said. "Time to wake the humans up."

He stood up, stretched and bent his knees.

"Wait a second, what are you doing?!" I asked.

"I'm getting ready to jump up and down to wake everyone up." He explained.

"Are you sure that is safe? Aren't we going to break anything?"

"Don't worry," He said. "I do this every day."

And with that he jumped and landed on the roof with a loud,
BOOM*!

The boards shook and the tiles rattled, but the wooden structure didn't cave in. He waited for a few seconds and jumped again.

"That's strange, normally it doesn't take him this long."

Eager to see Demon-Danny again, I asked "Can I try?"

"Uhm, okay. Just don't be too exuberant." Toothless did a step aside. I bent my knees, jumped up and landed with a loud
BAM!

Underneath me I heard a yelp and something heavy dropping on the floor, followed by a loud, "_Ugh!"_ I recognized Demon-Danny's voice and gave Loyal-Toothless a pain-filled look. He looked back with wide eyes.

"Ouch," He mumbled dryly.

Shortly, the door of the wooden nest swung open and Friend-Hiccup came running out first.

"_Toothless, what is going on?!_" He yelled panicked. "_What was tha-!?"_"

He stopped in his tracks as he saw me. Just behind him followed Demon-Danny, his eyes widened as he saw me too. My heart filled itself with joy but I didn't dare to come closer, afraid I would do something wrong or that he was mad at me. He walked past Friend-Hiccup.

"_Sparks?"_"

Toothless climbed off of the roof and stood next to his human. I followed his example and stood in front of Demon-Danny. I looked at

him, and he just looked back with wide emotionless eyes. I guess he was still trying to process that I was back. Afraid to see his reaction I looked down.

"_Sparky!" _he cried out.

I felt slim but strong arms wrap around my neck and hold on for dear life. I gasped and swallowed, not able to move from my surprise. Slowly I realized that Demon-Danny hadn't rejected me, he was hugging me! I turned my head and tried to look at his face. I could only see his back.

_"Oh Gods, Sparky I missed you so much," _he mumbled to my scales.

Wait a second, he wasn't angry. He was happy and relieved to see me. Then it hit me. He missed me. He really actually missed me. He wanted me to be here. Someone wants me around! I wasn't alone! He cared about me! Whimpering, I pushed my lower jaw against his back, trying to give him some kind of hug too. Realizing that I could return it in my own way, I concentrated and gave him an electric shock, filling it with my gratitude and happiness. Demon-Danny laughed and returned his own cold shock.

"I'm so happy you are back," he said. We stood there for what felt like hours but in reality it was about a minute, just hugging each other.

He gave me one last squeeze and parted from the embrace.

_"Where have you been? Why did you come back?" _he wondered aloud.

Now he did look a little peeved. I shrunk together.

_"And what is that?" _He conjectured, suddenly looking worried. He stretched out his hand to the side of my head. Realizing he had seen my new wound, I turned my head away in shame. Demon-Danny however grabbed the horn on my nose and turned my head so he could see it.

He gasped and gently put his fingers underneath it.

"That is close," he mumbled_._

Then a sharp, ice cold feeling shot through my eyelid, but I held still, recognizing the sensation.

"What?" Friend-Hiccup asked.

As he stepped forward to get a better look, Demon-Danny quickly stopped healing me and let the other human look.

Friend-Hiccup gave a sympathized hiss and mumbled ,_"Ouch, that must have been painful."_

Confused, I blinked a few times and noticed the movement didn't hurt as much now. I guess Demon-Danny healed it to the point where you still could see it but didn't hurt anymore.

Then he looked at Demon-Danny.

"He came back to find you, I think you guys really bonded."

I looked at Friend-Hiccup in surprise and saw Loyal-Toothless wink at me. If Friend-Hiccup thought so too, well than maybe, just maybe...

_"What do you mean?" _Demon-Danny asked.

Friend-Hiccup gestured at me and explained, _"Sparky came back for you and clearly missed you. And you have been looking like me when Toothless left me for a while. And considering how enthusiastically you guys greeted each other, I am now certain there is a bond between you."_

I looked at Demon-Danny, who was looking at Friend-Hiccup now.

"So what you mean is that I should keep him? Like how Toothless is your dragon?"

Friend-Hiccup nodded.

_"I-I can't do that!" _Demon-Danny said.

Immediately my hope melted into a puddle on the floor. But I absorbed it back again at his next words.

"I can't just do that! Sparky is a free, wild dragon. He is my friend, but I can't just keep him as a pet and say he is mine! He is free and has the right to stay that way!"

My happiness shot up and into the sky. He didn't say that because he didn't want me, he just wanted to be sure he didn't do anything I didn't want. I stuck my nose under his arm and held it to his side.

"I don't like being tied to the ground, but he can put those chains around neck again if that means I can stay with him." I said out loud, partly to the humans (though they couldn't understand me) and partly to Loyal-Toothless, who blinked in surprise at my sudden conviction.

"And I thought I was crazy when I wanted to stay trapped in that cove so Friend-Hiccup could find me every day," he replied.

Friend-Hiccup chuckled and said, _"I don't think he cares. And Toothless isn't really my dragon. He can get away from me whenever he wants, but he chooses to stay."_

He petted said dragon on the shoulder. I gave Demon-Danny a shock to tell him it was true and that I really, really, really wanted to stay with him.

He turned to face me and asked, _"Are you sure? Do you want to stay with me?"_

Absolutely! Purring I stuck out my tongue and licked his face. He looked up with raised eyebrows and a startled look.

But then he smiled and said, _"I think that is a 'yes'."_

I tried to imitate a smile, and I think I did pretty decent job of it.

"_And I think we are late for class, come on Toothless!"

_Friend-Hiccup suddenly yelped, grabbing Demon-Danny's arm and dragging him along.

As soon as he regained his balance from the sudden pull, Demon-Danny said _"And you should come along too Sparky."_

So as Loyal-Toothless started running after them, I followed.

"What is this 'class' thing they are late for?" I wondered.

"You know how older dragons teach the pups how to hunt?" The older dragon began. "Humans gather their pups and let one or more adults teach them everything they need to know to survive. Those small mini-packs are called classes."

The rest of the run was pretty quiet until I said, "Thanks Toothless, for accepting me."

Loyal-Toothless looked up and gave me a small smile. I had flown over the little human settlement before, but I had never taken a close look down here or during daylight. Their big, wooden nests were very sturdy looking and had what looked like wooden dragon heads on the roofs above the door. On most of the roofs sat dragons, taking a nap or just resting. There were not as many humans as I had seen in other places, but there were some, all happily walking around or busy doing things. Also, dragons were walking around on the paths between the strange nests, just walking around or helping the humans. Sometimes we even ran past dragons, both pups and full-grown, that were running around and playing with the human pups.

Eventually, we arrived at a large building close to the water. In front of it were the older pups that I met when I was freed and the mature human that had only half of his limbs left. I knew I should respect that one; he was clearly a powerful fighter if he needed to be. He looked up and started yelling at the smaller humans.

"Hiccup! Danny! Where have you two been?! The others arrived here minutes ago and...oh."

He stopped as he saw me coming.

"_Hey Gobber, you remember Sparky?" _Demon-Danny said, patting my shoulder._

Gobber blinked a few times before saying, _"Ah yes, I remember him. But didn't he fly off to freedom to visit another day? Is he visiting already? He must be really fond of you."_

Demon-Danny shook his head, still smiling.

_"According to Hiccup you might as well call it bonded." _The Gobber human's eyes widened in surprise and Demon-Danny continued, _"Sparky is apparently my dragon partner now."_

I puffed out my chest at that. The fact I was indeed now his made me happy, but to hear him say it out loud filled me with pride. A large grin spread across Gobber's face, and the other, older human pups started cheering and high-fiving him. _"_"

_Congratulations!" _the man bellowed _"It's about time, we doubted you would ever find one when all the other dragons were afraid of you. However, I suggest we start class before we have to cancel it again. We are almost done with the ships anyway."_"

With that the humans started walking inside and Demon-Danny turned to me.

"Stay here outside with Toothless, okay? Be nice.""

He patted my nose and walked away with Friend-Hiccup and a human female with yellow hair.

"Hey Sparky, come on, let's get some breakfast," Loyal-Toothless said.

The thought of food made my stomach let out a loud rumble. I was about to follow him, when I saw where he was heading. A small group of various dragons sat around a large hollowed out slab filled with fish. Most of them were bigger than me and all of them were older. Especially the bright red and orange Firecoat, who looked intimidating.

When Loyal-Toothless noticed I wasn't following him anymore he turned around and saw the apprehension written on my face.

"Don't worry, you're with me and they won't harm you."

By now, one of the dragons had noticed Loyal-Toothless.

A light blue Spikelauncher lifted her head and said, "Hey Toothless, you better come quick before the Drakins steal your favorite fish." Then, she turned her head to the side to get a better look at the Windwalker and said, "And bring that friend of yours along."

The black dragon motioned for me to come along, so I timidly followed behind him. He found a spot between the eating dragons and said "Hey guys." before digging into the fish himself.

They answered with a few hi's and hello's. I stayed behind and waited, I knew that as the lowest in the picking order and a stranger I should wait my turn.

"Hey, what about him?"

Startled, I looked up to see one head of a green Twinhead looking at me.

The other head looked up to see what his brother head was talking about and added, "Doesn't he need to eat?"

"And who is he?"

"Why is he here and where did he come from?"

"Hey, I wanted to say that last part!"

The two heads each took turns talking, gaining the attention of the other dragons. I shrunk back a little.

"Hey pup, you hungry?"

I was surprised to hear that the strong looking, red Firecoat was actually a girl. I didn't dare to answer but my stomach did it for me by rumbling loudly.

The large dragon stepped aside so there was an extra spot between her and Loyal-Toothless and said, "Come here and grab some fish. You look like you're about to fall over."

I took the new place by the pile of food and watched all the dragons stared at me curiously. Slowly I picked up one fish and ate it. When none of them reacted to this, I dug in.

"Wow, you really are very hungry! Have you eaten anything lately?"

I looked up at the owner of the lower female voice and saw a rather large Brown-green Clubtail.

"No, not for two days," I answered quietly.

The Clubtail's face fell.

"Aw, you poor little thing."

She said, making me blush lightly.

Then she shook her head and apologized, "Sorry if I sounded motherly there for a second, but I am a mother and even my human tends to be a little childish sometimes."

"However, introductions. My name is Meatlug, Stout-Meatlug."

The other dragons soon joined in.

"Our name is Barf and Belch, both Snappy."

"Snappy-Barf and Snappy-Belch." the two heads said.

"I'm Pompous-Hookfang, or just Hookfang for the humans."

"And I am Friendly-Stormfly, though my human calls me just Stormfly."

"And you already know me," Toothless ended.

Suddenly one of the Drakins that were trying to get some fish scraps said, "And we-"

"No! Don't you guys all start introducing yourselves, the pup will get a headache," Pompous-Hookfang growled at the tiny dragon.

"Though," Loyal-Toothless said, "I better introduce you to one of

them. Hey Arrow, come over here!"

A Drakin, with the color of one of those metals humans made weapons from, flew up and landed on Loyal-Toothless' nose.

"Yes? What problem?" he asked.

The black dragon gestured to the smaller one on his head and said, "This is Whooshing-Arrow. Arrow, you remember him right?"

Arrow looked at me with thoughtful eyes, trying to remember from where he should know me.

Remembering he had only heard my voice, I said, "Hey Arrow."

The little dragon's eyes widened and he exclaimed, "Oh, now remember! You dragon from cage and this morning!"

"The dragon from the cage?" Pompous-Hookfang wondered.

Friendly-Stormfly turned her head to the side again.

"Hm, you do indeed look familiar. Wait a second. You are the dragon that attacked Berk a few weeks ago!"

I swallowed and stepped out of the circle. The other dragons turned to keep looking at me.

"What did they call him again?" Pompous-Hookfang asked.

Stout-Meatlug answered, "I think they called him Chaos."

I shrunk back and pushed myself to the ground. I was very happy when Loyal-Toothless came to my rescue.

"Guys, stop it! He went through a lot. He had his punishment and he is very sorry now." With a slight grin he added, "And I don't think that Demon-Danny would take it too kindly if you beat up his partner."

The dragons got wide eyes and looked at me.

"You are Demon-Danny's dragon now?!" Stout-Meatlug blurted out.

I simply nodded.

"Impossible," Snappy-Belch said, turning to his other head.

"We can't get closer than one meter to him without wanting to run," Snappy-Barf agreed.

"What?" I wondered.

"Every time we get too close to him, our fleeing instinct kicks in," Loyal-Toothless explained. "It's just his smell and that feeling coming off of him. It scares most of us half to death."

I frowned at this.

"He does smell and feel strange and I was scared of it in the beginning, but it's not that bad. And after the cold in his touch is gone I don't feel all of that anymore."

Now Loyal-Toothless frowned too, "After the cold in his touch is gone?"

"Yeah, if he touches me I get one short wave of icy cold through my body and then he feels normal."

"Sparks, I've touched him before and he sends one cold shiver after another down my spine, even as a human. And I can only imagine what would happen if he did that in his demon form."

Now my eyes widened.

"Maybe this has something to do with you being..."

He let the sentence hang in the air for my privacy, but I knew what he was talking about. Maybe being a crossbreed did have some advantages. At least all the other dragons were looking at me with wonder now, instead of untiring curiosity. I sat a little straighter but still didn't dare to come closer.

"Ah, don't worry," Pompous-Hookfang said "We weren't planning on beating you up anyway. We heard about your situation and those vikings treated us better when they were still hunting us."

"Well," Friendly-Stormfly began, changing topics "Since our humans consider Demon-Danny as one of them, you are one of us now."

I stood up and walked into the circle as they made some room for me again. Looks like belonging with Demon-Danny had more advantages then I dared to hope it would. Whooshing-Arrow flew on top of my head.

"Finally other big dragon that not afraid of Demon-Danny besides Bonewearer. Me happy Demon-Danny found partner, though little jealous."

"Your name was...Chaos, right?" Friendly-Stormfly asked.

"Uhm no, Demon-Danny renamed me. Just to start new again you know. I'm Sparks now, Sparky for friends."

"Well that is a nice name." Friendly-Stormfly said, smiling. Stout-Meatlug frowned. "Wait, just Sparky? No characteristic or something from your old life?" I looked down sadly. "Yeah, I never really got one, no one ever bothered to give me one." The mature dragons looked at each other. "We are kind of your pack now so I suggest we start thinking." Pompous-Hookfang said.

"Oh, oh, I got one! How about ELIMINATING-Sparky!" Snappy-Barf yelled, before he and his brother head started laughing loudly. "Or no, I got it! CHAOTIC-Sparky!"

Both of them started laughing even louder. I felt like lying down and rolling up into a little ball. Pompous-Hookfang and Friendly-Stormfly hit both of them on the heads with their tails, causing them to

yelp and stop laughing.

"Shut your jaws, both of you! He is sorry and we are not mentioning it anymore. Like why Demon-Danny gave him another name, he is starting over," Pompous-Hookfang growled. Turning to me she added, "Don't worry. We've got your back pup. Though you will always carry those scars of your past with you."

I sighed and sat down.

"I know, but ever since I opened up to Danny, I've suddenly started seeing and learning things I never have before, and I really want to look at things differently and do better this time. I can't undo the things I did in the past, but things won't change if I sit back and hide. I'd rather be ashamed of my mistakes and learn from them, than losing everything that might be good in me. Never again!"

I looked up and saw the other dragons looking at me with open mouths.

"Did you see that?" Loyal-Toothless whispered to his comrades.

"The makings of a great, powerful dragon." Stout-Meatlug agreed, nodding. The termination I felt before was wiped off my face by surprise.

"Aaaaand it's gone," Snappy-Belch joked, receiving glares from everyone.

"Just because you can't see it, that doesn't mean it's not there!" Friendly-Stormfly scolded.

"You're right," Snappy-Barf said. "He's sorry."

He got a glare from his brother head.

Stout-Meatlug chuckled, "You two are really starting to sound like your humans."

The two heads looked at each other and both let out a theatrical, "NOOOOOO!"

Despite myself, I chuckled along with the rest.

Loyal-Toothless laughed and turned to me.

"You might not think highly of yourself, but as you just heard, we think you just might become something better in the future. Just like I might not be able to fly by myself, but still I helped bring peace between humans and dragons and became a hero." A little louder he said to the rest, "Guys, what do you all think of resolute-Sparky?"

The dragons briefly looked at each other.

"Yup!"

"Totally!"

"Absolutely"

"Even we've got to agree with that. His eyes were as ferocious as the sun for a second." Snappy-Barf said.

Snappy-Belch nodded, "Yeah, or two torches in a snowy night."

Both of them chuckled as they got the joke that referred to my scale colors. I didn't bother.

"I can see how Demon-Danny can bond with you," Pompous-Hoorkfang said. "Shy and unsure in general, but a powerful warrior if need be."

I smiled thankfully at them.

"Thanks guys."

And with that, we went back to what we originally wanted to do; Eat in peace and silent.

* * *

><p>Danny's P.O.V.

We still didn't know what to do with our figurehead. We had drawn some sketches and ended up with a dragon with a beak like snout, a mouth full of stubby teeth, and short curled feathers on the back of its head. It couldn't possibly scare anyone, but those were the only body parts we could agree on using.

"Okay everyone!" Gobber yelled, "Class dismissed! Put everything down and I will see you tomorrow!"

Everyone dropped their things where they were standing and ran outside. However, Hiccup quickly arranged his stuff a little and ran to Gobber. Unsure what was going on I followed him.

"Gobber, could I talk to you for a moment?"

"Sure Hiccup, what's the matter?"

He looked around to me and bluntly said, "Privately."

My face fell a little as I realized he was trying to send me away politely.

"Oh."

"How about you give Sparky a tour around the village? I just have to do something with Gobber and then we will come looking for you guys, okay?"

"Okay," I answered. "I'll see you later."

"Tell Toothless I'm going with Gobber when you pick up Sparky," Hiccup called after me.

"Okay."

I walked outside into the cool open air and headed for the giant fishbowl the dragons always gathered around. Toothless and Sparky were the only dragons left as the other ones had gone with their humans. When they heard me they looked up and walked towards me. Seeing that his human wasn't with me, Toothless looked at me with questioning eyes.

"Hiccup is still inside talking with Gobber. I don't know what he is up to, but I guess you can go and listen in."

With that he turned his head to the boathouse and walked in.

"Come on buddy, I'll show you around." I told Sparky.

The Skrill made a happy murmuring sound and walked next to me.

Surprisingly, I actually enjoyed walking around with my dragon (Damn, it's still strange to think that). I showed him around the harbor, the lower parts of the village, the fields.

"And this is the plaza, this is the most active part of the village and here are also most of the stalls. If you need anything you can get it here, though if a dragon like you wants to get some fish you should get it down at the docks. And please, don't ever steal something. If you do that not only you, but also I, will get into trouble."

He looked back at me and nodded vehemently. I smiled at this.

"That's a good b-OOF!"

I bumped hard into something.

"Excuse me," I quickly blurted out.

"Hey, watch it!"

I opened my eyes and groaned as I saw who it was. A withering old man opened his eyes.

"You!" He spat.

"And a good day to you too, Mildew." I answered dryly. The man shook his head, looked angrily at me and then at Sparky.

"A stranger and another dragon. This tribe is getting worse by the day. Soon we might as well hang out a sign saying 'All scum welcome'."

Sparky might not be much larger than Toothless, but because he walked on the palms of his long wing limbs he could push himself up a lot higher. So he towered high over Mildew as he growled angrily.

"Calm down, don't give him a reason to think he is right." I said, patting his side even though I was glaring at the cranky old man myself.

"This can't get any worse," the man continued. "Oh no wait, it can."

They are taking in a dragon that attacked them only a few weeks ago. I wonder how long it will take for you to try and destroy us again."

Sparky's face fell and he lowered himself again, looking sad.

Then he pointed his staff at me and added, "And I wonder how long it will take before YOU betray us. You know what? You might as well work together at destroying us. That will teach those simpletons not to trust enemies."

"Hey Mildew, bugger off!"

I looked up to see Astrid and Stormfly walking towards us. Mildew grumbled and walked away.

He turned around and yelled, "This tribe accommodates a bunch of tricky demons!" before disappearing around the corner.

I knew he didn't mean that literally, but I couldn't help but stiffen out for a second. Also Sparky gave me a quick sideways glance. He knew very well what I was and that if they found out they would come after me with all the demon repelling voodoo stuff they could think of.

"Don't listen to him. He is a grudge bearing old fool," Astrid said.

"I know," I sighed "But I promise that I don't have any bad intensions with this tribe."

"I know that too." Astrid said raising her eyebrows. "You are very good friends with Hiccup and a good person, so why do you think we would think you are an enemy."

"It's just..." I shrugged, knowing I wouldn't be able to explain. "Never mind."

"So, strolling around on your own?" Astrid said questioningly.

"No, I'm not alone. I'm showing Sparky around so he knows where the best place is to start stealing chickens is," I joked.

Astrid gave a short laugh.

"You know what I meanâ€¦ Where's Hiccup?"

I was about to answer that I didn't really know where he was when I heard loud singing that would accommodate Tucker's voice loudly in a duet.

"_I've got my axe and I've got my mace,_"

"_And I love my wife with the ugly face._"

"_I'm a viking through and through_!"

"GOBBER! I know you are enjoying yourself but please, stop singing that song!" Hiccup yelled.

The sounds were coming from the smithy/dragon dentist stall.

"Looks like we found him. What is he doing in there? He is going to be late."

"Late? Late for what?" I asked "Class is over."

Astrid looked at me, "Correction, Pirate Training class is over. Twice every week we also train with our dragons at the Berk Dragon Academy. We didn't have any lessons for weeks because Sparky took up the arena. And Hiccup better not be late because we are all anxious to train again, and most of the time he is the teacher."

"Hiccup is a teacher?!" I blurted out "no wonder he has experience."

"Yup, Snotlout sometimes tries to prove him wrong, but he usually ends up in the water trough, gets nailed to the wall, or chewed on by Hookfang. But back to the original question: What is he doing there?"

"I have no idea. He said he had something to discuss with Gobber but he didn't want me to be around."

"Hmmm..." Astrid squinted her eyes at the building. "Stay here," she said, "I'm going to find out what they are being so secretive about this time."

And with that she stomped off.

Confused, Sparky and I stood there and waited for Astrid and Stormfly to return. When they came back, Astrid had a large smile on her face. Looks like she got the info out of him and liked it.

"And? What is he doing?"

"Oh, nothing special. Though he asked me to tell you he wants to meet you at the arena at six."

And with a large, not-so-innocent smile she walked away.

It was soon clear that whatever was going to happen was privy to all the teenagers _but_ me. When I saw Fishlegs, he ran past as quickly as his short legs could carry him. Snotlout grinned and gave me a good natured slap on the shoulder, but didn't say anything. But the most suspicious of all were the twins.

When they walked up to me and Ruffnut joyfully said, "Hey Danny."

Tuffnut clamped his hands over his sister's mouth and yelled, "Don't tell him!"

Irritated, she hit away his hand and yelled back, "I wasn't going to. But now he is suspicious, YOU almost told him!"

"Did not!"

"Did to!"

"Did not!"

"Did to!"

"Did not!"

"Did not!"

"Did to! -oops."

"AHA!"

As they were playing that old childish game, they were pushing their heads together like two angry rams. But after Ruffnut's last comment, they started a full out fight in the middle of the path. So we just walked around the quarreling twins.

I looked up at the position of the sun.

"Well, it's almost six o'clock. Let's get to the arena."

The walk to the arena was spent in quiet companionship until we stopped in front of the gates. Sparky whimpered slightly at the sight of the heavy wooden gate.

"Ah don't worry bud, they aren't going to lock you up. You are a rider dragon now. Which reminds me, maybe I should ask Hiccup if he wants to teach me how to ride you."

I pulled open the gate and was greeted by all the teens and Gobber yelling, "SURPRISE!" at the same time and their dragons roaring and flapping their wings excitedly.

Unconsciously, Sparky took a step back and I blinked, trying to understand what was going on.

"Welcome to the Berk Dragon Academy," Hiccup said while walking forward.

"Whut?" I stupidly mumbled.

"We are going to help you train and ride your dragon of course, silly," Astrid said happily.

"Ha, told you I hadn't given the show away," Tuffnut said from behind them.

Ruffnut promptly hit him in the face for that.

"Wait, so I'm gonna study at your academy?" I asked Hiccup.

"Of course, you are our friend and you have a dragon now," he answered, gesturing to Sparky. "So what is our reason not to let you in?"

I smiled at them, "Thanks guys. And I'm happy all of you are equally excited about me joining."

"Are you kidding me?" Snotlout exclaimed "I'm looking forward at beating you at something after you beat me at yelling."

He pounded his fist in his hand as if he couldn't wait to do that. I did the same and put up an evil grin.

"Oh you're on!"

"Ah, ah, ah, not before you've strapped this to your dragon's back," Gobber mock scolded, holding up something and putting it in my arms.

I recognized that the object was a black leather saddle with a silver colored, round, iron buckle that had to be attached on Sparky's chest. "Wait a second. This is what you and Gobber were doing while I showed Sparky around?" I asked, turning to Hiccup.

"Yeah, but I had to keep Gobber from putting extra blades on the sides."

"Spoilsport," Gobber mumbled before continuing a bit louder, "But I did get to put on a saddlebag and an extra sheath to put your sword in."

"Wow, thanks guys. This is amazing."

Sparky popped up next to me and sniffed the saddle. Then he went into a playful crouching position and swung his tail around.

"Oh, so you want to try it out?" I laughed. "Can we?"

I turned to Hiccup since he was the 'teacher'.

"Uhm, actually I wanted to start with something slightly calmer."

A few of the teens groaned at this and Gobber said, "I'm goin' back to the stall, I hate school anyway."

'_And he is a teacher himself?_' I thought confused.

As he hobbled off Hiccup asked, "Okay, who is up for a pop quiz?"

I was about to groan myself when to my utter surprise the other teens cheered and Fishlegs pounded his fist in the air with a loud, "Yes! I'll get the chalkboard!"

"I'll get the barrels!"

"And I'll get the other ones!"

"No, I wanted to get those too!"

The twins were trying to push each other over as they were running towards the old den to the side, which Fishlegs had opened. I was filled up with all kinds of junk like barrels, toolboxes, crates and chests. I bet the Box Ghost would love that storage. Hiccup tapped my shoulder and led me to the den next to the storage room. When he opened it, it turned out to be the storage for the saddles.

He pointed at a clearly newly cleaned up spot and said, "You can put your saddle over there."

Then he turned to the rest and yelled, "Okay, what teams will there be?"

I carefully put down the new saddle on its spot as I heard Hiccup say, "The usual, I knew it."

I turned around and walked up to the middle where the other teens had put up the board and barrels like you would see it in TV quizzes sometime. Each teen stood behind a barrel except for Hiccup, who stood in front of the board and the dragons lay down behind their riders, making themselves comfortable.

Fishlegs put up his hand yelling, "We'll take Danny."

Astrid patted her hand on the barrel next to hers, announcing, "Okay then, Danny, you'll be in team 'Astrid'."

I looked to the other side where Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut were standing.

Oh, when Hiccup said 'pop quiz' he meant an actual quiz with two teams. I am going to love this teaching method.

I stood behind my barrel and listened as Hiccup explained, "The rules are pretty simple, Danny. I'll ask a few questions, and depending on the accuracy of the answer, you'll get more or less points. Team members can fill each other in, so if you know the answer, just put up your hand or yell it out loud like most of us always do."

"First question, and don't look at Sparky because he is pretty exceptional; What is the normal coloring of a Skrill?"

Man, I'm happy I read The Dragon Manual to Sparky to practice my reading. My hand shot up just a millisecond before Fishlegs'.

* * *

><p>"Okay, that's it for today with the questions. And we end with two hundred and thirty-five points for team, 'Astrid,' and thirty points for team, 'Snotlout'."<p>

"Wow," Astrid commented dryly, "Thirty points! That must be a new high score for your team."

"Yes! We're getting better at this!" Tuffnut cheered, high fiving everyone in his team, even his sister.

I chuckled softly; either they were very stupid or they were actually happy with the little progress they made.

"Hey Danny, you are actually pretty good. I hadn't expected you would be able to answer that many questions on your first day," Fishlegs congratulated me.

"Well, when Hiccup taught me to decipher runes I read a few books to Sparky. The Dragon Manual being one of them. I also immediately memorized everything it had on Skrills," I explained. With a whisper I added, "And of course it helps if Hiccup's own updated version is available to you."

Astrid grinned, "Good job."

Snotlout chose that moment to walk up to me and ask, "Hey aren't you going to congratulate me with my new record?"

The strong, viking girl just rolled her eyes and pulled his helmet over his eyes before ramming hard on top of it, causing him to fall over. Well, looks like there was an option two after all.

"Okay," Hiccup suddenly called out, "Saddle your dragons everyone, because we have to get a rookie up in the air."

Immediately, the others stormed off to the saddle storage, their dragons hot on their heels. I hesitated for a second, causing Sparky to grab me by the back of my furry vest and practically drag me over.

"Okay, okay, I'm coming! Geez!"

He put me down in front of the entrance and sat down with an exited look on his face.

Since Toothless already wore his saddle, Hiccup helped me putting Sparky's on his back and explained how to attach everything and what belonged where. Sparky was looking down too, to see how it had to be done. I was almost sure that if it took me too long in the future he would try to remind me how it's done.

"And then you just click this close and you're ready to go," Hiccup finished explaining. "Wow, Sparky sure is better at sitting still than Toothless was the first time I put on his saddle. I had to chase him all over the place. Get on and just follow us."

"Wait how do I-"

"You just let the dragon lead and give his side a gentle nudge or pull at his saddle. You'd be surprised at the fact that a willing dragon isn't that hard to steer; they are smart creatures."

'Says the kid who can steer his dragon like a pilot steering a private aircraft,' I thought sourly.

I climbed onto Sparky's back and settled myself onto the saddle. Wondering how to get him to take off, I looked at the others.

Astrid gave a short, 'Let's go girl,' to get her dragon up in the air, while Snotlout just patted Hookfang's lower jaw. I looked back at Sparky who was looking with the same blank expression as the one I probably had on my own face.

"This is just as unaccustomed to you as it is to me, isn't it?"

Sparky swallowed and pushed off.

I looked underneath us as the ground grew further and further away. This was like learning how to fly all over again. I was used to the steady and smooth feeling of weightlessness in my ghost form. Now I could feel gravity working in on me and the turbulence playing with Sparky's wings. And this time there was also no Hiccup steering the

dragon for me.

"Okay then, let's just take it easy and calmly try out some basic things," I told my friend.

I gently leaned to the left while pulling at the handle on his collar in the same direction. Sparky's left wing descended and we made a slow gentle bend to the left. We then did the same maneuver, but to the other side.

"Hmm, that went rather easy," I told the dragon while leaning forward.

Sparky made a content murmuring sound as he turned his head a little so he could look at me. Wondering why he wasn't descending with me leaning forward, I pushed the collar down a little harder. Now we did make a slow dive. A quick pull made him level out again. _'Well, will you look at that; they really are very smart_', I thought in surprise. Hiccup drew up next to me.

"Well done, Danny. Maybe in a bit of a dither, but you guys are doing fine."

Then Snotlout suddenly shot past, causing Sparky to make a fast maneuver to avoid being knocked out of the air. I sucked in air through my teeth in shock and shook my head.

Snotlout turned in his saddle to look back and yelled. "Haha, too slow!"

"SNOTLOUT!" Hiccup scolded, but I felt something was happening between Sparky and me.

Sparky let out a growl in irritation and I did more or less the same thing. Without any urging from me Sparky sped off after him, and without him somehow telling me how to make it easier for him, I lifted myself off the saddle so I was standing in the stirrups.

"Wait, Danny! What are you doing?!" Hiccup yelled behind me.

Turning around for a split second I yelled back, "I have no idea!" Then I face forward, towards my target. I closed my eyes and concentrated on my environment. I might be weightless in ghost form, but as long as I was tangible, I could use the elements to my advantage. Closing my eyes I listened for something, the slightest disturbance in the wind or water below. Underneath us something changed in how the wind blew over the surface and at the same time I could feel a slight pressure change that caused Sparky to adjust his wings a little.

"Did you feel that?" I asked, opening my eyes.

Sparky looked to the side and gave a nod, huffing shortly at the same time. I grinned.

"Wait for my signal, then push your wings back as fast as you can." Sparky grinned back and flapped his wings a few times rapidly. It didn't change anything to the way we were flying, but it caused his diamond shaped scales to rattle against each other. As he did this I

felt a soft tingling going through my body and react with my core. 'Static electricity!' I realized.

The Dragon Manual said that Skrills go faster by riding lightning bolts, maybe Sparky was trying to go faster by creating his own electricity. I put my hand on the scales in his neck and carefully added some of my own electricity to it. The result was a little unexpected. It did help with his speed, but also with my senses. I closed my eyes and could now feel things like the gulls we were shooting past, Snotlout and Hookfang in front of us, and even Hiccup and Toothless who were following far behind us. I had to look into that later, but for the moment...

"NOW!" I yelled.

Almost less than a second after I said that Sparky beat his wings down on the sudden powerful gust of wind that came up behind us. I pressed myself against the saddle as the power of the push off repelled us forward like a bullet. Sparky pulled his wings closer to his body, only slightly keeping them open like the wings of a rocket or space shuttle. As we gained on Snotlout, I couldn't help but throw out a bit of banter.

"Excuse me, coming through!"

Snotlout turned around with a, 'Huh?' and his dragon made a sound that sounded like 'Hmm?' before they were almost thrown away by the wind in our wake. I looked back and saw that the electricity around us had made his hair stand up. Combined with his open mouth and wide eyes in surprise it was a hilarious picture. I laughed and pulled at the collar so Sparky shot up.

Not really caring anymore about the fact that the others were looking at what we were doing now, we steered towards Raven Point. As we reached the tip, Sparky playfully grabbed it and pushed himself off, making the stone that lay there to fall down the steep side of the mountain. And like those stones, we let ourselves drop, down towards the ocean. I didn't know what made more noise; The now relaxed membrane of Sparky's wings flapping furiously, my yell in excitement or Sparky's roar of joy. I didn't want to take too many risks yet since I didn't know how agile Sparky was in the air, so I pulled out of the nosedive a few meters before we hit the cold water. We pulled up easily and turned to fly back to the others.

I was greeted back with cheers and yells of, 'Awesome!', 'Impressive!' and 'How the heck did you do that?!'

Hiccup whistled, "Wow, that was amazing! Certainly for a beginner. Most of us needed some time to figure out how to get a connection with their dragon like that."

"Dude, he is like a natural speed demon!" Tuffnut cried out, punching the air.

I snorted at the absurd correctness of that statement.

"Okay! It's official, I'm a failure!"

We all looked up in surprise at Snotlout who hadn't even bothered to flatten his hair yet.

"I'm beaten at flying and sword fighting by Hiccup, you beat me at yelling, burgling and you can even scare me. And now you are even better at flying."

He lay down on Hookfang's back and the dragon gave a sympathized whine. We all looked at each other and not even the twins made a joke about it. This was completely unlike Snotlout.

"Aw, come on dude, you might not be the best at everything, but you still beat the rest of us at advanced rudery and Bashy Ball," I said at an attempt to cheer him up.

Snotlout looked thoughtful for a second, sitting up.

"Yeah, I actually am, aren't I." He said, puffing up his chest.

I shook my head in amusement. _'And he's back again'_.

I looked down to see that the dragons were now giving Sparky similar praise like I had gotten moments ago.

With a wide smile I patted his neck and said, "Well done buddy. That was really amazing how you did that."

My words seemed to make him the happiest of all.

Yep, I could totally get used to this.

* * *

><p>*Deathjaw=Dragon name for Exterminator, those who read the books might know, those who don't know will find out.

I had to write this in Spain, it's too hot here, AAAAARRRGH! I couldn't find any free wifi until I climbed on top of the roof of our holiday bungalow. But there is one good thing about this place. My mom and dad are not really 'vacation by the sea' people, so we're in the mountains close to Almãchar (with a swimming pool). I love the mountains, the more dangerous and spectacular they look, the happier I am. That is one of the reasons I love the fjords in Norway: Large and cool mountains+cold weather+close water with fish or a small whale now and then=Total happiness for me. And there is to me nothing more inspiring then taking your computer to the top of a mountain to write.

12. Hopeful Puffin, Outrageous Outcasts and

Sorry it took so long, but since it is the first appearance of the Outcasts in my story, I wanted to have some more information on them. You may have noticed it already but I'll try to keep my story as true to the movie and series as possible, but at a certain point I think I'll have to change things for the sake of my story-line. And school has been busy too. You know, coming home tired and still have to make homework and learn, working until you have to go to bed or being too tired to do anything else when you are finally done. I think a lot of writers will know that story.

****And what happened between Hiccup and Astrid? First they are all open about their relationship and ever since 'Animal House' they are acting like Danny and Sam in the third season. And when Hiccup says "...So, my first girlfriend is a dragon." in 'Terrible twos', is that a reference to Toothcup or something?****

****And those who read How to Speak Dragonese might remember the report, but I had to change it since Hiccup is a lot better with tools in the movie and he now has Danny to help him with some stuff.****

*** * ***

><p>Chapter 12: "The Hopeful Puffin, Outrageous Outcasts and a Dangerous Friend"

****Hiccup's p.o.v****

"Well, it isn't the best boat ever made..." Astrid started.

"...And it also isn't the best looking..." Danny continued.

"...But it is a seaworthy boat," I finished. We all stood in front of our very first boat. The base had been completed, the dragon figurehead had been attached, the sail had been set up and ropes had been knotted. All we needed to do now was giving it a name and the figurehead some paint.

But I highly doubted that some paint would make it more impressive. Since Toothless couldn't fly on his own, we had to make some room for him to lie down. Sadly, because these boats had to be small (since it was the junior size), our boat had ended up a little rounder than it was supposed to be. Because of that, it would not be able to go as fast as a normal ship.

Also the shields on the sides were a little out of place. We had been painting them ourselves, so we had a pretty strange collection. I was good at drawing, but that was the problem. I drew the pictures on the shields a little too realistic. You could compare Astrid's drawings to those of a young child but try telling that to the toughest girl in the entire village that also happens to be your girlfriend. Danny's skills were slightly more advanced than hers. He had been studying the other's different paintings and shields, and had done decently at copying their style. But he was better at sculpting.

And that is why I asked him to make the figurehead. He was impatient sometimes, but he had a good eye for design and a steady hand. So the result looked very nice. But I was sure it wouldn't impress anyone. That was our design's fault; It looked more like a bird with short teeth and a split tongue than a dragon. When Gobber had walked by to inspect our progress and saw it, he had just lifted one eyebrow and shrugged.

I turned to our dragons that were inspecting our work too. "How about you help a little, too? You guys can choose the colors for the head."

They perked up happily and dashed off to get the paint and brushes. Danny sighed and turned to me.

"Do you think we will get any good score for this, at all?" he asked.

I shrugged. "At least it didn't turn out like the twins' boat."

I pointed over my shoulder at their boat. They had been arguing the whole time, constantly wanting the opposite of the other and neither giving in. It looked like it would float but it was completely messed up. It even had two broken heads as they each had tried to break the others figure.

Danny looked over. "Yeah, you're right," he mumbled.

"And Gobber doesn't only look at the end result, he also looks at how we worked and cooperated." I added.

A few seconds later, our dragons came back, each carrying two pots of paint. Toothless had chosen black like his own scales and red, trying to copy the color of my hair. Stormfly brought along yellow and blue, since both she and her human wore those colors. Sparky's choice confused me a little; he had chosen pith black and stark white. I had almost expected him to take red or blue to copy Danny's shirt or eyes, not just his own colors. And even those didn't match. But when he put the pots in front of him they both shared a grin, as if there was some kind of inside understanding about those colors.

I looked back at the color collection and the figurehead. "We can paint a puffin with all of this stuff," I chuckled.

Astrid chuckled too as she saw it, but Danny just looked confused.

"Puffin?" he wondered.

He spoke the word as if it were alien to him, trying it out on his tongue. He doesn't know what a puffin is? But he has seen them before, I thought. Oh right, he isn't a viking. He didn't originally speak Norse. It is sooo easy to forget that sometimes.

"Puffins are those black and white seabirds, you know, those with the beautifully colored beaks." I explained.

"Aha," he mumbled, looking back at the colors. Now he grinned too. "Yeah, you're right." Then we went silent for a second, thinking about what we could do.

"You know, maybe we should paint it like a puffin," Astrid suddenly said.

We looked up and simultaneously reacted with a, "Huh?"

"Puffins are nice birds. They look fine but aren't too spectacular, just like our boat. Nice and humble," he explained.

Danny looked up at the ship and said, "You know, she is kind of right. And I think it wouldn't look too bad either."

With my finger thoughtfully under my chin, I tried to imagine the colors onto the bird-like figurehead. It wasn't an unpleasant sight. If anything, it even made the boat look a little less stupid. "You

know what, you're right. Get the brushes!"

We set ourselves on the rack and started painting, making the upper half of the head and neck black, the underside and teeth white and decorated the beak with three vertical red, blue and yellow stripes. When we were ready, we set ourselves on the ground again to look at it.

"It even looks a little like a floating puffin." Astrid mumbled.

"As long as it doesn't dive like a puffin I'm okay with that." Danny laughed. "You know we might as well call it the puffin."

Astrid and I looked at each other. "Actually that's not such a bad idea. Though just The Puffin sounds a little, I don't knowâ€¦ poor?" She said.

I nodded again.

Danny smirked. "Are you agreeing with her because you actually think that too, or because she is your girlfriend?" he laughed.

Astrid and I shared a look and we both blushed. Then Astrid turned to Danny and stomped his shoulder. Danny yelped and rubbed the sore spot, mumbling, "Right, now I'm the Tucker here."

"What's a 'Tucker'?" I wondered.

Immediately, the mischievous sparkle left Danny's eyes and he looked down. "Just a friend from back home."

Astrid shared another look with me before I started talking to him. "Danny, you have been silent about your home since you came here. I don't want you to become depressed again but please, talk to us about your home. Get it off your chest."

Danny frowned and bit his lower lip. Then he opened his mouth and took a deep breath as if he wanted to tell us it wasn't our business or loudly announce that he didn't want to talk about it before stomping off. He held in his breath for a few seconds with his mouth open, looking for words, and then he sighed.

He sat down on the ground and crossed his arms on top of his knees, so we sat down next to him. "Back home I have two very good friends, the best I could ever wish for. Their names are Sam and Tucker. Sam is actually Samantha, but don't call her that unless you want your head to be ripped off."

I could understand that, I didn't like being called Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third all the time either. But ripping someone's head off?

"Sam and I have been a couple for a while now, but for a very long time we were both scared to admit we liked each other. Tucker however did notice there was something between us and brought it up every moment he saw fit to do so. Sam would either stomp him or kick him in the chin."

He gave a sad laugh at that and looked in the distance. Now I understood what he meant earlier, now he was the third friend getting

the beating from Astrid because he teased us.

"Sam and Tucker would bicker about everything: Eating habits, the environment, animal rights,... And yet we all stuck together like the links of a chain, on our own we were worth nothing, but together we would do anything. We went to school together, handle bullies together, hung out together, fight off the-." He quickly covered his own mouth as if he had said too much and his eyes shot sideways to look at us.

"Fight off what? It can't be dragons because you didn't react aggressive when you met Toothless."

"Well," Danny started, rubbing the back of his neck. "I did fight four dragons. One is now an ally of mine while her brother still hates me. And there were also two Boneknapper-like dragons I had to fight off. But those are the only dragons where I live."

Danny was clearly trying to change the topic. Sadly for him neither of us fell for it. "Then what do you fight?" Astrid asked impatiently.

Then it dawned on me. The fact that he was fast and courageous was because he couldn't fight his enemy with brute strength alone. He didn't want to tell it because... "You fight demons." I breathed out with wide eyes.

Immediately he was on high alert. His head jerked up and he looked at me with his 'terror eyes'. I shivered and leaned away a little. His eyes narrowed as he hissed "How did you know?"

Astrid's mouth fell open. "You do?!" She exclaimed.

Danny ignored her question. "How. Did. You. Know?!" Even though he raised his voice a little, he was still staying quiet enough to keep the others from hearing.

"I figured it out only just now. You are always secretive about what you do. You are very fast and adapt quickly to dangerous situations. You are smart and interested in inventing â€"you also helped me with some of my inventions. Those are things you don't see in normal warriors. So I would say you fight creatures that can't be beaten with just strength and violence alone, just like we used to do with dragons or enemy tribes. And demons are full of tricks and special powers, so you need to be smart and fast. Plus I caught you reading the demon chapter in 'Trolls and other riffraff'." As I talked, Danny relaxed, though a guarding look remained. "You were trying to find new ways to beat demons, weren't you?"

Danny looked down and started playing with a piece of wood he found on the floor. "Not just that. I also wanted to find out more about how you see demons, or as we call them back home, Ghosts." Danny looked up smiling again slightly "We deal with them regularly."

Astrid looked at Danny with wide eyes. "No wonder people are so tough where you come from. You must be like some kind of super warriors."

Now Danny did laugh softly. "Remember how I told you not everyone is

tough? Most if those who are, are the ghost hunters. My parents are the leading specialists were I live. They created a whole bunch of techniques and tools to battle ghosts. They trained me and my sister to follow in their footsteps. At first I didn't want to, but then Sam and Tucker offered to help me and we made our own group of secret ghost hunting teens. Now most consider me to be the best where I come from."

"Really?" I wondered, looking up and down his skinny form.

"If anything you could compare me with you and Toothless," he answered.

"But please don't tell anyone. I don't really like getting a lot of attention, whether it's because of good or bad reasons."

"Okay then, we won't tell anyone. Right Astrid?" I asked her.

"Yes okay, but...you hunt DEMONS, and you DON'T want to brag about it!?" She burst out, trying to keep her voice low.

Danny raised his eyes to the heavens and mumbled "Astrid, you're giving me attention. And if you keep doing that I'll be gone before you can turn your heads."

Astrid closed her mouth and gave me a confused look. "Trust me, he can," I told her.

"Oh. Okay, sorry." She said turning back to him.

Danny had gotten his gloomy look again, only now he seemed a little more relieved.

"You miss your home, huh?" Astrid wondered. Danny nodded, still looking down.

"Do demons have something to do with you being here and not knowing how to go back?" I inquired

Danny tensed for a second and then relaxed again. "In a way," he answered. "The chances of me getting back are very slim. But if I give up, it is almost certain I will never get back, so I'm staying hopeful."

Hopeful. I thought about that word for a second. "That's it!" I cried out, getting my partners' attention. "The Hopeful Puffin! It's almost perfect, our boat isn't too flashy but I'm sure she will get us to our destination, just like hope can help people to achieve their goals." I explained.

A small smile made it onto Danny's face as he looked back at the little ship.

Astrid thought about it for a second and eventually said "Yup, I think that's it. The Hopeful Puffin it is!"

"Are you guys agreeing again?" Danny smirked.

Remembering what he had said before, Astrid punched him again, leaving a sore Danny, who rubbed his arm and laughed. "Ow, love

hurts, for the third friend at least." he said.

That caused Astrid and me to laugh along with him.

* * *

><p>Stoick p.o.v. (Wow, we haven't had that one before)

I looked at the two reports in my hands with a smile. One of them was that of my small and skinny son. The other one was that of my equally scrawny ward. Gobber had taken Danny into the Pirate Training Program, but he had no parents here to give his report to, so he had decided that he would give them to me. First I turned to look at my son's grades.

* * *

><p>Name: Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III<p>

Subject and teacher: ST

Comments: C

Score: Just the number

* * *

><p>ST: Beginner burping taught by Gobber<p>

C: He has been improving a little since he started taking a few sheets out of Danny's book, though he never takes these lessons seriously.

3/10

* * *

><p>ST: Frightening foreigners taught by Gobber<p>

C: I doubt he will ever get to the yelling level of the other teens no matter how hard he tries. The kid doesn't even want to scare anyone!

3/10

* * *

><p>ST: Advanced rudery taught by Gobber<p>

C: He can be original and sarcastic, yes. But rude? Not at all.

5/10

* * *

><p>ST: Hammer throwing taught by Rugged Rita<p>

C: So many have said it before and I'll say it again. HE CAN'T LIFT

THE HAMMER.

0/10

* * *

><p>ST: Sword fighting taught by Gormless the Grimm<p>

C: You were right to come to me to teach him the advanced level. That kid is just like his great-great grandfather: Fast and talented. I'm afraid you'll have to find someone better than me to teach him more soon. He never cheats though.

9/10

* * *

><p>ST: Dragon training taught by Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III<p>

C: Okay, so I'm giving myself grades again. That's still a little strange, dad. However, I'm doing pretty decent but Danny said he would hide Toothless' lunch and tell him I ate it if I don't give myself at least one point more than him, so...

9/10

* * *

><p>ST: Ship building taught by Gobber<p>

C: Hiccup is amazing with tools. The Hopeful Puffin is not as impressive as I had hoped it to be and it's a shame it turned out so round to give Toothless some space. But the boat does what it's supposed to do, and I'm satisfied with that.

7/10

* * *

><p>ST: Boarding an enemy ship taught by Gobber<p>

C: They didn't have to do this yet, but I think Hiccup will depend a lot on Astrid and Danny to do the scaring part.

/

* * *

><p>ST: Bashyball taught by Bobber<p>

He is very lucky when Danny plays along, either as his friend or foe. Otherwise he ends up in the mud again.

1/10

Total: 47/80

* * *

><p>There were some points I was still a little disappointed about, but he had been improving ever since I had become proud of his sword fighting skills. And Danny had a good influence on him too. When I took him in, it was because I thought he might be great protection for Hiccup, and to teach him to fight. But it turned out he helped even beyond that.<p>

Not looking past my nose and seeing how well my son could do has been one of my biggest mistakes. Even now, I had trouble not to be too disappointed about falter and mistakes, and because of that Hiccup had a low self-image of himself sometimes.

Danny "even though he was a lot stronger" admired Hiccup for some of his characteristics. He was enthralled by his courage, sword fighting skills and how he could handle the dragons. He even tried to help Hiccup with things he had trouble with. Last time Hiccup got a 0 for burping and a 1 for frightening foreigners and he gave himself a 7 for dragon training. I was happy Danny got him to give himself some more credit. With a smile I looked his report over too.

* * *

><p>Name: Danny<p>

Subject and teacher: ST

Comments: C

Score: Just the number

* * *

><p>ST: Beginner burping taught by Gobber<p>

C: He is decent, but gets excellent if you give him a mug of water and three minutes. He seems to be amused about this being a class.

7/10

* * *

><p>ST: Frightening foreigners taught by Gobber<p>

C: I think I never heard a louder human voice in my entire life! Where does he keep that air? He can scare someone easily if he wants to but if you put him in front of someone that can't handle being scared *Cough* Fishlegs *Cough* he turns into a nice kid.

8/10

* * *

><p>ST: Advanced rudery taught by Gobber<p>

C: His insults are rather bantering than real rudery, but he sure knows how to get on someones nerves and survive.

7/10

* * *

><p>ST: Hammer throwing taught by Rugged Rita<p>

C: His style is strange, but WOW! Do those guys practice hammer throwing with dragons or something?!

9/10

* * *

><p>ST: Sword fighting taught by Gormless the Grimm<p>

C: Danny is not nearly as talented or skilled as Hiccup, but he learns fast and is also strong and fast.

7/10

* * *

><p>ST: Dragon training taught by Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III<p>

C: Danny is amazing! He only just started and he is almost caught up to us. When Danny and Sparky take off they can be a little unsure but as soon as they are up for a while they are a graceful sight to see. Danny knows how to use the wind and environment to his advantage as if he has been doing this for years.

8/10

* * *

><p>ST: Ship building taught by Gobber<p>

C: Danny isn't that good with some of our tools and has to ask Hiccup for help a lot, but at least he is more of a help than Astrid.

6/10

* * *

><p>ST: Boarding an enemy ship taught by Gobber<p>

C: When these lessons start and Hiccup or Astrid gets in danger I really want to see this.

/

* * *

><p>ST: Bashyball taught by Bobber<p>

C: Great force and aim, he is also very good at catching and dodging, but he adjusts how hard he throws depending on the person he throws at.

8/10

Total: 59/80

* * *

><p>I had heard that except for Snotlout, Danny had gotten the highest scores in class. And according to all his teachers, this was because he showed mercy to everyone except for Snotlout. When Danny had read his report he had burst out laughing when he read the hammer throwing part and no one understood why. When he looked at Hiccup's report he had also nodded approvingly at the 9 he had given himself for dragon training.<p>

Suddenly footsteps were heard outside and the door swung open to show a very exhausted Gobber. "Gobber? What are you doing here? And why did you run?" Gobber held up his finger as a gesture I had to wait a moment, so I waited nervously until he was ready to talk.

"Stoick!" He eventually panted. "Outcasts! Down at the harbor!"

My eyes widened. Alvin was back! "How many?" I asked, walking outside.

"This time they brought a larger army and the dragons, so I think they plan on a real attack."

I nodded, put my fingers to my lips and let out a piercing whistle. Immediately Thornado came swooping down. "Thornado, Outcasts are attacking! So I need you to find my son and his friends! We are gonna need all the help we can get. When you've found and warned them, you come straight back to me."

The large dragon nodded and flew off. As soon as he was a decent distance away he started letting out his deafening roars, calling out for Toothless or anyone else that could hear him.

I hope he would find them quick.

* * *

><p>Danny's p.o.v.

Sharp claws wrapped around the fluffy little creature and carried it into the air. The sheep cried out in surprise as it saw the ground disappear from underneath it's hooves. Sparky turned his head upside down to look at the animal in his claws and gave it a small reptilian smile. "Well done bud." I congratulated him. A little louder I yelled to the others, "I think that's the last one!"

"Okay then!" Hiccup called back. "Let's get these runaways back to the pen!" All the teens steered their dragons together again and headed back for the farms. "Snotlout, aren't you carrying a little to many sheep?" Hiccup wondered.

"No, of course not! Hookfang and I can handle this easily." He yelled back as Hookfang was struggling with the seven sheep she was carrying. As if on cue, they dropped one.

"Wow!" I yelled, making Sparky dive after it. He was able to grab the fur on its back just before it hit the waves. "Oof, nice catch sparky. That was close." Underneath me I could hear the animal let

out a pathetic but relieved 'baa'.

"Okay, everyone, get ready because here comes the whey!" One by one the dragons flew lower and softly put down the sheep they were carrying (except for Snotlout who practically dropped them into the haystack).

I let Sparky float as low over the ground as he dared. "Careful. Let go of them right...now." Sparky let go of the three sheep he was holding. I looked back to see them coming to a running halt. The one Sparky had been able to catch just in time with his teeth shook for a few seconds before it let itself drop to the ground, promising itself that it would never run away or fly again.

"Okay everyone, we got the stray sheep, so I guess that's it for today. Let's go back." Hiccup called to us. Suddenly I noticed a strange sound. I perked up my ears and activated my powers to increase my hearing. Immediately I wished I hadn't. I groaned and pressed my hands on my ears.

"Danny, what's wrong?" I looked up to see Hiccup flying next to me with a worried look on his face. Just then Sparky and Toothless lifted their heads too and listened.

"Well whatever it is the dragons are hearing it too." I said gesturing at them. Toothless' pupils contracted and he looked at Sparky who gasped.

"And they are worried about it." Hiccup mumbled.

Another earsplitting roar boomed through the air and this time it was loud enough for everyone to hear it. I clamped my hands over my ears and gritted my teeth. Dang that hurt!

"Thornado!" Hiccup yelled. Hearing his name, Stoick's large Thunderdrum came flying and started giving softer roars. He looked a little panicked and soon all the other dragons did too. "I think he wants us to come with him." Hiccup said. He was proven right when Thornado turned around and the other dragons quickly followed behind him.

It didn't take long to get to the village. "Oh my." Astrid mumbled as she saw the battle going on below.

A Nightmare saw us and flew up. Recognizing an attack when I saw one, I shouted. "Look out!" Sparky threw himself into Meatlug and pushed him aside before the large creature could rip off one of her limbs.

The dragon turned around and roared at us. His head, neck, chest and legs were clad in brass and steel armor. On its back sat a large viking with a very badly kept beard.

"Outcasts!" Hiccup yelled. Immediately the teens split up and went to different places as if there was some kind of emergency battle plan I didn't know of. Hiccup followed Thornado, so I decided to follow them.

Thornado landed next to Stoick and swept away some soldiers who were trying to attack him from behind. "Thanks Thornado!" I could hear him

yell.

Hiccup landed close by too, pulling out Endeavor and stood next to his father. I drew Skyscraper and followed his lead. "Hiccup, Danny, you're here! It's not safe down here, even with your sword fighting talent." I looked to see an Outcast coming from behind Hiccup, sword raised.

"Behind you!" I yelled pushing my friend away. Without anyone noticing, I coated my sword in ghostly ice to make it stronger and sharper as I made a short horizontal cutting movement. The viking stood completely still in shock and I could hear Hiccup gasp behind me. Then the tips of his horns and helmet fell off. Hiccup released a breath in relief as the viking ran off, yelling in pure shock and disbelief.

"See, that's what I mean!" Stoick told Hiccup, giving me a thankful glance. "You and Danny go to the upper part where it's a little calmer and defend that part."

Hiccup frowned and called for Toothless. I whistled to get Sparks attention. "Sparky, stay down here and help. They can use you better down here, but if I need help I'll give you a whistle. Stay away from swords and axes!" With that I ran after Hiccup and Toothless.

* * *

><p>Danny's p.o.v

Stoick was right; it was calm up here as we climbed the stairs.

"It's not fair." Hiccup mumbled. "He knows I'm an excellent sword fighter and still he doesn't trust me to take care of myself."

"Hiccup, I don't know if you noticed but it's a full out WAR down there! I wouldn't want to fight there. How the heck can it be that there are so many Outcasts? And why do they train dragons when all the other tribes don't?"

"We are by far not the largest tribe out there, trust me. But there are so many Outcasts, because some people are indeed born in that tribe, but also because they are a collection of all the tribes' most evil, violent and foulest castaways joining forces. And they started training dragons after they found out I could. But they don't really work together with their dragons, they see them as tools. And it's partly because of them that the other tribes see us dragon trainers as traitors."

I blinked at this. "Wow, at least there guys are smarter than the other tribes. Instead of fighting because they come from different tribes they work together to fight common enemies."

Hiccup was silent for a second, thinking about this. Eventually he sighed. "You're right. If only the tribes could work together to fight off the Romans and Outcasts." Then he added "Their leader Alvin hates me."

"In that case I can understand very well why your father sent you

away. If I had a kid and their leader was out for my child's blood, sending an entire army just to get him, I wouldn't want him to be near the heat of the fight either." Hiccup walked a little slower and bit his lip. "Trust me, a father can do strange things sometimes, but if he loves you he will always do anything to protect you." Hiccup's face brightened again and he looked at me before nodding

"Okay."

"Come on then, let's protect the upper paAAARG!"

As soon as I was hit in the chest with a bone breaking force I knew we had been ambushed. Ouch, I think I broke my ribs again. No problem, that will heal in a few minutes. Wait a second; weren't we standing close to a cliff just now? Oh, sh*t!

I opened my eyes to see Hiccup standing there with his eyes wide open in horror as I fell off the edge. "Danny!"

As I disappeared out of view, I already started thinking of an excuse to use. I turned around to see what was underneath me. Okay, the ocean. No reason to think I might have died in the fall. I could tell him I fell into the water and swam back to shore. But I'm gonna have to get back up there as soon as possible. Ghost powers can be very useful in these kinds of situations.

My train of thought was cut off when I heard a yell in pain and a panicked roar.

Hiccup!

Okay, never mind finding an excuse. "Going ghost!"

I transformed, still falling, and shot up just before I hit the water. At top speed, I zoomed back to the edge I had fallen off from. Invisible I looked over the edge and saw five Outcasts holding down Toothless, who was thrashing around wildly to get to his friend, or at least free his head to call for help. To my surprise he noticed me. Some animals could see me while I was invisible, so I guessed dragons were one of them. Desperate, he gave me a pleading look. Hiccup was held down by three other men and the fourth was holding a jagged axe over his head, ready to chop down.

Throw me off a cliff, you're toast! Try to decapitate my friend and you're dead! Turning visible again I landed on the ground.

"Let him go!"

* * *

><p>Hiccup's p.o.v.

"Come on then, let's protect the upper paAAARG!"

I looked in horror as Danny was hit in the chest with a mace. I swear I could even hear his ribs crack. As if in slow motion, I saw him topple over the edge. He opened his eyes and gave me a startled look just before he started falling. No!

"Danny!" I cried out as he disappeared over the edge. I stood there paralyzed, unable to move. My fear caused me to barely even notice the large heavily armed men coming towards me. He's gone, just like that. There is no way he could survive such a blow for long. Even if he did somehow manage to survive the deadly blow, a fall from that height would surely kill him. Hitting water from such an elevation was like landing on stone â€"hard stone.

I cried out as a burning pain shot through my wrist and forced me to drop my sword. I heard Toothless cry out in fear. Before I knew it, I was pushed to the ground, being held down by a meaty hand. I looked up and recognized Savage, Alvin's right hand man, looming over me. With his thumb, he was lovingly stroking the edge of a slightly blunt looking, stone axe.

Well, since I was going to die anyway I might as well ask, "What, doesn't Alvin himself want to take care of me?"

"Oh, but Alvin is busy with something a lot bigger now. He told us we could do whatever we pleased," Savage grinned. "And I think he will be very pleased with one less nuisance around to stop him," he added, lifting the axe over his head. A third Outcast grabbed my head to hold it in place. I looked at the crude blade again; there was no way it could get through bone with just one hit.

With my eyes wide open and looking upward there was only one thought going through my head: This is going to hurt...a lot.

"Let him go!"

All the Outcast looked up at the owner of the strange voice. I managed to lift my head a little and look over my chest. Close to the place Danny had fallen off of, stood a boy. He stood tall and confident as though there weren't eleven men at least four times bigger than him standing across from him. The boy was wearing strange pure black and white clothes that fit perfectly around his slim but slightly muscular figure. But that wasn't the only thing that disturbed the Outcasts.

Even though he didn't look much older than me he had messy hair with the color of freshly fallen white snow and his eyes were a pure, shocking green that shone with rage. There was something unearthly about him.

"What?" Savage asked, unsettled. The boy's eyes narrowed even further. "Leave the kid alone and leave the island, then I won't have to hurt you," he said, his voice cold as ice and as sharp as a Typhoomerang's talon.

For a while, everything was quiet, except for the fight going on lower in the village. Then Savage started laughing and the other Outcasts, though a little more nervous, joined him. "Really?!" He yelled. "You think you are a match for us?" He laughed again.

How the heck could they be laughing? They had laughed too when I had told them I was the 'Dragon-conqueror,' but this was different. The way this guy was looking at them was seriously scaring me.

"We'll take care of this first and then we'll get rid of him," Savage grunted, gesturing to me and then to him. "ROAAAAH!"

He lifted his axe again and brought it down. Startled by the sudden movement, I squeezed my eyes shut and waited for pain. There was a roar of terror coming from Toothless and another strange sound I couldn't place. Then there was the sound of an explosion and the villains that had been holding me let go, allowing me to curl up into a ball. Less than a second later, I felt grit and gravel raining down on me.

I dared to open my eyes and looked at Savage, who was turning shades paler by the second as he looked at the smoldering remains of his axe. He dropped it and we all looked back at the boy. He was holding one white gloved hand in front of him with his palm towards us. Around it was what looked like dancing flames of green fire. Slowly he dropped it to his side and closed his hand into a fist, making his knuckles crackle and extinguishing the fire. Forget what I said about his eyes shining with rage earlier, now they were literally blazing green with fury.

With a small jump he pushed himself off the ground and...FLOATED in midair! His legs seemed to melt together and formed a transparent black, snake-like tail. Only then, I realized what I was looking at.

"Big. Mistake!" The demon hissed.

His hand lit up again with green flames and he made a slicing movement in the sky, sending a sickle of fire flying towards my attackers. I could practically feel the heat and energy as it came soaring over me and hit the three vikings that had been holding me down. Then, with gritted teeth, he turned his large green eyes to Savage who was shaking in his boots.

"Raven of Odin," he squeaked just before the demon slammed into him with neck breaking speed, sending him flying. The demon's tail split in two and turned into legs again, as he took a fighting stance between the Outcasts and me.

I had to get out of there, quick! I tried to get up, but yelped in pain when I tried to lean on my left hand and fell down. This got the demon's attention. Making a quick turn in the air, he took off and flew straight to me. Desperate, I curled into a ball again and hoped it would be over quick. I was surprised, however, when instead of scorching heat or the pain of broken bones, I felt cold arms wrap around my waist and drag me along with them.

Before I could fully realize what just happened, I was carefully set down against a wall and a gentle voice asked "Are you okay?"

I dared to open my eyes and looked straight into those of the demon. I was completely shocked, not just because I was still alive or because he stood this close, but also because the look in his eyes had softened and he even looked worried.

I tried to push myself up and against the wall, but ended up leaning on my left hand again. I winced and lifted it where I could see it more clearly. Only now, I saw the large cut on my lower wrist. I was bleeding badly, not enough to die in a few minutes, but it still was deep and made my lunch want to escape. The demon's eyes widened in panic before the hatred returned into them. One of the Outcasts drew

his sword and came forward. The demon heard this and turned his head to look at him with one eye.

"Stay here," he growled, before making another sharp turn and flying straight towards them.

Seeing the demon fight was a truly fighting, and at the same time magnificent, sight. He barely had to use his fire to fight but he had many other tricks up his sleeves. He disappeared and reappeared again to sneak up on the warriors, became see-through and let swords, axes and maces pass through him harmlessly or even called a green shield of energy out of nowhere, which his attackers slammed into headfirst. However, his hand-to-hand combat style seemed very familiar to me.

At a certain point Toothless let out a roar and when I looked up, I was surprised to see him looking at the demon expectedly. As soon as he turned to the Outcasts that were holding Toothless down, most of them let go and ran away. The others were thrown off by a flying roundhouse kick. As soon as he was free, Toothless ran towards me and protectively curled around me. His eyes were wide and he looked at the fight with terror, breathing rapidly.

What the heck was going on here? First, he saves me, and then he frees Toothless. What did he want?

At a certain point one of the Outcasts pulled out a rabbit foot and held it in front of the demon's face, yelling, "Be gone, demon!"

He seemed to hesitate for a second, his eyes widening, but then he just looked irritated. "You got to be kidding me right?" He grumbled before he grabbed the foot out of the startled viking's hands and incinerated it with green flames, turning the limb into ashes in a blink of an eye. This made the entire party of villains stop. Then the former rabbit-foot owner turned around and ran away, yelling. The demon looked around at the terrified vikings and asked, "Anyone else who wants to run and leave before I turn THEM into coal?" Immediately, nine other vikings dropped their weapons and ran away.

Only one Savage stayed. "I don't know who you are or where you came from," He said, pulling out a long red dagger, "But I'm Savage and I'll be the last living you meet."

To my surprise, the demon grinned at him and he said back "And I go by many names, but you can call me Phantom. And I'll haunt your nightmares for the rest of your outcasted life."

With a roar, Savage charged forward and slashed at the demon, which easily dodged it. Then he became invisible. Savage looked around wildly, fear written in his eyes now. He suddenly turned and lashed out with his dagger. He turned out to have missed when there was a soft chuckle and a reply of, "Not even close." The demon kept on flying around and teasing him. By now Savage was lashing around him wildly without hitting anything. Until there was a sharp cry in pain, followed by the demon becoming visible again, quickly floating back a few meters.

The demon was holding his side and groaned. When he pulled his hand away, I was grossed out to see green glowing blood staining his

gloved hand. He looked a little more nervous now.

"Do you like it?" Savage asked with a smug look on his face. "I stole it from a shaman. It is made to harm demons like you, so I guess this works. Nevertheless, the demon just smiled and kept bantering with his opponent. (Once again, something that seemed familiar to me.)

"Aw, come on. I was cut there before, just one more and everyone will think it was an animal attack." Then he grinned. "And it was about time you hit me." Then the demon put his fingers to his lips and let out a piercing whistle.

Savage yelled again and charged forward, stabbing down. The demon jumped back, however, and made a few backward loops in the air, something only a supernatural creature would have been able to succeed in doing. When he landed, he was holding a long, light sword, as if he had pulled it out of nowhere. What disturbed me more was the fact that I knew this sword, I had worked on it myself after all; Skyscraper!

Sword and dagger clashed and they started fighting. The demon's style wasn't very spontaneous, but he knew what he was doing as he blocked, flipped and turned. Still, he was pushed back. He lost his concentration as he bumped into a wall and Savage took this opportunity to disarm him. He was caught and he knew it.

"So, any last words?" Savage sneered at the nervous demon.

At this moment, Sparky came running and stopped in his tracks as he saw the demon trapped by the Outcast against the wall. This made him look furious for some reason. Since Savage hadn't seen him yet, he sneaked up behind him and stood as tall as his limbs allowed him to, his teeth bared. The demon saw him and grinned wittily at Savage. "Uhm, yes. Actually, I have, though I doubt they will be my last words. There is an angry dragon behind you."

Savage glanced to the side, gazing at me and saw that Toothless was still curled around me. Turning back to the demon, that had now a confident smile on his face, he sneered

"And you expect me to believe you?" On cue, Sparks huffed, breathing down his neck, causing the viking to freeze. "

Well, actually, yeah." The demon said as Savage started turning around. Savage came face to face with a ferocious Skrill that grabbed the dagger and threw it behind him, over the edge of the cliff and into the ocean. Then he turned back to the Outcast and let out a mighty roar.

Completely unarmed, Savage did the only thing he could right now: He ran away, feet hitting the pavement hard as he pushed himself as fast as he could, with Sparky on his heels.

I sat there, trying to understand what just happened and why, when the demon turned to me and started walking towards us. Immediately, I panicked and felt around on my belt. '_Come on, come on, where is it? Why does it always take me this long to find it when I actually need the dang thing_.' My right hand felt cool metal so I grabbed around it and pulled out my own dagger, not a moment too soon.

The demon abruptly took a step back as the point almost touched his chest. Even though it was just a regular dagger and it looked unsteady in my right hand (since I couldn't move my left hand anymore), he now looked really nervous. Toothless let out an alarmed yelp and looked quickly between me, the dagger and the creature before us. He did however show no aggression to it whatsoever, only a strong fear he was trying to suppress.

"Don't worry." the demon slowly said. "I-I'm not going to hurt you."

I looked up at the sword he had picked up again as he had walked towards me and now dropped. "Where did you get that?" I asked, trying to sound more confident than I felt.

The demon frowned in confusion. "Wha-?"

"WHAT DID YOU DO TO DANNY?!" I yelled, completely panicking at this point.

The demon took another step back and looked scared by now. "Uhm, well,...You see uhm,...I don't uh-" He kept looking for words and making up his mind, eying the dagger, but mostly me. Toothless whimpered softly and retracting his teeth, grabbed my arm. "Toothless, what in the Gods' name are you-?"

We were cut off as Sparky came jumping and ran up to the demon. When he sat down he puffed up his chest and proudly held the remains of Savage's trousers between his jaws, like a proud terror showing its catch to its master.

The demon couldn't help the laugh that escaped his lips. "You took his pants? Good job, I told you could do a lot more with some self-confidence. You sure showed him!" Sparky dropped his trophy and happily nuzzled the demon, shivering for a short second. Toothless looked at this with great interest.

What the-?! Why was he doing that? Toothless never stayed calm around something that could threaten me, so he must have a very good reason to trust this creature. And why was Sparks so affective towards it? The only one he was loyal to wasâ€".

My mind came to a scraping halt and started working again at full speed. Puzzle pieces I had never really paid much mind to before fell together. The dragons being so afraid of him, withstanding extreme temperatures, his perfect aim, hearing and night vision, suddenly disappearing, great strength and speed. The words 'Don't worry. I'm not going to hurt you.' They were the exact words, voice and eyes from my dreams, the only part still missing was, 'I'm a friend.' Was that some kind of clue? And Audun's words: 'I mean his eyes! They started glowing green! It was only for a second, but I have never seen a color like it in my entire life!' His nervous fiddling right now and all the similarities I had seen in the battle. In addition, he said he was the best at fighting demons. What could fight a demon better than another...

I looked back up at him and mentally colored his hair the completely opposite â€"raven blackâ€" and his startling green eyes soft sky blue. Except for his stronger posture and slightly tanner skin, it

was a perfect match.

Slowly I lowered my dagger a little and squinted my eyes. "Danny?" I wondered. At first, he seemed to panic and he looked as if he wanted to deny it and run. But Toothless softly whimpered and Sparky gently prodded him. Swallowing the demon stood in front of me and slowly nodded.

'Oh my Gods!'

* * *

><p>Cliffy! I'm so evil, right? :D

So to see what happens next you'll have to wait until the next update, and I'm warning you, I already decided to update at least once or twice a month. And we are half way now. I made an overview of everything I still want to write in this story and came up with 26 to 27 chapters. You'll be enjoying this story for a long time.

And to everyone who doesn't understand the hammer throwing with dragons joke: Second episode, Sam as a dragon, Football field.

13. To harm or to heal

Wow, I'm a little flustered. A few people have PM-ed me to ask if I would continue with this story! I didn't notice, because they don't send me those warning e-mails anymore. Do you guys really like it that much? I'm so sorry this took so long, but I had an endless stream of tests and discovered this series called 'Inuyasha' and for some reason it's FREAKING AWESOME!

Inuyasha: "For some reason? And what would that be, wench!?"

Danny: "Dude, are you blind or something?! I mean, look at us!"

**Me: *Looks at Danny, then at Inuyasha, back at Danny, and back at Inuyasha. Takes ANOTHER good look at both of them and...*

"Hmph!"**

Danny and Inuyasha: *At the same time* "What?"

Me: "Yup, I can make a list of 63 things you guys and your shows have in common. ...Hmmm, idea!"

Danny and Inuyasha: *Give each other a worried look.

* * *

><p>Chapter 13: To Harm or to Heal?**

Hiccup's P.O.V.

Dozens of emotions drift through me, every single one of them accompanied by millions of questions and reactions. Fear, betrayal, confusion, curiosity, relief... What in the name of Odin just

happened? What does he want? Had he been tricking me all this time? How did THIS happen? Did I really have a demon for a friend now or was there another reason for all of this? Thank the gods he was alive. Or was he really even alive in the first place? And, was this something I should be happy about, now?

Each emotion fighting to show itself, but my face stayed blank and my mouth opened and closed uselessly, looking for the right words to say. The demon that was Danny just looked back with big green eyes, nervous about my reaction. Eventually I settled with a vague and emotionless, "What...?"

Before my inner fight could continue, there were crashing sounds and yells in the lower village. I looked at the ocean, where the Outcasts' ships were reloading their catapults. _Oh no!_ I thought as one of the catapults let another rock fly. But Danny was way ahead of me. His hands lit up with strange green fire and when he stretched his arms out in front of him, a green blast shot out at the rock, turning it into gravel and dust in mid flight. Shocked for a second by the power of the blast, I curled up against Toothless and put my arms over my head.

Danny picked up Savage's ripped trousers and ripped off a strip of cloth. Before I could blink or protest, he grabbed my left arm and tied it tightly around my arm, just above the cut. I gave a surprised yelp at this. "Sorry," Danny mumbled with his echoing voice "But I wouldn't want to see you bleed to death. You were lucky â€"a little lower and your fate might have been sealed."

He ripped off another strip and tied it around the wound, being a lot more careful now. Standing up, he turned to Sparky and said "They are going to need all the help they can get down there. You go ahead and start helping the villagers, while I'll start taking out the catapults. When I'm finished with those, I'll come for you and help." Sparky gave a short nod.

"Hiccup, it's better you go to the house. Stay there until things calm down, alright?"

I shook my head to clear it some more and replied, "N-no, I'm coming with you! I'm not letting you out of my sight before you give me some answers!" Danny sighed, covered his eyes, and then he used the same hand to pinch the bridge of his nose.

"Hiccup," he sighed "I know I have been keeping things from you and you have the right to be suspicious, but you have to understand that it is because of that distrust that I didn't tell you. I promise I'll be back and I'll tell you everything you want to know. Just promise me you won't tell anyone until you heard me out; please give me chance to explain." His large pleading eyes looked straight into mine.

I just looked back at him in surprise. I had said exactly the same thing to Astrid and Dad when they found out about Toothless. Astrid agreed to listen and she discovered that she found dragonback riding amazing. Dad hadn't wanted to hear another word from me and put not only Toothless and me, but the entire tribe in danger. And after all, if Danny ever had meant to hurt anyone, he had several chances to do so before. So maybe I should take his offer and hear what he had to say about all this.

"Okay, I'll listen, but don't run because if you do I'll have to tell everyone."

Danny let out the breath he had been holding (do demons even breathe?) and gave me a grateful look. "I promise," he answered, crossing his heart, "and if there is something I would never allow myself to do, it would be breaking a promise." Next to him, Sparky nodded in agreement.

"Okay," he continued, in a determined voice, to the dragon, "Let's go!" Both of them turned around and started going down the stairs again. I stood up and tried to go after them. But Danny heard me. He didn't turn around, but he stopped in his tracks and turned his head a little. "Toothless!" he simply exclaimed, in a half irritated, half bored voice. Before I could figure out why he addressed my dragon, the back of my vest was grasped by toothless jaws and I was carried away in the other direction, back home.

"Hey!" I cried out, looking back to see that the demon and his dragon had already disappeared. I looked up at my best friend and felt a hint of betrayal. "Why are you doing this? They need our help down there!" Toothless pulled his ears flat against his head and whined a little, but kept on running home. He knew, I realized. He had known all along what Danny was and didn't do anything about it. Though that probably meant that he trusted him and that Danny might not be a threat to us.

An explosion ripped through the sky, and Toothless and I both looked around to see two of the onboard catapults, on one of the Outcast's ships, crumbling down in green fire. This was followed by loud cheers coming from our tribe. "You really think we can trust him?" I asked my dragon friend. He nodded firmly, making me bob up and down, since he still had my vest in his mouth, and continued running.

* * *

><p>*tick*<p>

"Dang it!" I softly cursed as the pencil slipped between my fingers once again. I picked it back up with my right hand, placed it in the palm of my left hand, and once again tried to close my fingers around it. Ever since I had calmed down, I realized that I couldn't really feel my left hand anymore and that I couldn't move my fingers properly. So for the past few minutes, I had been trying to hold my pencil, but I couldn't grasp it properly and it always slipped between my fingers. And the thing that really scared me was the fact that I'm left handed.

When I, after a small struggle, had closed my hands around the pencil again, I lifted my hand, only for the pencil to slip out of it again.

tick

Defeated, I let my hand fall on the desk and sat down. Toothless, who was sitting beside me, whined softly and let his ears drop. "Don't worry bud, i-it just needs to heal, that's all. ...I think...hope." As soon as we had arrived, I had taken some time to properly clean and bandage my wound, but I hadn't removed the strip that Danny had

tied a little higher up. I had no idea what that was for, so I hadn't dared to take it off yet.

I still couldn't believe it. Danny was a demon! Though I wasn't completely sure. See through tail, yes. Creepy eyes, yes. Terrifying powers, yes. Fangs and claws, no. Reptile eyes, no. Pale as a sheet, absolutely not... he was even a little tan. Cold blooded and evil killer...probably not. And what was this about his human appearance? Was it some kind of unknown power, or was he a shape shifter or something? Or maybe... I shuddered at my next thought. Maybe when he died he couldn't accept that fact and possessed his own dead body to walk around with.

I jumped a little, as a few soft knocks on the door sounded. Speak of the devil. There was only one person in the Archipelago who would knock on a door instead of bashing on it or barging right in. "Come in!"

The door opened slowly and two blue eyes peered in. Looks like he was back to his human appearance. "Hi, can I come up?" he wondered aloud. I simply nodded and listened as his footsteps made their way upstairs.

I heard Danny walk over to my bed and sit down on the edge. I turned my chair a little so we sat face to face, letting my hand rest in my lap. For a few seconds we were both silent as I looked at his feet. As time passed, I got a little more nervous. After all, who wouldn't be if they were in my place, sitting in front of a creature we vikings believed could kill me in a millisecond? I heard some movement in the roof and Toothless greeted Sparks as he put his head through the opening in the roof, to see what would happen.

"So," Danny started in a soft voice. "You wanted to ask me some questions?"

I sat silent for a few more second, twirling my thumbs, before I took a deep breath. "Why are you here?"

Danny sat straight and blinked in confusion. "Because I promised I would explain everything, and I never break a promise?" He answered hesitatingly, rubbing his neck with his hand. "No, I don't mean HERE. I mean here in the Archipelago and on Berk. And what were you doing near the Meathead tribe?"

Danny let out a tired sigh. "Look Hiccup, me being here is a complete accident. And I know what the book said about demons, but I can assure you that I'm not evil and I don't have some kind of insidious plot. Saying I'm harmless would be a HUGE lie, but I don't intend to hurt anyone." I had a mini heart attack when he said he was dangerous, but he seemed so sincere when he said that he wouldn't hurt anyone that I calmed down again.

"Then what about... other things that the book said...about demons...eating -?"

He cut me off before I could finish my sentence. "Don't worry, as far as I know, and I know a lot, there is no demon that eats souls. There are some demons that can get their power from certain human emotions like misery, fear or even admiration, but never to the point where they would be a direct cause of death to them. But believe me, if

there was a demon who does that, I would have taken care of it a long time ago."

"Why?" I wondered.

"There are a lot of demons that wouldn't hurt humans and would rather be left alone. But, there are most definitely plenty of evil ones too, and some more malevolent than others. However, I have the reputation among demons of being a human protector. What I told you about me being the best demon hunter in my village wasn't a lie. I use my powers and abilities to protect my village and the people living in it."

As he told me about this, he sat a little straighter, and I could see a hint of pride in his eyes. It seems like he enjoyed protecting humans. Did he have a hero complex?

"Your village? Do you mean the village where you lived before you died?" Danny shot up, a little taken aback by that question.

"What?!" I flinched back in my chair, fearing that I had touched a nerve, but I relaxed again as the genuine confusion on his face didn't turn into flaming fury.

"Rephrase: How come you looked like a demon before and now like this?" I gestured at him as I spoke.

Danny looked down at himself. "Don't freak," came his simple reply. Then, there was suddenly a flash of bright white light. I almost fell out of my chair and heard a few yelps coming from the dragons as they watched in fascination. A white ring formed around Danny's waist and it split in two. One of the rings started traveling up, while the other one moved towards his feet. Everywhere they passed Danny changed. His viking clothes were changed into that black and white outfit made of that strange, smooth fabric. As the upper ring traveled over his face, he closed his eyes. My mouth dropped open as his raven black hair turned snow white. When he opened his eyes again, they shone bright green for a second, but then they dulled to a mildly glowing green. Now, because it was a little darker inside, I noticed his soft white glow for the first time and that the room had cooled down a little. '_Well, I think that crushes the 'possess a dead body' theory._' I thought.

"I have two forms I can change into. What you just saw is my transformation, that's what it looks like when I change from my human form into this form and back."

I looked him up and down again, taking in the details I had missed earlier. I looked in confusion at the strange symbol on his chest that looked a little like the rune TH, but one half was more rounded. I remembered it was one of the runes Danny had confused quite often when I taught him to read. He mistook it for a D quite often. Wait D...Danny, oh that's why. It probably WAS a D in Danny's language.

"But then, what are you exactly?" I wondered. "Are you a demon or a human?"

Danny was silent for a while, but then he answered, "Both."

I sat up in surprise. _Both?_ What did he mean _both?_ He was a human and a demon at the same time? How was that possible? Was he cursed? What he some kind of hybrid, like a half-troll? How did that happen? No wait, I don't think I want the answer to that!

"How's your arm?" Danny suddenly asked.

I looked down and noticed I had absently been rubbing my arm. I tried to move my fingers, but only managed to make my fingers twitch slightly. "Not good," I answered. "I can barely feel the palm of my hand anymore and I can't move my fingers properly." I demonstrated my incapability by picking my pencil back up, trying to grasp it again, and watched it to drop on the ground.

A hesitating white gloved hand appeared in my line of vision. "Can I have a look?" Danny asked. A little wary, I held out my arm and lay it in his hand. I shivered at the touch â€"his hand was as cold as that of someone who had been hiking in a snow storm for days. Carefully, he unwrapped my bandage and studied the cut.

"Why did you tie that band around my arm so tightly?" I said, gesturing to said strip a little higher around my arm.

"To cut off circulation," he answered. "That way you wouldn't lose too much blood." With his other hand, he lightly started touching different parts of my arm and hand, asking if I could feel it. I could only feel it when he touched the area above my cut or the back of my hand.

Eventually he gave a short, "Hm," and placed the tips of his fingers on my wrist. "If it works, this might look freaky, but try to hold your hand still." He instructed. Next to me, Toothless gave a surprised whine, and, less than a second later, my hand balled into a loose fist and relaxed again, without me wanting it to do so. I almost pulled my arm out of his grip in fear.

"Okay," He mumbled, before putting his fingers just above my cut. "Listen, you might feel this and it might hurt for a second, but I just want to check something out."

When he finished his sentence, I felt a sharp pain going through my arm, just like when I had tried to pet Sparky for the first time, but my fingers stayed motionless. I yelped in surprise and pulled back. Toothless immediately got up and growled at Danny, defending me, and Sparky jumped inside and growled at him. I looked at Danny with half shock and half surprise, while he just sat there, staring at the place my arm had been seconds ago, completely oblivious of the two dragons that were growling at each other.

Wait, did he do that before? Had he done the same thing when he touched my wrist? Was that why my hand moved? And how? "It's okay Toothless, I'm fine," I told my dragon, putting my right hand on his head to calm him down. Toothless closed his mouth and stopped growling, but he kept glaring at Danny suspiciously.

Sparky stopped growling too and looked at Danny with a concerned face. The emotionless expression on his face was now replaced with a completely miserable one. Sparky gently touched his shoulder with his nose and immediately pulled back, adopting his sad expression.

"Danny, what's wrong?" I asked, a little afraid to hear the answer.

Danny turned his head away as if he was afraid to look at me as he said, "Your tendons and nerves are cut."

"My what?" I wondered aloud. Great, more incomprehensible statements. What does that mean? In what way was that bad? Would it heal again?

"Look, give me your arm," he said, stretching out his hand again. I was about to lift my left hand, when Danny said, "I meant your right arm. I want to roll up your sleeve to show you something." I held out my right arm and he did as he said. "Now open and close your hand a few times and take a good look at your wrist." I did as he said and my eyes widened. Something underneath my skin was moving!

"Those are your tendons," Danny quickly explained. "They connect your muscles to your bones. Those tendons are the main ones that you use when closing your hand. What I also just did was give you a little electric shock to stimulate your nerves and make your muscles contract."

I looked back up at him. "You can make electricity?!"

"Yeah, I found out I could use it to communicate with Sparky. However, your hand doesn't react anymore when your brain tries to control it. So that means that most of your nerves and your tendons are cut. But the worst part..." He paused and looked up at me, "is that tendons and nerves don't heal."

It took a minute for the news to completely sink in and for me to completely comprehend what this meant for me. I wouldn't be able to use my left hand again, so I wouldn't be able to draw or write, or even worse, sword fight again. It was like being smacked in the face. I liked sword fighting â€"It was one of the things I was really good at. Dad had been so proud when we discovered that I had another hidden talent. But now, I would never be able fight as I used to.

My eyes started stinging. No, I wouldn't cry! Vikings don't shed tears, especially not out of their own self-pity! But I couldn't keep the look of devastation off my face.

Suddenly I heard a soft groan that almost sounded like a growl coming from Danny. I looked up to see him staring at his hands, frowning in concentration. Then he looked up at me, his eyes literally glowed with determination.

"Hiccup, give me your arm!" The tone in his voice suggested that nothing could sway him from whatever he was going to do. Hesitantly, I put my hand back into his ice cold one.

"Listen very closely, I only discovered I could do this very recently and Sparky indicated that it feels rather unpleasant. It will drain me of most of my powers and, in case I faint, just put me in a calm and safe spot to sleep, okay?"

Before I could reply, his free hand, and even his eyes, turned fire-blue. Toothless backed off whimpering, and Sparky lifted his head and stared intensely, as if he knew something superb was going

to happen.

As Danny placed his glowing hand over my wound, I tried to pull back, but he had a vice-like grip on my arm. Painful wasn't the right word for the strange sensation. Rather it was very, VERY unpleasant. His hand itself felt like it was burning with a fever, but to my wound felt as if liquid ice was pouring into it and flowing through my veins. My entire arm felt like pins and needles were poking into it and all I could do was sit still, in mixed fear and fascination, as Danny's hand glowed brightly.

Suddenly, the light around his hand and in his eyes faded out. He looked a little nauseous and his eyelids started drooping tiredly. His grip loosened and I took the opportunity to pull my hand out of his grasp. I jumped out of my chair and took a few steps backwards, holding my hand and looking at him in shock.

The ring appeared around Danny's waist again and the actions from earlier repeated; only now Danny turned back into a human. He stood up, wobbling on his feet and looking up at me, looking drained.

"Well," he said, even his voice sounding weak "Looks like that worked. Good night." And with that, his eyes rolled up and he fell forward. He would have hit the ground face first if it weren't for Sparky, who, releasing a cry of alarm, shot forward and caught him. Out of fright, he stayed motionless for a second, and then he let out a sigh and started shifting him on his nose so he could lift him up.

Curiously, I uncovered my wound and was just in time to see the warm blue light fading to show a thin white line where the cut once was. My eyes went so wide I was surprised they didn't pop out of their sockets. "W-w-whaaaa?" I stammered. Toothless came up to me and sniffed my hand before pushing his nose against my fingers. The strangest thing was that I could clearly feel it now. It was dull, but still, I felt his smooth, warm scales.

I looked down at my hand and once again tried to wiggle my fingers. They gave a few, hesitant twitches. I blinked a few times and tried to ball my hand into a fist. I could barely feel the movement, as if my hand had gone to sleep, but my fingers obeyed. I felt my heart leaping up in my throat. It wasn't much, but the feeling in my hand was slowly coming back.

Before I could start dancing around with joy, I heard a slightly alarmed yelp and saw Sparky and Arrow, who had suddenly appeared out of nowhere, were trying to lay Danny down in his hammock. Automatically, I jumped up and held one side, while Toothless did the same on the other side, so it wouldn't topple over with Danny in it. Sparky gave a thankful groan and put Danny down, shifting him a little so he wouldn't fall.

Once we were sure that Danny lay comfortable and stable, I climbed back down to look as Sparky pulled a blanket over his now calmly sleeping human and Arrow pushed a pillow underneath his former-master's head. Those two knew very well what he was, and yet they trusted him completely and liked him. Even Toothless, and every other dragon in the tribe, had come to trust him. Maybe, if all those other intelligent creatures did, I should too.

As soon as Danny was tucked in, Sparky climbed a little further away, hanging himself upside down on the same beam and folded his wings around him to sleep next to his human. Arrow hopped down to sleep on Danny's chest.

"Hey, Sparky?" He looked up at me to see what I wanted. "Danny read you a lot of books right? Any chance you heard some prophecy that said that a scrawny little viking would befriend the earth's most dangerous creatures?" I asked him half joking. He blinked in surprise and then frowned, trying to remember if he had. "No," I quickly said. "You don't actually have to try and remember. Just, never mind." Sparky gave me a mildly peeved look before he tucked his nose underneath his wings and tried to sleep.

I sat back down and moved my hand and wrist some more. At first the movements were stiff and hesitant, but they were slowly getting better. After a while, I was holding my sword again and tried to see if I could still fight. I had just disarmed another imaginary opponent, when my dad came barging in, with a surprisingly good mood for someone who had just fought a battle and came back with a small cut in his shoulder.

"Hiccup?!" he boomed, but in a cheerful way.

I looked down and yelled back, "Up here dad!"

His smile only widened as he saw me. "Hiccup my boy, TÃ½r was in our favor today!" He announced cheerily.

"How is that?"

"Well," Dad started and then coughed. Looks like the story teller in him was gonna show itself. "There we were fighting. We were greatly outnumbered and we were barely keeping up. At a certain point, Sparky suddenly disappeared, so I feared that something had happened to you and Danny." I tried not to swallow too hard when he said that. "But then, ten Outcasts suddenly ran by, screaming something about evil, belligerent demons. And less than a minute after that, the Savage guy ran by in his undies, screaming like a little girl." A smirk made its way onto my face when he said that. Yup, Danny had certainly made a lasting impression.

"And then, Sparky returned and started fighting more heatedly than before, so I assumed you were okay again. And almost immediately after he returned, the Outcasts' catapults spontaneously started blowing up, confusing the brains out of those Outcasts. And when the catapults were done about two or three of the Outcasts went completely crazy and started dancing around while singing something that sounded like 'I'm a little kettle'. And as soon as we knocked out one of them another would do something else insane." I felt an uneasy knot in my stomach. Was Danny able to make people go insane, somehow?

"Eventually, most of them became afraid of going berserk too and fled, because of all the panic and confusion. Eventually they retreated, taking their wounded with them. So now we decided to celebrate our victory in the mess hall. But first I came to see if you and Danny were okay and if you wanted to come." Then dad seemed to realize something and looked around. "Speaking of your friend,

where is he?" At that moment, we heard a low groan and looked up to see Danny shifting a little in his hammock.

"Asleep already?" He wondered.

Well, no sense in lying. "Yeah, when we came up here we were ambushed." I answered. "Danny fought pretty hard and he had to call for Sparky's help at some point, but we got out of it alive." There, not a word was a lie, yet nothing was revealed.

Dad gave the sleeping boy an approving look before turning back to me. "Good, how about we just let him sleep over there and get something to eat? Those two dragons will be watching over him anyways." With that he put his enormous hand on my shoulder and escorted me outside. I gave another look over my shoulder before the door closed to see Sparky giving me a grateful wink.

* * *

><p>*Drops down, half dead* AAAARG, finally! That is all for now, folks. Sorry again it took this long, and now we can add the exams to the freaking pile. Luckily, the results were okay so now I can write again. I'm glad that's over!

****Danny: "I feel you there, girl."****

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**Inuyasha: "I still don't get what is so important about those
'exam,' 'skool,' and 'test' things to you future humans. Kagome
always complains about them too. And if you hate them so much, why do
you still go?"**
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**Danny: "They always tell us that if we don't study hard and get
good grades, we will fail in life."**
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**Inuyasha: "What a bunch of baloney! I never took a test in my life
and I turned out just fine.**"
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****Danny: **whisper** "My point exactly."****

****Inuyasha: "WHAT WAS THAT!?"****

****Danny: "Sh*t, is your hearing really that good?!"****

****Me:** "Yes Inuyasha, I know you can take perfect care of yourself in the feudal area, but in our time you can get into serious trouble if you're not educated."**

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**Inuyasha: "No, I wasn't talking about you! What is THAT sound?"**
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"**SQUUUUUUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-!"**

****Danny: "Oh my God! Are those-?"****

Inuyasha: "It can't be!"

Me: "Yes it can. There you got it, some futuristic trouble." *zoom in on dramatically narrowed eyes* "Fangirls..." *suddenly realized something* "Hey, how come you guys don't run away from ME?"

Danny: "Because though you can be fangirl-ish sometimes and like fluff..."

Inuyasha: "And though you can be very weird and hyperactive when you have a passion..."

Danny: "And even though you with your autism can be dreamy and confusing sometimes..."

Inuyasha: "You are at least not as much of an over-excited pain in the butt after a while as most of the other girls!"

Danny: "Or pain to the ears. And you're not crushing on us. But now, less talk and more RUN!"

Inuyasha and Danny: *start running*

Me: "Please note that I have nothing against fangirls." *looks after them, looks back around, puts a step aside to let the fans storm by*

Vesper: *walks up to me* "What's that all about?"

Me: "You better watch out. When my book is done and if it has some success, you'll be next to join them."

(Somewhere in the distance)

Inuyasha: "How the heck is this possible?! I act like a jerk to everyone and still I have all those people after me!"

Danny: "Dude, I think it's the ears. If it's cute and fluffy, it's a chick magnet."

Inuyasha: "AAAAARRRG! IT'S ALWAYS THE EARS!"

14. A lot to explain

Sorry if there are a lot of errors, but I posted this before sending it to my beta.

Yeah, I know, I had promised to make one chapter each month, but I had some trouble writing at some point (stupid, minor writer's block) and felt very lazy for an annoyingly long time.

**A lot of people seem to think that Danny is half dead or something. I have my own theory. Most of the ghosts in the series seem to be normal spirits that somehow became powerful enough to be able to interact with the physical world and possess amazing powers. My theory on Danny is that during the accident his soul became powerful enough to appear as a ghost (skipping the process of dying and becoming a spirit) and still being connected to his physical living body. (Note how I use the words ghost, spirit and soul separately. Soul: a spirit that is still connected to its living body. Spirit: A soul separated from its body by death. Ghost: See above.)*

Oh and jeanette9a, I totally blame you for making me do this to them.

Inuyasha: "What the f*ck is this sh*t!?"

Danny: "It's called linear equations. Though even I can't figure out what the hell is going on."

Hiccup: o.0 "Uhm, okay? ...I don't get this. Any of it. How can HE be a demon too?"

Danny: "You mean mister Dog-Ears? He is a half demon."

Hiccup: "Wouldn't that make you even more alike?"

Inuyasha: "No you baka! He is a halfa -half a GHOST! I'm a
hanyÅ•, a hanbun YÅEKAI!"

Me: "Both can be translated as (half) demon but they are two completely different things."

Vesper: "Yup, but I'm the only real European half-demon here."

Hiccup: "Whut the...?"

Inuyasha: "Shut up now, I can't concentrate!" *Looks with a frown at the paper for a minute.* "Pssst, hey viking brat. What do these two lines mean?"

Hiccup: "Hm, I think Danny called it an equality stabbing, it means that whatever is in front of it is even to whatever comes after it."

Inuyasha: "Oh...What the heck, since when can an X be equal to 'ra' minus a duck?!"

Danny: "That's 5-2 Inuyasha." (A/U: ra is a japanese character that looks like a 5... and yu looks like a fish, LOL! And I used to think that 2 looked like a swan or duck.)

Inuyasha: "This makes absolutely no sense, there ain't no X in the word five or two! This is like saying that Naraku is a fluffy bunny with cookies! Screw this!" *Draws Tessaiga* "RAAAAAAAH!"

Hiccup: *Freaks out* "HOLY FLAMING SWORD OF SURTR!"

Vesper: "You could just eat your homework like a normal dog too, you know!"

Me: "Hm, did anyone make fan art about that already?"

Danny: "Inuyasha, if you're done with yours, any chance you wanna do mine too?"

Me: "No he won't. You are gonna keep looking for the solution. I have readers to amuse, you know."

Inuyasha: "Take this you stupid 'Math'! WIND SCAR!"

* * *

><p>Chapter 14: "A Lot to Explain"

****Danny's p.o.v.****

I woke up with a stabbing pain in my neck and shoulder. Pinching my eyes closed, I started becoming more aware of my surroundings. Everything was quiet and there was a light weight on my chest. Slowly I started remembering what had happened: Hiccup and I had been attacked. Hiccup had been wounded and I had healed him. And he had found out about...

My eyes shot open, only to see the darkness, and I sat up immediately, making the weight on my chest fall into my lap and squeak in surprise. I looked down and met Arrow's green gaze. "Sorry." I mumbled before looking back up. "Where am I?" I relaxed as I realized I was still in the house instead of some kind of cell. That was a good sign.

I shifted a little and looked down to see Hiccup sleeping in his bed and (to my slight amusement) that there were strings of garlic hanging from each of the bedposts. I guess he was still a little unsure about trusting me. I would have to explain everything to him later and show him everything I could do. It might make him feel more at ease, and who knew what kind of freaky powers he could come up with that I didn't even have.

I lay back down and it took me a few minutes to realize I was too nervous to sleep. I turned over a few times and looked at a sleeping Sparky before I got out of my hammock and landed on the floor as soft as a cat. I looked around for a piece of paper and a pencil to leave Hiccup a note. Right now, I needed to go outside and take some time to clear my mind.

As soon as my note was done I transformed and flew through the roof. Compared to the dark room, the open air was heavenly ****(I'm not sure if that pun was intended)****, fresh, and crispy and it helped me calm my nerves. I was quite grateful; Hiccup might not completely trust me yet, and after all I had read what they thought of ghosts I couldn't blame him, but still he seemed to give me a chance. This afternoon I would have to make a good impression.

I look down at a loud roar and saw Sparky trying to catch up with me. I guess I woke him when I changed. I slowed down a little until I was flying next to him. "Hey bud, did I wake you up?" He answered with a soft murmuring, so I guessed that if I did he didn't mind. I flew above him and landed on his back. With a sigh, I lay down on my stomach and changed back into my human form, closing my eyes and enjoying the wind.

Sparky let out another worried murmur and I looked up to see him studying me. "It's okay, I'm just a little worried and I couldn't sleep anymore." He kept quiet but I knew he was listening to me. "Hiccup seemed so afraid of me and I just hope I can convince him that I'm no danger to him and the rest of the tribe. I know he became friends with Toothless, even after all they said about Night Furies, but do you think he'll be able to understand where I come from, under what circumstances I grew up and became a Halfa?"

Sparky looked away for a few seconds, thinking, before looking back and nodding with an encouraging smile on his face. I closed my eyes

and lay my cheek on his neck. "I hope you're right." I mumbled. Sparky let out a low purr that vibrated through my chest, causing me to smile a little. And we just flew around for a while, simply enjoying the cold, gentle wind and the light of the rising sun.

* * *

><p>Hiccup's p.o.v.

Sitting upright on my bed, I stared up at Danny's empty hammock. Had he run after all? No, probably not. He had promised he to explain everything, and he had come back yesterday too. But then, where did he go? And Sparky was gone too. But as a small copper colored head appeared over the the edge of the hammock I realized that someone wasn't gone.

"Hey Arrow," I greeted the yawning Terror. He gave me a sleepy look and stretched like a cat. Then he climbed onto the beam and walked around until he was above my desk. He jumped onto it, grabbed a piece of paper that was lying on it and came over to give it to me. And without another look or sound he flew back up and lay down on Danny's pillow to sleep some more.

I folded the note open and immediately recognized Danny's clumsy scribbles.

Hiccup,

I see I'm not locked up in some kind of cell, on a pyre, or at the bottom of the ocean with a stake through my chest, so thanks. I haven't run, I just felt very fidgety so I'm just flying around somewhere and clearing my mind. How about we see each other at noon, at the cove where you and Toothless met? It seems like the fitting place to learn more about me, since that is also the place where you started learning more about dragons. Please bring lunch, I haven't eaten since yesterday at lunch. (And yes, I have to eat.)

Greetings,

Danny

P.S.: You might want to exercise your hand a bit; it could still be a little stiff from yesterday.

I folded the piece of paper and put it into my pocket. Better not let dad find this. I swung my legs over the edge of my bed and, as instructed, started opening and closing my hand and loosening up my wrist and shoulders. It felt a little stiff indeed, but as that went away my hand seemed to be completely okay again.

Well, looks like I had a tryst with a friendly demon at noon.

I sat with my back against Toothless' side and nervously twirled my dagger in my hands. I had come a little earlier just to be sure I wouldn't be late, and now I wished I hadn't. Having nothing to do made me extremely nervous. Toothless kept a close eye on me and my dagger, afraid that I would cut myself. Eventually he couldn't take it anymore and, retracting his teeth, grabbed my arm. I looked up at him as he gave a half-irritated, half-worried whine.

"Sorry bud, but I can't stand this tension. Back in the village I would have been able to cry for help, but out here someone could kill us without anyone ever finding out what really happened. I mean, yes Danny helped us and he scared away the Outcasts, but that's just the thing!" I was just babbling rapidly right now.

"Who knows what kind of powers he has! I mean, dad said some of the Outcasts want CRAZY! And he BLEW UP their catapults! Who knows what else he can do! Maybe he might not eat souls but maybe he can still rip them out! What if he can take over a body and use it as a mindless puppet! He might even be able to kill someone from the inside out! What if he can—" ouch!" I was startled out of my sudden creepy fantasies by an angry but gentle nip in my waist. I looked at Toothless who had given me a scolding look, as if he wanted to tell me I needed to have a little more faith in my friend. Then I realized what I had just said.

Okay, where had that come from? Maybe Danny could do all of those things, but that didn't have to mean he actually did them. He had said he protected humans after all, which meant he took great responsibility for his own powers. And then there was also the issue of what he had said about being both human and demon. He clearly had human emotions and he could show compassion towards others. That became very clear when I saw him take care of Sparky, or yesterday when he healed my arm.

I looked at said limb and the knife its hand held. I frowned at it and threw it over my shoulder, making Toothless turn a little to look after it. I lifted an eyebrow as I heard a gentle splash. 'Oh great, once this was over I would have to go looking for it again.' I gave a sigh.

Barely a minute had passed when a shadow suddenly flew over. Looking up I recognized Sparky's white belly and the drawings on his wings. He made a quick turn in the air and landed a little further away from where we sat. On his back I could recognize Danny who looked at me for a while, before taking a deep breath and dismounted the Skrill.

I took a deep breath myself. 'Okay then, here we go.'

Standing up and with Toothless on my heels, I walked up to him. "Hi Danny." _Good, no shaking in my voice, good start!_ However, Danny didn't turn out to be fooled that easily. "You're scared." He simply stated. "Yeah, I know. But I've just been thinking and I was wondering, are you maybe a draugr*****?"

Danny paled a little before lifting an eyebrow and mumbling, "That would explain the garlic." Then he continued a little louder. "No, not really, though I think 'draugr' may be the closest explanation in some ways. Oh Gods, I have no idea how to explain this in a simple way."

"Then I guess you should start from the beginning. I brought lunch so we should be good for a few hours," I said, patting Toothless' saddlebag.

Danny motioned with his head toward a fallen tree trunk, wanting me to follow him to it. "Hiccup, first of all I want to let you know

that you might not understand everything I say right away."

"I could have guessed that. Any particular reason you're stressing it?"

He chewed his lip and casted his eyes at his feet as he answered. "From your point of view, you could consider me to be from the future." I stopped short at that statement.

"Future?!"

I ran to catch up with him and sat next to him. "Wait, you're from the future? What is it like? What are the people like? Are we finally at peace with each other and the dragons? Are we suddenly overtaken by demons?"

Danny interrupted me. "Wow wow, don't go overboard! And by the way I think it isn't the future of this world." I stopped and looked at him with lifted eyebrows. "This world? But Yggdragis only has one world with humans." Danny put his fist to his chin in a thoughtful fashion before answering.

"Yggdragis is the tree that supports the nine realms, right?" I nodded. "Now look around you, do you see any tree standing here all on its own?"

I paled as I understood was trying to convey to me. "It isn't one tree, it's a forest." He nodded.

"Out there, there are probably millions and billions of dimensions we will probably never know about. Every tree with its own connected worlds, its own civilizations, cultures, maybe even its own gods. But, maybe some of those may look alike. In the past of my world we had vikings too, but we never found any evidence for the existence of dragons."

No dragons? I looked at Toothless for a moment. A world without him? I could barely even imagine that. "But then, how did you get here?"

Danny though some more. "In Yggdragis the worlds are connected by the Bifröst, where I come from we have similar connections. My world _'Earth'_ is permanently connected to the _'Ghost zone'_ — the world where spirits, ghost, demon and possibly even draugr (would) live. However it might just be possible for worlds of different trees to connect too. There can be disturbances in the flow of time and space..." He saw my confused face. "A...sudden wind, that can get some of the branches to tangle up for a short while. That's how I got here, I was at the wrong place at the wrong time and ended up in a world full of vikings, complete with the horned helmets and the accents, and," He changed his voice a little to do his best bad impression of Gobber's accent, "Giant, fire breathing, flying reptiles."

I chuckled at that. "But then, if you don't have those 'giant, fire breathing, flying reptiles', how do you get around? Because judging your knowledge and different styles of fighting and such, I would say you guys have contact with people from many distant places."

"Okay," He breathed out, rubbing his hands together. "This is what I

was worrying about when I said you might not understand everything right away, but I'll do my best."

"Just like you, we have ships and some kind of carts, only we call them _cars_, and even some large vehicle that can fly. They look a little strange, move on their own and are mostly made out of some kind of metal."

I huffed in amusement. "Last time Gobber tried to repair a boat with metal he sunk it," I commented.

Danny laughed. "Yeah, I guess it has something to do with physics, with scape or mass or some other mumbo jumbo." I nodded. I guess I would have to find out everything I could later on since we had everything in the open right now. "But, how do you make those things move without any help? They are still objects, right?"

"Yeah, don't worry about that. We use different kind of energy to make things move. For instance, heat and steam was one of the first things we used to make ourvery first cars move. Now the most used energy for cars comes from burning gasoline â€"that's some kind of fluid deep underground. However, one of the most used kinds of energy we have is electricity."

I blinked in surprise and looked briefly at Sparky who had sat down behind Danny, just like Toothless was sitting behind me. "But how do you get electricity? I can't imagine that you have to wait for a thunderstorm every time or..."

"Sparky isn't Thor, and still he can make electricity. Imagine that you study a Skrill or other natural phenomena's like when your hair stands on end when you put on a wool sweater. Well if you try to copy that progress you might be able to make your own electricity." I got a crazy picture of about ten people putting on and off sweaters to get enough electricity to power a cart. I just shrugged it off because I was sure the people of the future had some better ideas.

"Do you also use this electricity to make those '_cars_' and ships move?" I wondered.

Danny shook his head. "No, we are working on doing that but up 'till now it isn't commonly used yet. But we use it for most of our technology." I arched an eyebrow at the strange word. "If you would have pulled face in the company of my friends Tucker would have had a heart attack," Danny said with a chuckle before continuing. "Technology is the name of a collection of very advanced tools. We have, for instance, objects, roughly the size of a small crates that can find and show information from all over the world in the blink of an eye."

My eyes widened at that. "Wow. That would surely be a huge step towards progress."

Danny nodded. "Yes, and there are also these little things that you can take anywhere with you and fits in the palm of your hand. You could compare it to letters, but you can hear each other's voices and talk to them as if they're right next to you, even if they are on the other side of the world."

"So you mean that if I stood in one corner of the earth I could talk to someone living on the other edge?"

Danny turned to me and gave me a strange look before after a few seconds his eyes widened in understanding. "Oh right, you guys haven't found out that the world is round yet."

Now it was my turn to look surprised. "Well that would explain Astrid's aunt's little problem." I mumbled, "She just keeps sailing round in circles."

"Okay, now we are at the part where I can do an attempt to explain how I became half-ghost. I didn't lie about my family, my parents are specialist if it comes to the supernatural. They attempted to create a permanent and controllable doorway to the _Ghost Zone_, _called a Ghost Portal. Their first few attempts failed and eventually they were on the edge of giving up. I told my friends, Sam and Tucker, about all the things that were going on and hearing about the last attempt they absolutely wanted to come over and see."

Danny gave a sigh and stared up at the heavens. "That's when things went crazy. Sam was probably the most excited about the idea of a different dimension, and she made me curious enough to go inside the machine and see what this all was about. Back then, the Portal was just a large fancy hole in the wall. When I walked in I put my hand on the wall to feel my way around, since it was pretty dark in there." Danny covered his eyes and groaned out, "I had barely touched anything, but I felt something move underneath my fingers. Turns out my dad had put the button to activate it on the inside."

I bit my lip, already guessing what might have happened. "The Portal was powered by two kinds of energy." Danny continued. "Electricity and something called _ectoplasm_, which is the natural energy source of a ghost powers. When the Portal turned on both energies were activated, and with me right in the middle, I was literally electrocuted with ghost energy and electricity."

I hissed in empathy. "That isn't pleasant. The only good thing is that you faint afterwards."

Danny looked up at me in surprise. "How do you know?"

"We once had a series of very bad thunderstorms on Berk, people started blaming Toothless because the lightning bolts seemed to keep following him. However I found out that it was because of the large metal perches we had set up for the dragons." Danny snorted but I just continued explaining, "I tried to prove this to everyone by tying a metal spear to one of the masts of a ship. However, the lightning hit me."

Danny snorted again. "Oh yeah, just perfect. Climbing to the highest possible place during a thunderstorm, with a long metal object in hand AND a metal leg, exactly all the things you shouldn't do when there is lightning. You must have been an amazing conductor." He finished with an eye roll.

"Hey! I can't help it that Thor is angry with metal! And...what is a conductor?"

Still smirking slightly, Danny started explaining, "Electricity

always searches for the easiest way to get to the earth. That's why it always strikes the highest point and prefers metal. Certain objects that help electricity travel more easily, like metals, are called conductors." He sat back against Sparky's side and added "Next time you put large metal objects in the village you should make a long pole, go to Raven Top and stick it as deep in the ground as you can. Then you'll have a lightning rod to prevent the lightning from reaching the village." I nodded slowly, taking in everything he said. Some things sounded almost crazy and in other ways, they made more sense than some things I had been told since I was a kid.

"However, back to my story. I did indeed faint like you said and when I woke up and looked in the mirror..." I almost jumped off the log when a flash of white light blinded me. When I had blinked the dots dancing in front of my eyes away, Danny was sitting there in his demon/ghost form. "...I looked like this." He finished. "I don't know what exactly happened or how, but after a while I learned to live with it." He smiled slightly. "And before I knew it ghosts started coming into our world and I took the responsibility of sending the malevolent ones back from where they came. A lot of people couldn't believe I was actually the good guy at first. That's why I said that I was somewhat like you and Toothless were; The idea seemed completely ridiculous and crazy, but it turned out to be something better."

I smiled happily at my friend. So, he was indeed the good guy, and from what he told me I could deduce that there were probably a bunch of other benevolent ghosts too. That got me curious again. "So, can you tell me a little bit about ghosts too?" I wondered.

Danny's smile turned into a slight grin. "Okay, but first, forget everything you know and everything I told you."

Sitting a little straighter in surprise, I wondered, "Uhm, why?"

"You needed to know all that to understand the circumstances in which I became a half-ghost, but when it comes to ghosts themselves logic seems to take a day off, for all eternity."

Okay then, I took a deep breath and got ready to accept what would probably be the craziest theories I had ever heard. "Okay, I'm ready."

Danny nodded in return. "I just described ectoplasm to you as a form of energy, but it can also be found as gas, liquid, vapor, solid, and our personal favorite, goo."

I snorted at that. "Really?"

"Yeah, some of the weaker ghosts don't have a permanent form and are just little living blobs."

Wow, I didn't know for sure if I thought that was funny, gross or if I felt sorry for those ghosts.

"Ghosts can be found, not only in all sizes, but also in great variations of colors and forms. I might mostly be black and white, but you've also got red, blue purple, green, and whatever else you can think of colored ghosts. Same goes for what they look like."

Think of anything that could possibly be a living creature or even things that can't be, you'll find it in the Ghost Zone. Oh, and the Ghost Zone itself is a very creepy place, but if you know how it works and if you are careful it's fun to explore. The main reason is because of all the portals, the doors, and the fact that in the Ghost Zone humans are the ghost."

"Huh?"

Danny grinned "he seemed to do that a lot today. "When a human enters the Ghost Zone, he or she gains a very basic ghost power that ghosts seem to lose once they enter it." With that he suddenly pulled his fist back and punched it straight through my chest. I gave a startled yelp, Toothless gave a terrified shriek and Sparky only flinched. It took Toothless and I a few seconds to realize that Danny's arm was transparent and that I wasn't hurt. The only thing I felt was a gentle chill where Danny had stuck his arm through me. "Intangibility," He clarified. "The ability to harmlessly pass through solid objects."

When he pulled his hand back I started gasping for breath and feel around to check if I was really okay. When I didn't find any wounds or painful bruises I let myself sag off of the tree trunk and onto the ground with a sigh of relief. "Sorry," Danny snickered. "But that was just too tempting to resist." I bent my head backward to look at him, a strange mix of displeasure and curiosity surged through my body and I sat up a little straighter. Danny saw this and his smile turned a little less grin-like before he asked, "Would you like to see more?" I could only nod silently.

"Okay, let's start with the basics." He stood up and jumped in the air. In the blink of an eye, his legs turned into that black, mist-like tail again. "First of all, all ghosts can fly."

I forced my shock down to ask something that had been bothering me ever since I first saw it. "And what is it with that...that, uhm..." I vaguely gestured to his transparent, tail-like lower body. He looked down to see what I was talking about and seemed to catch on after a moment.

"This?" He wondered pointing down. "This is called a spectral tail. Some ghosts form it automatically while flying."

Demonstrating this ability, he started zooming all around the place. I noticed that when he was going faster the 'spectral tail' would form a long streak behind him. To be honest, I thought it looked pretty graceful. When I got a glimpse of his face, I saw a smile of pure joy and excitement. I looked back at Toothless and Sparky and almost laughed at how they were following Danny with their eyes. Their heads shot from left and right, up and down and they turned circles with their noses when he made loops.

Eventually he came back down to float a few feet away and in front of me, his tail calmly flicking to and fro. "Yeah, okay," I mumbled slowly. "But what about your legs? What happens to those?"

Danny looked down and said, "I have no idea. I freaked out too the first time I did that. But my dad always says: If you can get it back to what it was before, there is no reason to panic." With that, the tail turned back into legs, he set his feet firmly on the ground and

disappeared from sight.

What the? This is what he did with Savage...which means he can pop up anywhere at any second. Oh Gods. I started looking around for any sign as to where he could be, but I saw nothing. He was probably floating or something.

Behind me, Toothless shuffled a little, obviously uncomfortable. When I looked up, I saw that he was following something with his eyes. I slowly leaned a little toward him and asked, "Can you see him?" Toothless nodded and barely a second later he lunged and seemed to be holding something up. "Oh, come on!" Danny appeared out of nowhere, with his arms crossed and a pouting face, as Toothless had lifted him off the ground with his belt between his jaws. "Spoilsport," he mumbled and the Night Fury let go of him.

"So, that was invisibility." He said as he glared at Toothless who walked back to sit behind me. "It can be quit handy during a fight, but weak ghost can be seen by other ghosts. And there are also animals that can see us while invisible, like cats, dogs and apparently also dragons."

"And what was that with the green fire, beam, things?" I wondered, thinking back of how he had shot a boulder and it exploded but didn't have such destructive effects on humans.

Danny held his hands up and made them glow. "This?" he wondered aloud. "This is the ghost or ecto-ray." I nodded and he continued. "Basically a ghost turns his or her ectoplasmic energy in a beam that can be shot out of, for example, the hands. Depending on how much power we put into it and what we want it to do it can burn, simply push something back, destroy, light a room, or with a lot of practice it can even be used as a shield or rope."

He turned around and sent a blast at a rock, making a perfectly round hole in it. "But of course I would never put as much power in my blasts to do something like that while fighting a human. And plasm isn't as unworldly as you think. Ectoplasm is adapted to be ghost energy, but normal plasm is a highly unstable electrical gas. Both Toothless and Sparky use it to light their fire, by the way."

I looked up at both of the dragons, who had turned toward each other and seemed to be talking with clicks and guttural noises.

"And with the basics there is also overshadowing, the power to, uhm, take over living creatures and...make them do...stuff." Danny looked more and more nervous as he explained and I myself felt really uncomfortable too. "But don't worry, yes I used it while fighting with the Outcasts but I wouldn't do it to you. And overshadowing doesn't have and lasting effects except loss of any memories while being overshadowed. Plus a ghost wouldn't harm their host because they can feel everything their body feels." Suddenly he shuddered a little. "Brrr, hostâ€¦ that is a strange word to use, even for me."

Danny's actions told me that he was trying to be honest and not scare me, so I took a deep breath and instead asked, "Is there some way to fight or resist overshadowing?"

"Yeah, of course. Strong willed people can put up a resistance and

sometimes even drive out the ghost. A ghost overshadowing a ghost however ends with them switching bodies." He put up a very sour face at that, managing to make me snicker and break the awkwardness.

"Now," Danny pondered "What to show next? ...Oh, I know!" With that, he flew back to me. "Where some powers can destroy, some can also create." He held up his hand and it and his eyes started glowing glacier blue while the temperature around us seemed to drop even more than it already had. And in front of my eyes a blue crystal formed in the palm of his hand. "This, as my overly wordy sister likes to call it," he explained, "Is Cryokinesis. Or as I rather say, ghostly-ice-powers. It gives me the ability to make, shape and control ice."

He seemed to look thoughtful for a moment before the ice started changing, twisting and reshaping and my eyes widened as I recognized what it was becoming. As finishing touch he put index finger and thumb on the head and when he took them away it had green glowing eyes. "Here, you can keep it." He said, handing the Night Fury shaped bracelet to me. It was beautiful: It curled itself up into a circle with its head on its tail, his wings neatly folded onto its back and paws pulled underneath it as if it was really lying down on an arm. It was nicely detailed and the green in its eyes was moving and swirling around as if it was truly alive.

I opened my mouth to voice my concerns about the little piece of art but Danny was quicker. "Don't worry, ghostly ice is very hard to melt and even harder to break. And with hard to melt, I mean 'throw it in a volcano and it is still okay' hard to melt." With a smile it put it on my wrist. It was cool to the touch but not as cold that it was uncomfortable.

"And now, the two next I learned here. Well, one was perfected and the other I discovered here. First, the ghost stinger. It generates a ghost version of electricity and I have been using it to communicate with Sparky. However it is unstable and I wouldn't want to try and use it without a conductor. The other you saw yesterday, healing powers." He gave a frustrated sigh. "It is probably gonna take a while for me to really master that one."

"And then there is also the ghostly wail, but I'm not gonna demonstrate that one either. There is way too big of a chance that I would make something collapse and make you deaf. And I noticed that putting even a tiny piece of The Wail's power in normal yelling makes dragons go crazy."

My eyes widened in realization. "So that's why you have such a loud voice; you use your powers during class!" At this, Danny gave me a sheepish grin and rubbed the back of his neck with his hand. "Cheater," I mumbled quietly.

Danny coughed nervously. "Okay then, onto the last power that I know of right now. And I kept this for last, because even though I learned about this early, it took me ages to master it and even now it can go wrong sometimes, so cross your fingers." And with that he closed his eyes and even started shuddering in concentration. Then he started glowing and there was a bright flash that forced me to close my eyes. When it was gone, I started blinking and rubbing the bright dots away.

"Yes, that's a good start!" Danny cried out. _'Wait a secondâ€¦ am I hearing double_?' I blinked a few more times and looked up where I had seen him last. '..._Okay, am I seeing double now too_?!' Two Danny's were floating in front of me and both put up a different hand, giving a joyful "Hello!"

My mouth popped open, jaw lying uselessly in the dirt and I lifted my hands and started pointlessly pointing at the two Dannys. They started talking, each taking turns.

"Boy and dragonsâ€¦"

"â€¦I present to youâ€¦"

"â€¦duplication!" they finished together.

Duplication? I was able to shut my mouth with a click and tried to sound not too shocked. "Haha, wow. You know if you had wanted to you might have been able to try and train a Zippleback â€¦you need two people for those."

"Sorry," The first Danny said, and the second continued pointing at Sparky "But this Halfa is already taken." Toothless and I casually turned a little to Sparky, who puffed up his chest in pride.

"But wait, there is more." The second Danny said and the first one started glowing again. This time I was prepared and quickly covered my eyes. I heard THREE 'woohoo's and when I opened my eyes there were indeed three Danny's. I think at that point I was doing such a good impression of a fish that Toothless might have eaten me. That is if he wasn't staring himself.

"I would stop doing that if I were you Hiccup."

"Yeah, if you keep continuingâ€¦"

"â€¦you might catch some dragonflies."

The three Danny's started laughing, curling up into balls in midair as they gripped their stomachs.

"As I said before: Duplication."

"The ability to create exact copies of yourself."

"And those copies are each fully aware and functional in battle."

For the probably billionth time that day, I shut my mouth and swallowed. "How in the name of Odin do you do that?"

"You really want me to explain?!" The three Danny's exclaimed all at once and the third one finished, "It's hard enough already to just do it."

"No I just mean if every single one of you has a mind of your own, how do you work together while...separated?" I clarified.

"Oh, that."

"Well each and every one of us sees, hears, and thinks different things."

"But because we are one single personâ€"

"â€"we can hear each other's thoughts."

"Cool, I just realized that, in a sense, I can use telepathy."

I looked over the three Dannys again and suddenly realized something. "Huh, three. For a Zippleback you need two people, one for each head. If there was one more of you we could try if the same would go for a Snaptrapper, who has four heads." At this the three Dannys looked at each other with a slightly evil smirk. Oh Gods you got to be kidding me!

All three Dannys started off together: "Did someone just sayâ€" There was another flash and when I opened my eyes I think I turned a little paler. Three Dannys, okay, that was how many Outcasts had been acting weird. Butâ€"

"â€"four?!" The newest Danny yelled, finishing both their and my sentence. Then there was a moment of silence while the Dannys were looking at each other before all of them cheered at the same time, "Woohoo, and this time without too much trouble!" and started a very complicated four sided high five.

"In TÃ¼r's name, how many times can you do that!?" I exclaimed, feeling the little uncomfortable at the thought of him having the potential of being his own army.

"Uhm, considering how much we know, â€"

"â€"what is theoretically possible, â€"

"â€"taking my own development of power into accountâ€"

"â€"and the fact that my arch enemy made about fifty to a hundredâ€"

"â€"we have no idea!" They finished.

"Say guys, when we're talking about this, should we use 'I' or 'we'?" The third one wondered, to which three of them put up their best 'thinking face' and the fourth one said: "Oh o people, we have a philosoraptor."

After I kept looking for a while, as they kept pondering and even discussing a little longer, I saw some humor in this and said: "You know you are talking to yourself now, right?"

The four where silent at once. "Yeah, you could look at it like thatâ€"

"â€"but at the same time it does make kind of sense when you with more of you."

"And even normal people often argue with themselvesâ€"

"but in this case it can be done out loud because it doesn't look that crazy in these situations."

To be honest, I thought this looked as crazy as the day Gobber would waltz around in a pink toga playing a harp (never gonna happen and never gonna get that picture out of my head, ugh!) but I guess he had a point somewhere. "However, this power has one big flaw."

"When I separate my body like that"

"we also separate our strength"

"making every copy and even the original weaker and weaker."

I nodded slowly, my 'army worry' lessening a lot at that news. "So is there some other crazy power I should know about?"

"Nope, that's about it." And with that, quicker than an eye could blink, and like something elastic shooting back to its original form, the other Dannys were absorbed back into the original one. "Just the increased speed and strength and improved senses, but other than that there is not something else I can think of right now."

I stood there, absorbing everything that I just learned and saw, as Danny walked up to me while changing back into human form. "Wow," I said slowly "Sorry that I put it like this, but that was really freaky."

Danny just gave me a gentle pat on the shoulder and said, "Yeah, that's what me and my friends thought the first few weeks. Just be happy that those powers are used for good and on your side when you need them."

I blinked at my friend's words. "What, really? So whenever I have trouble I can come to you and ask a favor?"

"Of course you can! You're my friend and those together with family stand one place higher in my 'to help' list than the rest of the world. And if I have nothing serious to do, you can even come to me with little problems. I'm not some high almighty creature that is unreachable by one single person. In just a teenager that wants to have fun with his friends and be there for them. And the same goes for you two too." He said to the dragons. "I do what I can and even more for those I care about." I smiled a little at that.

"Thanks bud."

"Always."

"But say, what was it like those first few weeks? What gave you the idea to hunt evil demoghosts? How did people react to you? And what was this about that arch enemy of yours?"

The rest of the day was pretty uneventful, that is if you ignore the fact that I had lunch with a half demon that called himself ghost and listened to all those adventures he had. I was getting more and more relaxed and by the end of the day. While we were walking home laughing and bumping into each other, I almost forgot again what the kid actually was. To me he was just another strange kid that was my newest friend again.

* * *

><p>*AN: Draugr are Norse mythological creatures that can be compared to zombies, ghosts AND vampires. Basically spirits locked up in their former dead body after it wasn't buried properly. They hunt and haunt the living and take revenge on everyone that did them any wrong. And since Danny has a human appearance and also a ghost one...0_0...Yeeeeeeaaaaah, right! I talk too much.**

Me: "So, how is the math going?"

Danny: *Twitchtwitch* "This piece of paper summarizes my darkest fears and weaknesses."

Inuyasha: "Well, I got this." *Holds up a doodle*

Me: "Inuyasha plus Tessaiga equals dead Naraku minus Sacred Jewel" --' "U f-ing serious?"

Hiccup: "This is fascinating, and very fun once you get it."

Inuyasha and Danny: *Look at him like he is crazy*

Me: "You sound like my mom."

Vesper: "...Hey, I think I got it. Is the answer i 3U?*

Me: *Looks at paper* "Yup, that's it."

Danny, Hiccup and Inuyasha: O_O

Danny: "Uhm, are you trying to tell us something?"

Me: "Hey, I didn't make the tasks. They did." *Points at door*

***Door flies open* "SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-"**

Inuyasha: "AAAAAAH! NOT THEM AGAIN!"

Danny: "Abandon all school work, run for your lives!"

Inuyasha: "Finally!" *Grabs a traumatized Hiccup by the collar and follows Danny*

Fangirls storm by

Vesper: *Nervous* "Any chance you can delay writing my story again?"

Me: "Happy very late Easter! And also a happy, very late birthday to me (April 25th) so see it as a present for you guys."

15. Training

Hi everyone, I'm/this story is not dead!

Runs away from all the angry readers that want to know where I was

15. Training

Sparky p.o.v.

"_Okay you guys, show me what you've got."_ Friend-Hiccup said, standing in line with the other older pups to observe us. I swallowed and looked down at Demon-Danny, who turned to me with a nervous sigh.

He held his hand at shoulder height and made an exploding movement with his fingers, saying: "_Sparky, zapper!"_ At this I gave a quick shiver to rattle my scales and create some electricity. The next second everyone's hair was up. "_For now it is just a way to distract people, but maybe if it gets stronger later on it might even stun smaller dragons."_ Danny explained. "_Aha, very useful."_ Fishlegs complimented, smoothing his hair down. "_That would help when we are ever going to study the Smothering Smokebreath or Fireworms again."_

"_What else do you got?"_ Staunch-Astrid challenged next. Demon-Danny turned to me once again, looking a little more relaxed now. "_Sparky,"_ he said, making a quick vertical cutting movement with his lower arm. "_Fire!"_ I let my tail drop down in a way that the spikes lay flat on the ground. Next I scraped them over the floor, scooping up the gravel and stones that lay there and swung my tail rapidly to launch those away like a catapult. Most of the pups ducked just in time to avoid the rocks. And with most of them, I mean accept for Ruffnut. When the pebble hit his head Tuffnut started laughing, causing another fight between the twin nestlings.

"_It can also be used differently. If I say 'Tail down',"_ Danny made a jerking-pointing-down movement with his hand and I dropped my tail down with the spikes up in demonstration. "_I can also pin or attach objects to his spikes for him to launch away."_ _

"_Nice, very creative."_ Staunch-Astrid praised. "_Anything else?"_ Demon-Danny turned to me with a smile and I grinned back, I had been waiting for this. "_Sparky,"_ Danny started before holding his fingers up as if he was holding an imaginary rectangle. "_Say cheese!"_ At this I stood and pushed myself high up on my wings. I straightened out my back, held my head up high with pride and slowly, gracefully swung my tail behind me.

"_It's a little something extra, but he likes doing that trick the most. He will also do the same when I tap on his nose two times."_ Demon-Danny explained. Loud-Snotlout looked thoughtful (gasp) and said: "_I don't know, not very useful isn't it?"_ Friend-Hiccup simply shrugged. "_If you want to teach your dragon some extra tricks that they like than that's okay. After all, I taught Toothless the 'smile' gesture too. And I don't know about you guys, but I feel humbled when he holds himself like that."_

High-stung-Fishlegs nodded in agreement. "_Yeah, seeing a usually hunched over dragon species holding itself proudly erect like that gives me chills."_ He emphasized this by rubbing his arms.

I gave a little toothy grin at the praise, but as I did I felt something irritating in my mouth. I lowered myself back again and started rubbing my yaw over the floor, hoping to get rid of the irritation. _"Sparky? You okay?"_ Demon-Danny asked, crouching down in front of me. Behind him I heard an 'Oh O' We both looked up at Loud-Snotlout. _"I might not be 'Mister Expert', but I recognize a dragon with a toothache anywhere."_

(Linebreak)

A cord was tied around the snout of my upper yaw to keep my mouth open so a crazy viking with a hook for a hand could mess around with my fangs. But I didn't mind, after all my teeth were being indulged. _"I got to say,"_ I heard Half Limbless-Gobber's voice echo. _"For a dragon that has never had a dental check before this one 's got a pretty clean mouth."_

Demon-Danny looked up from where he had been quietly discussing things with Friend-Hiccup over the Dragon Book. _"Yeah, when the weather is a little warmer he often naps with his mouth open. I take those opportunities to check if there aren't any annoying objects stuck between his teeth."_ The two other vikings gave him a strange look at that. _"What, it's a small thing and it saves you a lot of dental visits."_

Yeah okay, but you didn't notice anything unusual last time you checked?" Half Limbless-Gobber asked. _"No, not at all."_ The elder viking looked around some more before suddenly a _"Aha, there's the problem!"_ was heard. I felt him grip one of my teeth and I once again felt that irritating sensation. Then there was a quick pull, and after a slight lingering pain it was gone.

Half Limbless-Gobber cut the rope and walked over to the boys. _"He just had a loose tooth."_ He exclaimed, holding up said tooth. _"A loose tooth?"_ Demon-Danny asked in surprise. Gobber nodded and held it out for Danny to see. _"Dragons have milk teeth?"_ The boy wondered next. _"Uhu, two sets of them."_ Demon-Danny's eyebrows went up to hide behind his black bangs at that.

Dragons have five states of maturity," Friend-Hiccup started explaining. _"The egg, the tinny-tooth, the short-wing, broad-wing and eventually the titan-wing. As the name of tinny-tooth suggests, that's when they have their first set of short, stubby teeth. That way they can't hurt each other while playing. Between tinny-tooth and short-wing they trade those for their first set of hunting teeth and between short-wing and broad-wing those will make place for adult teeth."_

Aha, so then what is the titan-wing?" Demon-Danny wondered. This time Gobber answered. _"Those are the dragon elders, not manny dragons that are that old come close to humans. However, the fact that Sparky just started losing his first hunter teeth means that he is entering puberty, making him about 9 years old." "Nine years!"_ Danny cried out in surprise. _"Yes, and after about 5 years more he will have matured."_

Danny gave me a nervous glance before asking: _"How old do dragons get?" "We have no idea, usually they were killed instead of dying from old age. But there have been rumors of titan-wings that were over 80 years old."_ The old viking answered. Danny gave a little

sigh in relief. The next few minutes were spent talking about 'dragon puberty' and a few minutes later we were on our way again.

Experimentally I swiped my tongue over the spot where my tooth had been. 'Wow, there is really nothing there!' The sensation was a little weird, but kinda cool.

"_Wait a second,"_ Friend-Hiccup suddenly said. "_If Sparky is 9 years old he can officially compete on the Thor'sday Thursday Festival!" "The what?"_ Danny-wonders, also voicing my question.

"_Thors'day Thursday is the day we celebrate the defeat of the Red Death and our peace with the dragons. This is the first time we will officially do this, but I heard my dad talk about the organizations. There will be little stalls with food and snacks, games to play, trader Johan and of course everyone will be looking out toward the Dragon Games. It's still very small, but we hope that one day the other tribes might come around and join in."_

"_Dragon Games?"_ Was my human's next question.

"_The dragon games are divided into 5 categories: Speed, agility, fire, obedience and hunting. The festival will last for a week and except for the first day there will be an event every day, first for Terrible Terrors and baby dragons and then the bigger ones. On the last day there will also be a big series of wrestling matches, but those are exclusively for dragons over the age of nine with trainers over the age of 12. And with your knowledge of fighting," _He started whispering that last part "_Also against thing that are not human, you have a pretty good chance to win."_

Demon-Danny frowned. "_Yeah, maybe. I fought at the side of a dragon before, but never from her back, that was Sam. But I guess I could learn."_ I saw Friend-Hiccup fidgeting and nudged my human to point this out to him. "_Got a problem?"_ He asked as soon as he saw. Friend-Hiccup looked up. "_It's just... I have fought with Toothless before, but that was always in the open sky and it was mostly just dodging and breathing fire. And the matches will be performed in the ring of the Dragon Academy. So I hoped you could help me a little thinking of techniques that could be useful on the ground."_

Demon-Danny blinked in surprise at Friend-Hiccup's request, then he frowned and started thinking out loud. "_Well, I guess I could do that. But first I'll have to get used to moving around with Sparky on the ground first. Though right now I could help you already by figuring out Sparky's and Toothless' strengths and weaknesses."_

I was listening to his musing, until the most delicious aroma curled into my nostrils. My head shot up and without thinking I went after it. I had to know what that was!

I came to a halt at the harbor where Perplexed-Bucket and Decent-Mulch were shooing the other dragons away from the fish. Now and then there was a series of shrieks from dragons that dodged flying eels. In the air was the mouthwatering smell of fish mixed with the revolting stench of eel and a little twinge of something else, something special. I linked my lips and walked a little closer.

When I reached the front line of distressed dragons I lowered my nose to the ground and started sniffing.

"_Hey hey hey, shoo dragon, shoo!"_ I looked up and saw Decent-Mulch waving an eel in my direction. Surprised I jumped back, but then the new smell hit my nose again. I walked around the viking and ignored all the fish, looking for whatever smelled so nice. "_Uhm..."_ I could hear the viking behind me mumble as I made my way over to a basket that smelled horrible. But there was no mistaking, that's where the alluring aroma was coming from. With the tip of my nose I pushed the lid off and gave another yelp in disgust. It was filled up completely with eels. 'Okay,' I told myself. 'You're rider is half demon, you got used to him so you can do this!' I tipped the basket, making it's content spill out. I took a deep breath, braced myself and dug my nose in.

I heard some of the dragons make sounds of disgust and disbelief, but I just kept on looking. When I found what I wanted, I pulled it out of the pile. To my surprise I was looking down at an eel. A big, lumpy, gray, ugly eel. I took a deep sniff and was immediately entranced by it's mouthwatering, spicy aroma. "_Hey! Don't! Let go of that!"_ I immediately hissed at the owner of the voice to see Perplexed-Bucket take a fearful step back and that some of the other dragons had become a little braver and were now stealing fish. Stealing?

'_And pleas, don't ever steal something. If you do that not only you but also I will get into trouble.'_"_

Demon-Danny's voice echoed through me head and guilt came directly after. I looked back down at the strange eel. I couldn't eat it, no mater how good it might taste, it would be wrong. These two humans probably worked hard to catch all these, the humans needed to eat too. I looked back up to see Decent-Mulch trying to wrestle a rather big fish from a Spikelauncher.

Making up my mind I ran towards them and rammed into the dragon, forcing him to let go of the fish. Standing between them, I yelled out: "Back off, this fish isn't yours!" Immediately I heard yells of anger and protest coming from most of the dragons. "What? You guys get fish at your homes AND you can fish yourselves! The humans need this food too, a lot more than most of you!" When another dragon tried to slip past, I jumped in front of him with a hiss. "No!" For the next minute I kept doing that, giving the two older vikings time to gather up some of the fish.

"_Sparks! What are you doing?!"_ I Looked up as I heard Demon-Danny's voice to see him, Friend-Hiccup and Loyal-Toothless coming. "_Don't worry kids, he's just helping!"_

I heard Decent-Mulch yell behind me. "_Oh..."_ I immediately felt relief and a little hurt as I saw Demon-Danny's look shift into surprise. But maybe I deserved it, after all I did want too steal a fish too at first.

I saw movement from the corner of my eye. A gray Firecoat was trying to slip past to get to a pile of fish that hadn't been put in a basket yet. "HEY!" I roared at him and did a little trick I had trained to perfection as a kid. I swung my tail at his legs but stopped the base just at the right moment. The rest if the tail

however I allowed to keep moving, the momentum making it move faster than I could have made it go with muscle alone. The tip gave a loud SNAP and curled around the dragons leg, causing him to give a yelp in surprise and pain. Next I gave it a hard pull and dragged his paws from underneath him, making him fall over.

Startled the dragon jumped up and ran off. _"Nice! Well done Sparky!"_ I looked up to see demon-Danny, who had praised me, shooing some dragons away on the other side of where Perplexed-Bucket and Decent-Mulch were cleaning up fish. Friend-Hiccup was helping the duo and Loyal-Toothless...

"Toothless!" I snarled warningly. The Windwalker ripped his eyes away from a fat cod and stood next to me. He smiled sheepishly. "Yeah, it's sometimes hard to get rid of old habits." He straightened his back and turned to the other dragons. "Okay guys, nothing to see here. Off you go." There was some grumbling, but some of the dragons actually started to leave this time. I guess they just respected Loyal-Toothless more than me.

The more fish was picked up and put in baskets, the more dragons left. Eventually the baskets were filled, but the last few dragons still stood there grumbling anyway. "This fish is the humans', so stop complaining." Toothless growled out at them. They had given up trying to steal anything and were instead just arguing with us.

"Hey, it ain't the humans' fish, the fish is everyone's." A Clubtail argued. "As long as fish is in the sea and apples on the tree, non may cry out free: 'This belongs to me'." I retorted. Who knew my mother's rede about human greed would also apply to dragon? The Clubtail just grumbled at that. "You guys don't like it when another animal takes the kill you caught, these humans caught these fish fair and square so it's theirs." Toothless agreed.

"Yeah, but still humans share their fish with each other, so what is the bad in us taking some too?" "Are you stupid or something?" Toothless wondered, making the Clubtail growl. "The humans caught it so they can choose who to share it with. And we dragons get some of it too." I said. "Actually," Toothless interrupted me. "Humans have a complex social system, each has a talent or job and they will exchange those so everyone has a bit of everything. You know, trading metal weapons and tools for the repairing of a cart or food for clothing. It's like a well organized big nest."

"_Okay, that's the last one!" _I heard Friend-Hiccup yell behind me. At this Loyal-Toothless and I relaxed and joined the humans over at the baskets. Friend-Hiccup walked over Loyal-Toothless and started patting him. _"Good job buddy, thanks a lot."_ "Oh, was nothin'." The dragon cooed happily. I looked up at my own humans, who was strangely quit. He walked towards me and shuffled his feet slightly, as if ashamed. I nudged him with my nose and made a soft noise in the back of my throat to get him to talk.

He bit his lip before answering. _"It's just...I'm sorry I yelled at you earlier. I thought you were here to try and snatch some fish just like the other dragons."_ At this a little reptilian smile appeared on my snout and I nuzzled the human playfully. Looks like we both didn't like disappointing each other.

"_Okay, looks like there are a few rewards in order here."_ My head shot up as I heard Decent-Mulch say this. He opened one of the baskets and put a few fish inside a bag. He handed it to Friend-Hiccup. "_These are for you guys for dinner."_ Friend-Hiccup took them with a smile and a 'thanks'. The older viking turned back to the basket and took out a fat cod. "_One for Toothless." _He said, throwing it at said dragon who caught it out of the air. "_And,"_ My spikes went up in surprise as the viking started rumbling around in another basket. I was getting a reward too? "_I think you were after this before, weren't you?"_ He wondered, holding up the gray eel I found earlier. I perked up with a cry of joy. But next to me I heard Danny make a panicked sound. "_Be very careful with that, that's an electric eel!"_

Now everyone was looking at him, confused. Eels could be electric too? Seeing how everyone was looking at him strangely Demon-Danny started explaining: "_Electric eels can feel and kill prey by using the electricity it makes. They are deadly, even to humans. Though...they do normally live in warmer water."_ "_Well, we did catch a few fish further west, where there are slightly warmer currents."_ Decent-Mulch mused. I gave Demon-Danny an impatient nudge and winced. He looked between me and the strange fish. "_You actually like to eat those?" _I excitedly started hopping from one claw onto the other. "_Okay, I guess since you are an electric dragon it makes sense."_ Decent-Mulch threw the fish at me and I plucked it right out of the air.

It was the most delicious thing I ever ate. It was slimy but tasted rich and sweet. I also found that what Demon-Danny had just said to be true, though it had been dead for a while now I could feel a light lingering electric current running over my tongue. Deciding I wanted to enjoy this a little bit longer, I settled for sucking it's skin for a bit before eating it.

"_Hm, maybe..." _I looked at Demon-Danny, just in time to see his face light up with an idea. "_Hiccup, get the gang. I want to try something."_

****Danny p.o.v.****

We were now at the academy again. I had scattered the teens and dragons around the arena and was now walking towards Sparky again. "So, why are we here again?" Snotlout wondered. I turned to him for a second. "To test if Sparky possesses electro-location." "Electro-whatywhatnow?" Ruffnut wondered.

"Some animals, like Skrills, can make electricity to use as a weapon, but something that is more common is animals that use it as a way of communication and orientation. Every living thing creates a slight electric current when they move, unnoticeable as it usually is. By creating electric fields some creatures can pick up those currents and orientate themselves when vision is poor. It's somewhat similar to echo-location, which is based on sounds and echoes."

"Oh!" I heard Hiccup exclaim behind me, as if he just had a revelation. I ignored it and took out a blindfold. "Okay then Sparky, zapper." Immediately everyone's hair was up. "Now there should be an electric field hanging in the arena, I want you to try if you can feel it." The dragon closed his eyes and concentrated. I took this moment to put the blindfold over his eyes. "Now, everyone, move

around. Just randomly move your arms or jog in place. Sparky, you are going to try if you can find us." With that I took a few steps back and started walking in small circles.

Awkwardly everyone started moving. At first Sparky seemed very confused, he was turning his head this way and that, raising and flattening the spikes on his head and chin. Eventually he started moving around a little. He was moving in the general directions a dragon or small groups of teens stood, before doubting and turning somewhere else.

Hiccup, who was next to me and had been waving one arm wildly, leaned closer and whispered: "Maybe he can't do it." "Or he doesn't know how and what to focus on." I replied. "If you start feeling weird or something painful, yelp." I added as I started activating my electric powers. Immediately Sparky's head shot in one direction, before he started walking towards us. He hesitated for a second before lightly bumping his nose against my chest.

"Good job Sparky!" I praised, patting his nose to let him know who he had found. The dragon made a happy murmuring sound and licked my face. With renewed confidence he turned towards Hiccup and bumped his arm. "You found me." The boy exclaimed, making the dragon bounce joyfully. With that he turned around and went looking for the others.

In the end he had found only Hiccup, me and the majority of the other dragons. After that it had become too unclear for him and after half an hour I called it a day. We spent the next two hours training and flying until it had gotten dark. And now, with the moon high in the sky...

"Uhm, when can I move?" "Just a few more seconds..." Hiccup answered, his eyes flickering between his notes and the tiny, red-hot dragons that had snuggled against me wherever they could. A few days ago, after I told Hiccup that my ghost powers caused the dragons' strange behavior, he wanted to find out exactly what dragons liked ghosts, which didn't mind and which were afraid. And he also wanted to use that knowledge to figure more stuff out about dragons without them attacking him.

Turns out majority of the larger dragons naturally feared me, with the exception of Boneknappers and Changewings. Smaller dragons were more likely to like me, Smothering Smokebreaths even to the point where they ignored Hiccups metal leg entirely. And as it turned out, Fireworms were indifferent. They did however enjoy the fact that I was like a never-melting ice cube. As soon as they found out how cold I was they had come swarming around and snuggled against me, their flaming bodies hissing and smoking like hot metal in ice cold water where they touched my skin.

I chuckled as one turned a little in my neck to cool down its other side too. These little things tickled unbearably, tinny claws, scaled and spikes brushing against my skin.

I was however a little nervous about the giant Fireworm-queen that was watching the affair with gleaming eyes. Also our own dragons sat at the entrance of the cave, just behind Hiccup, huffing and snorting in discomfort. "Okay, got it." I suddenly heard the boy exclaim, slamming his book shut "Now we just need a way to get them off of

you." "Don't worry, I got this!" I yelled back at him.

I quickly turned myself intangible, making all the dragons tumble down with surprised shrieks, and stood. As soon as I turned tangible however, I felt hundreds of tiny claws clung to my legs again. "What the?!" I looked down as saw the tiny dragons giving me frustrated hisses. I looked up at a nervous half-roar from Toothless and a whine from Sparky. "Uh o, this is not good." I heard Hiccup mumble. "We gotta get out of here, quick!"

"Wait, give me just a sec!" Nervously I turned one of my feet intangible again so the Fireworms fell off and drawing a circle with it on the floor. Immediately a part of the floor froze. I closed my eyes and concentrated, forming a clear picture in my head of that I wanted to make, and let my ice-powers do the work. When I opened my eyes again, a small frozen fortress with hundreds of little tunnels and caverns stood in front of me.

One curious little Fireworm jumped off of my other leg and tiptoed over to it. Carefully it stretched out one little paw and joyfully called out when he found it didn't melt, before slipping into one of the holes. In a matter of seconds they had all gotten off of me and crawled into their new snow fortress.

Finally free I quickly tiptoed over to Hiccup and jumped onto Sparky's back. "Come on, let's go." "Right!" In a mater of seconds we were back out into the open air. As soon as the island was out of view Hiccup let out a sigh. "Few, that went rather well. Usually it isn't this easy." I laughed at this, though I myself was quit relieved\. Two of the most problem attracting kids in the Archipelago had a little luck for once. "Usually? And people call you the Dragon Conqueror?" Now Hiccup started laughing too. "Hey, don't you use that on me Inviso-Bill." "Oh come on, I told you that in confidence!" After that we just kept laughing and teasing each other all the way back home.

****Hiccup p.o.v.****

We had planned to train in private this afternoon. Danny and Sparky had already left earlier in the morning since the overexcited Skrill couldn't wait to learn more from his trainer. So now my own dragon and I were waiting on the plains just behind Raven Point.

"Do you think they forgot?" I wondered, turning to my friend Night Furry. The large black creature just shrugged and lay back down, enjoying the sun. It was a rather nice day, it was pretty warm and there was a slight breeze that pushed the few fluffy clouds forward through the sky.

Well, there was no sense in getting angry or upset about my friend being late. So I settled down against Toothless' side and relaxed. I immediately felt the sun shining onto my face. Contently I closed my eyes and let my mind drift a little. It really was a nice day. Sun not to hot, wind not to cold. Really nic-.

My head shot up at a sudden cheering. Did I just dose of? Toothless and I exchanged looks before looking up and ducking away when a black form came flying over us. It crash-landed in front of us in a whirl of wings, tail and claws. The mess untangled, revealing itself to be Sparky with Danny in ghost form clinging to his snout.

"Sorry Sparks, but you're gonna have to try harder than that!" The boy exclaimed. At this the dragon let out a snarl and started smashing his head against the ground. I flinched every time Danny was smacked between the ground and the dragons head, an action that might have broken a normal person's bones. But since he didn't let go I guessed he was all right.

The Skrill gave up on trying to knock the ghost boy out and instead started rolling and spinning around in the grass. After a few seconds of this he stopped dead in his tracks and swung his head in the complete other direction, sending his rider flying. Danny pulled himself upright in the air, though he did look a little green.

"Okay, that's better. Though you have to keep in mind that your opponents will be bigger than me." I felt a little relieved at his statement. They were just practicing.

Sparky proceeded to growl and jump up, trying to snatch Danny out of the air. The boy pulled his legs out of the dragons reach and soared through the air to land a little ways away. Sparky quickly turned towards him, opened his mouth and shot 4 short bursts of fire at him. Danny avoided all of them narrowly and proceeded to fling several spikes of ice back at the dragon, simulating a Nadder's spine shot.

Sparky quickly pressed himself against the ground and rapidly swung his tail up and down, mowing most of the spikes out of the air before they hit him. "You're still swinging your tail too much. Try to time it, that way you'll waste less energy."

Sparky gave a quick nod in understanding before he had to dodge a wave of green blasts, shooting a few fireballs of his own that colliding with them in midair. Before he even properly finished up that move Danny was already flying at the giant reptile, covered in what seemed to be bright green flames.

I could only sit there with Toothless and watch as dragon and rider kept throwing attacks at each other. Danny was rapidly switching between attack styles, also mimicking the trademark attacks of various dragons with his powers.

But after a while I noticed that both their attacks were getting sloppier until instead of training they were now just rolling around in a play fight that ended with a laughing Danny under Sparky's claws and a long, wet tongue in his face. "Hahaha, okay! Down boy, down boy!" Danny was wheezing out as Sparky kept mercilessly attacking him with affectionate licks.

Next to me Toothless seemed to have decided that they had played long enough and gave a roar to get their attention. Both swiftly lifted their heads in our direction, Sparky's tongue still lulling out of his mouth. "Oh hey there guys!" Danny called as he faded out of the dragons grasp. "Sorry, but Sparky and I just got into it."

"That was amazing!" I cried out, startling the duo a little. "I-I mean, wow! Just, you were moving so fast! And yet Sparky was keeping up with you and then you made an ice club and swung it as if it was, wow!" I just couldn't form any decent sentence anymore. Those powers

were amazing. And all the creativity and potential. And to think all of that was (luckily) at our side.

The two got slightly smug looks on their faces as they puffed out their chest and Danny leaned against his dragon, examining his nails in mock vain. "Well it has taken me quit some time to train them to perfection, and I still keep discovering new powers. As for my speed: If you had need to fight enemies that were sometimes stronger then you, you're forced to learn quickly."

Toothless and I walked towards our friends with a huge smile and by the time we reached them they had adopted their usual layed back demeanor again. I threw my hands into the air and cried dramatically, "Teach me, master!" Danny gave a laugh at this and put his hands together in front of his chest as he replied in an 'old man voice'. "As you wish, my student. First lesson of battle is-" He threw a punch at me and my hands quickly came back up to block it, something that had become almost like a second nature after all of Danny's 'martial art' training. "Blocking and dodging." He finished.

"If you want to have a chance to throw a punch at your foes, you first need to be conscious enough to do so." I nodded slowly as Danny turned around and climbed onto Sparky's back. "I know you already know how to block attacks. And now it is your turn to teach that to Toothless."

The boy reached down to scratch his dragon's lower jaw. "Plus, Sparky has been waiting all day to fight a dragons sized opponent. And we also still need to learn how to read each other and work as a team."

I grinned and climbed on Toothless' back. "And luckily I'm just the person to teach you that." Danny's smile widened to form a grin of his own, Sparky's own lips pulling back into a playful snarl to match. "Teach me, master." Danny repeated my words, before they shot forward with the speed of a snake.

By the time we had to return home we were both battered and bruised, but laughing all the same. Turns out our problems were the complete opposite. Danny sometimes had trouble reading Sparky's body language and judging the movement of a body that was bigger than his own, while I had yet to figure out how a dragon could defend itself from a dragon's attacks. And we were just the people to teach those to each other.

****Me: *Mumbling to herself* God this chapter is awful, I don't deserve such loyal readers.****

****Inuyasha: So, since the writer-****

****Me: *****Comes out of hiding for a sec***** Just call me Silly. *****Crawls back behind computer*******

****Inuyasha: â€|Silly, is too much of a coward to face all of you, let us explain.****

****Hiccup: It all started with a bad report cardâ€|****

****Danny: And more following soon afterâ€|****

****Vesper:** And her parents were angry, she was stressing over her grades and had to make a big work for the end of the school year that would have been her last chance to pass the year. And the first month of her vacation she also had a job to do.**

****Hiccup:** It has literally taken little snips of time, short moments of relaxation and a camping trip to make this chapter.**

****Me:** *****little sob*****

****Vesper:** But on the bright side, Silly made it trough and we got some new friends!**

****The other guys:** We have?**

*****Some clattering noise and a soft curse from the kitchen, boy with black-bleuish hair peeks around the corner*****

****Rin:** Sorry, I'm okay, just dropped a pan, that's all.**

****Inuyasha:** Why is he in the kitchen?**

****Me:** He loves to cook.**

****Danny:** Oh. Well in that case, could you make us some sandwiches?**

****Rin:** *Eye twitches* Did you just ask meâ€| *Bursts into bright bleu flames* FOR A SANDWICH!？**

****Hiccup:** HOLLY FROST GIANTS!**

*****Boy with brown hair, teal eyes and a murderous look on his face runs in with drawn swords*****

****Eren:** TITAAAAAAAANS!**

****Me:** *Quickly switches of Eren's OOC button***

****Eren:** *Blinks rapidly* What the hell?**

****Me:** Sorry, but that version of you is pretty funny.**

****Inuyasha:** Any more surprises?**

****Me:** No, those are the two new fandoms I joined. But Eren, where is Armin?**

****Eren:** Upstairs, I think he fell in love with your collection of books about the wonders of nature.**

****Danny:** Wait, soâ€|why did you summon two characters from one franchise instead of one like you usually do?**

****Me:** Eren is pretty cool, he is ANOTHER half-human and he is the main character, but Armin is my favorite character from the show. So Eren is just here to let everyone who doesn't watch it know which show I mean. Plus, I really wanted to make that joke.**

****Armin: *****Comes in with a book called 'Most extreme places in the world' under his arm***** What's all the noise about?****

****Hiccup: So, why him?****

****Me: He's freakin' adorable, he's smart, he's an interesting character, he can turn into a sly, manipulative psycho if he needs to and he's badass, even though he's just a human and hasn't killed a titan up 'till now.****

****Hiccup: YES! Another normal human!****

****Me: Actually, we can start making different teams. *****Drags Hiccup and Armin together and pushes the others somewhere else together***** Humans, half-humans. *****Pushes Eren and Danny away from Inuyasha, Rin and Vesper* Half-demons and aaahâ€|Glowing green eyes in not human form. *Pairs up Armin, Rin and Danny* Big baby bleu eyes. *Drags Eren and Inuyasha together* Short temper and murderous tendencies.****

****Both: Oi!****

****Me: *Giggles slightly and hides behind computer* Oh, did you guys know I'm writing another story?****

****Eren: *BOOM!* *Titan form*****

****Everyone: *Staaaaaaaaare*****

****Rin: â€|Well, let's cook! *Withdraws into kitchen, followed by ferocious chopping sounds*****

****Inuyasha: Ho-lyshitâ€|****

****Armin: Eren! You didn't even hurt yourself! How did this happen?****

****Me: Writer powers!****

****But anyways, now that I think about it, next chapter will be better and longerâ€|much longer.****

End
file.